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BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL.

THE HISTORY
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

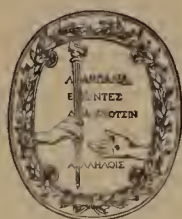
With Maps and Numerous Illustrations

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

"La vérité, rien que la vérité"
"Magna est veritas et prevalebit"

NEW EDITION



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P R E F A C E.

THE history of Napoleon has often been written by his enemies. This narrative is from the pen of one who reveres and loves the Emperor. The writer admires Napoleon because he abhorred war, and did every thing in his power to avert that dire calamity ; because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him ; because he consecrated the most extraordinary energies ever conferred upon a mortal to promote the prosperity of his country ; because he was regardless of luxury, and cheerfully endured all toil and all hardships that he might elevate and bless the masses of mankind ; because he had a high sense of honor, revered religion, respected the rights of conscience, and nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man. Such was the true character of Napoleon Bonaparte. The narrative contained in these pages is offered as a demonstration of the truth of this assertion.

The world has been bewildered by the contradictory views which have been presented of Napoleon. Hostile historians have stigmatized him as a usurper, while admitting that the suffrages of the nation placed him on the throne ; they have denounced him a tyrant inexorable as Nero. while admitting that he won the adoring love of his subjects ; he is called a bloodthirsty monster, delighting in war, yet it is confessed that he was, in almost every conflict, struggling in self-defense and imploring peace ; it is said that his insatiable ambition led him to trample remorselessly upon the rights of other nations, while it is confessed that Europe was astonished by his moderation and generosity in every treaty which he made with his vanquished foes ; he is described as a human butcher, reckless of suffering, who regarded his soldiers merely as food for powder, and yet, on the same page, we are told that he wept over the carnage of the battle-field, tenderly pressed the hand of the dying, and won from those soldiers who laid down their lives in his service a fervor of love which earth has never seen paralleled ; it is recorded that France at last became weary of him and drove him from the throne, and in the next paragraph we are informed that, as soon as the bayonets of the Allies had disappeared from France, the whole nation rose to call him back from his exile, with unanimity so unprecedented, that without the shedding of one drop of blood he traversed the whole of France, entered Paris, and reascended the throne ; it is affirmed that a second time France, weary of his despotism, expelled him, and yet it is at the same time recorded that

this same France demanded of his executioners his beloved remains, received them with national enthusiasm, consigned them to a tomb in the very bosom of its capital, and has reared over them such a mausoleum as honors the grave of no other mortal. Such is Napoleon as described by his enemies.

The judgment which the reader will form of the Emperor will depend upon the answer he gives to the three following questions :

1. Did Napoleon *usurp* the sovereignty of France ?
2. Having attained the supreme power, was he a tyrant, devoting that power to the promotion of his own selfish aggrandizement ?
3. Were the wars in which he was incessantly engaged provoked by his arrogance ?

These are the questions to be settled ; and documentary evidence is so strong upon these points, that even the blindest prejudice must struggle with desperation to resist the truth. The reason is obvious why the character of Napoleon should have been maligned. He was regarded justly as the foe of *aristocratic privilege*. The English oligarchy was determined to crush him. After deluging Europe in blood and woe, during nearly a quarter of a century, for the accomplishment of this end, it became necessary to prove to the world, and especially to the British people, who were tottering beneath the burden of taxes which these wars engendered, that Napoleon was a tyrant, threatening the liberties of the world, and that he deserved to be crushed. All the Allies who were accomplices in this iniquitous crusade were alike interested in consigning to the world's execration the name of their victim ; and even in France, the reinstated Bourbons, sustained upon the throne by the bayonets of the Allies, silenced every voice which would speak in favor of the monarch of the people, and rewarded with smiles, and opulence, and honor, all who would pour contempt upon his name. Thus we have the unprecedented spectacle of all the monarchies of Europe most deeply interested in calumniating one single man, and that man deprived of the possibility of reply. The writer surely does not expect that he can thus speak in behalf of the Emperor and not draw upon himself the most vehement assaults. Claiming the privilege of expressing his own views freely, he cheerfully grants that privilege to others. It is even pleasant to share the reproach of one who is unjustly assailed.

It would, indeed, be a bitter disappointment to the author of this work should it not prove to be a powerful advocate of the cause of peace. It is impossible to frame a more impressive argument against the folly of war than the details of the crimes and woes of these awful wars waged by the Allies against the independence of France. All who engaged in them alike suffered. Multitudes which can not be numbered perished in every form of mutilation and agony upon the field of battle. From millions of homes a wail of anguish was extorted from the hearts of widows and orphans louder than the thunders of Marengo or of Waterloo. All Europe was impoverish-

ed. Brutal armies swept, like demons of destruction, over meadows and hill sides, trampling the harvest of the husbandman, burning villages, bombarding cities, and throwing shot and shells into thronged streets, into galleries of art, and into nurseries where mothers, and maidens, and infants cowered in an agony of terror.

War is the science of destruction. Millions were absolutely beggared. Every nation was, in turn, humiliated and weakened. England, the soul of this conflict, the unrelenting inciter of these wars, protected by her navy and by her insular position, succeeded, by the aid of enormous bribes, in inducing other nations to attack France in the rear, and thus to draw the armies of the Emperor from the shores of Britain. Thus the hour of her punishment was postponed. But the day of retribution is at hand. England now groans beneath the burden of four thousand million dollars of debt. This weighs upon her children with a crushing pressure which is daily becoming more insupportable.

The plan of this book is very simple. It is a plain narrative of what Napoleon did, with the explanations which he gave of his conduct, and with the record of such well-authenticated anecdotes and remarkable sayings as illustrate his character. The writer believes that every incident here recorded, and every remark attributed to Napoleon, are well authenticated. He is not aware of any well-established incident or remark which would cast a different shade upon his character that has been omitted. The historian is peculiarly liable to the charge of plagiarism. He can only record facts and describe scenes which he gleans from public documents and from the descriptions of others. There is no fact, incident, or conversation narrated in these pages which may not be found elsewhere; and it is impossible to narrate events already penned by the ablest writers, and to avoid all similarity of expression.

The writer can not conclude this Preface without expressing his obligations to Mr. C. E. Doepler, for the beautiful series of illustrations which accompany the work, and also to Mr. Jacob Wells for the maps which he has so accurately constructed.

It has been the endeavor of the author, during the progress of the work, not to write one line which, dying, he would wish to blot. In that solemn hour it will be a solace to him to reflect that he has done what he could to rescue one of the greatest and noblest of names from unmerited obloquy.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

BRUNSWICK, Maine, 1854.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOLUME I.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Corsica—Charles Bonaparte—Family Home—Birth of Napoleon—Death of his Father—Napoleon's Estimate of Maternal Influence—Country Residence—Napoleon's Grotto—His Disposition—His Mother's Dignity—Her Character drawn by Napoleon—Anecdote—Count Marbœuf—Giacominetta—Napoleon enters the School at Brienne—Early Espousal of Republican Principles—Love of severe Study—Contempt for Novel Reading—Religious Education—Snow Fortification—The disobedient General—Intimacy of Paoli and Napoleon—The Writing-master—Love of Retirement—Appointment in the Army—Mademoiselle de Colombier—Kindness of a Genoese Lady and its Requital—Avowal of Republican Sentiments—Anecdote—Serious Embarrassment—Soirée at M. Neckar's—Napoleon's Reply to the Bishop of Autun—Its Effect—Visit to Corsica—The Water Excursion.

THE island of Corsica, sublimely picturesque with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of France. It was formerly a province of Italy, and was Italian in its language, sympathies, and customs. In the year 1767 it was invaded by a French army, and, after several most sanguinary conflicts, the inhabitants were compelled to yield to superior power, and Corsica was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

At the time of this invasion there was a young lawyer, of Italian extraction, residing upon the island, whose name was Charles Bonaparte. He was endowed with commanding beauty of person, great vigor of mind, and his remote lineage was illustrious. But the opulence of the noble house had passed away. The descendant of a family, whose line could be traced far back into the twilight of the Dark Ages, was under the fortunate necessity of being dependent for his support upon the energies of his own mind. He had married Letitia Raniolini, one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies of Corsica. Of thirteen children born to them, eight survived to attain majority. As a successful lawyer, the father of this large family was able to provide them with an ample competence. His illustrious descent gave him an elevated position in society, and the energies of his mind, ever vigorous in action, invested him with powerful influence.

The family occupied a town house, an ample stone mansion, in Ajaccio, the principal city of the island. They also enjoyed a very delightful country retreat near the sea-shore, a few miles from their city residence. This rural home was the favorite resort of the children during the heats of summer. When the French invaded Corsica, Charles Bonaparte, then quite a young man, having been married but a few years, abandoned the peaceful profession

of the law, and, grasping his sword, united with his countrymen, under the banner of General Paoli, to resist the invaders. His wife, Letitia, had then but one child, Joseph. She was expecting soon to give birth to another. Civil war was desolating the little island. Paoli and his band of patriots, defeated again and again, were retreating before their victorious foes into the fastnesses of the mountains. Letitia followed the fortunes of her husband, and, notwithstanding the embarrassment of her condition, accompanied him on horseback in these perilous and fatiguing expeditions. The conflict, however, was short. By the energies of the sword, Corsica became a province of France, and the Italians, who inhabited the island, became the unwilling subjects of the Bourbon throne. On the 15th of August, 1769, in anticipation of her confinement, Letitia had taken refuge in her town house



THE BIRTH-HOUSE OF NAPOLEON.

at Ajaccio. On the morning of that day she attended church, but, during the service, admonished by approaching pains, she was obliged suddenly to return home, and, throwing herself upon a couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, upon which was embroidered the battles and the heroes of the Iliad, she gave birth to her second son, Napoleon Bonaparte. Had the young Napoleon seen the light two months earlier, he would have been by birth an Italian, not a Frenchman, for but eight weeks had then elapsed since the island had been transferred to the dominion of France.

The father of Napoleon died not many years after the birth of that child, whose subsequent renown has filled the world. He is said to have appreciated the remarkable powers of his son, and, in the delirium which preceded his death, he was calling upon Napoleon to help him. Madame Bonaparte, by this event, was left a widow with eight children, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Her means were limited, but her mental endowments were commensurate with the weighty responsibili-

ties which devolved upon her. Her children all appreciated the superiority of her character, and yielded, with perfect and unquestioning submission, to her authority.

Napoleon, in particular, ever regarded his mother with the most profound respect and affection. He repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training, which prepared them to ascend the lofty summits of power to which they finally attained. He was so deeply impressed with the sense of these obligations, that he often said, "My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon its mother." One of his first acts, on attaining power, was to surround his mother with every luxury which wealth could furnish. And when placed at the head of the government of France, he immediately and energetically established schools for female education, remarking that France needed nothing so much to promote its regeneration as good mothers.



THE BONAPARTE CHILDREN

Madame Bonaparte, after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house. It was a retired residence, approached by an avenue overarched by lofty trees, and bordered by flowering shrubs. A smooth, sunny lawn, which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destinies that awaited them, to their infantile sports. They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown. How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable Providence, which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, was thus rearing a Napoleon, and far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa-groves and orange-trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of

the beautiful and lovely Josephine ! It was by a guidance which neither of these children sought, that they were conducted from their widely-separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France. There, by their united energies, which had been fostered in solitary studies and deepest musings, they won for themselves the proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen—a throne which, in power and splendor, eclipsed all that had been told of Roman, or Persian, or Egyptian greatness.

The dilapidated villa in Corsica, where Napoleon passed his infantile years, still exists, and the thoughtful tourist loses himself in pensive reverie as he wanders over the lawn where those children have played—as he passes through the vegetable garden in the rear of the house, which enticed them to toil with their tiny hoes and spades, and as he struggles through the wilderness of shrubbery, now running to wild waste, in the midst of which once could have been heard the merry shouts of these infantile kings and queens. Their voices are now hushed in death. But the records of earth can not show a more eventful drama than that enacted by these young Bonapartes between the cradle and the grave.

There is, in a sequestered and romantic spot upon the ground, an isolated granite rock, of wild and rugged form, in the fissures of which there is something resembling a cave, which still retains the name of “Napoleon’s Grotto.” This solitary rock was the favorite resort of the pensive and meditative child, even in his earliest years. When his brothers and sisters were in most happy companionship in the garden or on the lawn, and the air resounded with their mirthful voices, Napoleon would steal away alone to his loved retreat. There, in the long and sunny afternoons, with a book in his hand, he would repose, in a recumbent posture, for hours, gazing upon the broad expanse of the Mediterranean spread out before him, and upon the blue sky, which overarched his head. Who can imagine the visions which in those hours arose before the expanding energies of that wonderful mind ?

Napoleon could not be called an amiable child. He was silent and retiring in his disposition, melancholy and irritable in his temperament, and impatient of restraint. He was not fond of companionship or of play. He had no natural joyousness or buoyancy of spirit, no frankness of disposition. His brothers and sisters were not fond of him, though they admitted his superiority. “Joseph,” said an uncle at that time, “is the eldest of the family, but Napoleon is its head.” His passionate energy and decision of character were such, that his brother Joseph, who was a mild, amiable, and unassuming boy, was quite in subjection to his will. It was observed that his proud spirit was unrelenting under any severity of punishment. With stoical firmness, and without the shedding of a tear, he would endure any inflictions. At one time he was unjustly accused of a fault which another had committed. He silently endured the punishment and submitted to the disgrace, and to the subsistence for three days on the coarsest fare, rather than betray his companion ; and he did this, not from any special friendship for the one in the wrong, but from an innate pride and firmness of spirit. Impulsive in his disposition, his anger was easily and violently aroused, and as rapidly passed away. There were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature, and no malignant passion could long hold him in subjection.

There is still preserved upon the island of Corsica, as an interesting relic, a small brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds, which was the early and favorite plaything of Napoleon. Its loud report was music to his childish ears. In imaginary battle, he saw whole squadrons mown down by the discharges of his formidable piece of artillery. Napoleon was the favorite child of his father, and had often sat upon his knee; and, with a throbbing heart, a heaving bosom, and a tearful eye, listened to his recital of those bloody battles in which the patriots of Corsica had been compelled to yield to the victorious French. Napoleon hated the French. He fought those battles over again. He delighted, in fancy, to sweep away the embattled host with his discharges of grape-shot; to see the routed foe flying over the plain, and to witness the dying and the dead covering the ground. He left the bat and the ball, the kite and the hoop for others, and in this strange divertimento found exhilarating joy.

He loved to hear, from his mother's lips, the story of her hardships and sufferings, as, with her husband and the vanquished Corsicans, she fled from village to village, and from fastness to fastness before their conquering enemies. The mother was probably but little aware of the warlike spirit she was thus nurturing in the bosom of her son, but with her own high mental endowments, she could not be insensible to the extraordinary capacities which had been conferred upon the silent, thoughtful, pensive listener. There were no mirthful tendencies in the character of Napoleon; no tendencies in childhood, youth, or manhood to frivolous amusements or fashionable dissipation. "My mother," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "loves me. She is capable of selling every thing for me, even to her last article of clothing." This distinguished lady died at Marseilles in the year 1822, about a year after the death of her illustrious son upon the island of St. Helena. Seven of her children were still living, to each of whom she bequeathed nearly two millions of dollars; while to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, she left a superb palace, embellished with the most magnificent decorations of furniture, paintings, and sculpture which Europe could furnish. The son, who had conferred all this wealth—to whom the family was indebted for all this greatness, and who had filled the world with his renown, died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable, upon the most bleak and barren isle of the ocean. The dignified character of this exalted lady is illustrated by the following anecdote: Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. The Emperor was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return, "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

"Left without guide, without support," says Napoleon, "my mother was obliged to take the direction of affairs upon herself. But the task was not above her strength. She managed every thing, provided for every thing with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. Ah, what a woman! where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful under-

standings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman."

A bachelor uncle owned the rural retreat where the family resided. He was very wealthy, but very parsimonious. The young Bonapartes, though living in the abundant enjoyment of all the necessities of life, could obtain but little money for the purchase of those thousand little conveniences and luxuries which every boy covets. Whenever they ventured to ask their uncle for coppers, he invariably pleaded poverty, assuring them that though he had lands and vineyards, goats and poultry, he had no money. At last the boys discovered a bag of doubloons secreted upon a shelf. They formed a conspiracy, and, by the aid of Pauline, who was too young to understand the share which she had in the mischief, they contrived, on a certain occasion, when the uncle was pleading poverty, to draw down the bag, and the glittering gold rolled over the floor. The boys burst into shouts of laughter, while the good old man was almost choked with indignation. Just at that moment Madame Bonaparte came in. Her presence immediately silenced the merriment. She severely reprimanded her sons for their improper behavior, and ordered them to collect again the scattered doubloons.

When the island of Corsica was surrendered to the French, Count Marboëuf was appointed, by the Court at Paris, as its governor. The beauty of Madame Bonaparte, and her rich intellectual endowments, attracted his admiration, and they frequently met in the small but aristocratic circle of society which the island afforded. He became a warm friend of the family, and manifested much interest in the welfare of the little Napoleon. The gravity of the child, his air of pensive thoughtfulness, the oracular style of his remarks, which characterized even that early period of life, strongly attracted the attention of the governor, and he predicted that Napoleon would create for himself a path through life of more than ordinary splendor.

When Napoleon was but five or six years of age, he was placed in a school with a number of other children. There a fair-haired little maiden won his youthful heart. It was Napoleon's first love. His impetuous nature was all engrossed by this new passion, and he inspired as ardent an affection in the bosom of his loved companion as that which she had enkindled in his own. He walked to and from school, holding the hand of Giacominetta. He abandoned all the plays and companionship of the other children to talk and muse with her. The older boys and girls made themselves very merry with the display of affection which the loving couple exhibited. Their mirth, however, exerted not the slightest influence to abash Napoleon, though often his anger would be so aroused by their insulting ridicule, that, regardless of the number or the size of his adversaries, with sticks, stones, and every other implement which came in his way, he would rush into the midst of his foes, and attack them with such a recklessness of consequences, that they were generally put to flight. Then, with the pride of a conqueror, he would take the hand of his infantile friend. The little Napoleon was, at this period of his life, very careless in his dress, and almost invariably appeared with his stockings slipped down about his heels. Some witty boy formed a couplet,

which was often shouted upon the play-ground, not a little to the annoyance of the young lover.

Napoleone di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore à Giacominetta.

Napoleon with his stockings half off
Makes love to Giacominetta.

When Napoleon was about ten years of age, Count Marbœuf obtained for him admission to the military school at Brienne, near Paris. Forty years afterward Napoleon remarked that he never could forget the pangs which he then felt, when parting from his mother. Stoic as he was, his stoicism then forsook him, and he wept like any other child. His journey led him through Italy, and crossing France, he entered Paris. Little did the young Corsican then imagine, as he gazed awe-stricken upon the splendors of the metropolis, that all those thronged streets were yet to resound with his name, and that in those gorgeous palaces, the proudest kings and queens of Europe were to bow obsequiously before his unrivaled power.

The ardent and studious boy was soon established in school. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. He found that his associates were composed mostly of the sons of the proud and wealthy nobility of France. Their pockets were filled with money, and they indulged in the most extravagant expenditures. The haughtiness with which these worthless sons of imperious but debauched and enervated sires affected to look down upon the solitary and unfriended alien, produced an impression upon his mind which was never effaced. The revolutionary struggle, that long and lurid day of storms and desolation, was just beginning darkly to dawn; the portentous rumblings of that approaching earthquake, which soon upheaved both altar and throne, and overthrew all of the most sacred institutions of France in chaotic ruin, fell heavily upon the ear.

The young noblemen at Brienne taunted Napoleon with being the son of a Corsican lawyer; for in that day of aristocratic domination the nobility regarded all with contempt who were dependent upon any exertions of their own for support. They sneered at the plainness of Napoleon's dress, and at the emptiness of his purse. His proud spirit was stung to the quick by these indignities, and his temper was roused by that disdain to which he was compelled to submit, and from which he could find no refuge. Then it was that there was implanted in his mind that hostility which he ever afterward so signally manifested to rank, founded, not upon merit, but upon the accident of birth. He thus early espoused this prominent principle of republicanism: "I hate those French," said he, in an hour of bitterness, "and I will do them all the mischief in my power."

Thirty years after this Napoleon said, "Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, '*A career open to talent*,' without distinction of birth."

In consequence of this state of feeling, he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his books and his maps. While they were wasting their time in dissipation and in frivolous amusements, he consecrated his days and his nights with untiring assidu-

ity to study. He almost immediately elevated himself above his companions, and, by his superiority, commanded their respect. Soon he was regarded as the brightest ornament of the institution, and Napoleon exulted in his con-



NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

scious strength and his undisputed exaltation. In all mathematical studies he became highly distinguished. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences, he devoured with the utmost avidity. The poetry of Homer and of Ossian he read and re-read with great delight. His mind combined the poetical and the practical in most harmonious blending. In a letter written to his mother at this time, he says, "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." Many of his companions regarded him as morose and moody, and though they could not but respect him, they still disliked his recluse habits, and his refusal to participate in their amusements. He was seldom seen upon the playground, but every leisure hour found him in the library. The Lives of Plutarch he studied so thoroughly, and with such profound admiration, that his whole soul became imbued with the spirit of these illustrious men. All the thrilling scenes of Grecian and Roman story, the rise and fall of empires, and deeds of heroic daring absorbed his contemplation. So great was his ardor for intellectual improvement, that he considered every day as lost in which he had not made perceptible progress in knowledge. By this rigid mental discipline he acquired that wonderful power of concentration, by which he was ever enabled to simplify subjects the most difficult and complicated.

He made no efforts to conciliate the good-will of his fellow-students; and he was so stern in his morals, and so unceremonious in his manners, that he was familiarly called the Spartan. At this time he was distinguished by his Italian complexion, a piercing eagle eye, and by that energy of conversational expression which, through life, gave such an oracular import to all his ut-

terances. His unremitting application to study probably impaired his growth, for his fine head was developed disproportionately with his small stature. Though stubborn and self-willed in his intercourse with his equals, he was a firm friend of strict discipline, and gave his support to established authority. This trait of character, added to his diligence and brilliant attainments, made him a great favorite with the professors. There was, however, one exception. Napoleon took no interest in the study of the German language. The German teacher, consequently, entertained a very contemptible opinion of the talents of his pupil. It chanced that upon one occasion Napoleon was absent from the class. M. Bouer, upon inquiring, ascertained that he was employed that hour in the class of engineers. "Oh! he does learn something, then," said the teacher, ironically. "Why, sir!" a pupil rejoined, "he is esteemed the very first mathematician in the school." "Truly," the irritated German replied, "I have always heard it remarked, and have uniformly believed, that any fool could learn mathematics." Napoleon afterward relating this anecdote, laughingly said, "It would be curious to ascertain whether M. Bouer lived long enough to learn my real character, and enjoy the fruits of his own judgment."

Each student at Brienne had a small portion of land allotted to him, which he might cultivate or not, as he pleased. Napoleon converted his little field into a garden. To prevent intrusion, he surrounded it with palisades, and planted it thickly with trees. In the centre of this his fortified camp, he constructed a pleasant bower, which became to him a substitute for the beloved grotto he had left in Corsica. To this grotto he was wont to repair to study and to meditate, where he was exposed to no annoyances from his frivolous fellow-students. In those trumpet-toned proclamations which subsequently so often electrified Europe, one can see the influence of these hours of unremitting mental application.

At that time he had few thoughts of any glory but military glory. Young men were taught that the only path to renown was to be found through fields of blood. All the peaceful arts of life, which tend to embellish the world with competence and refinement, were despised. He only was the chivalric gentleman, whose career was marked by conflagrations and smouldering ruins, by the despair of the maiden, the tears and woe of widows and orphans, and by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying. Such was the school in which Napoleon was trained. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had taught France that the religion of Jesus Christ was but a fable; that the idea of accountability at the bar of God was a foolish superstition; that death was a sleep from which there was no waking; that life itself, aimless and objectless, was so worthless a thing, that it was a matter of most trivial importance how soon its vapor should pass away.

These peculiarities in the education of Napoleon must be taken into account in forming a correct estimate of his character. It could hardly be said that he was educated in a Christian land. France renounced Christianity, and plunged into the blackest of Pagan darkness, without any religion, and without a God. Though the altars of religion were not, at this time, entirely swept away, they were thoroughly undermined by that torrent of infidelity which, in crested billows, was surging over the land. Napoleon had but lit

tle regard for the lives of others, and still less for his own. He never commanded the meanest soldier to go where he was not willing to lead him. Having never been taught any correct ideas of probation or retribution, the question whether a few thousand illiterate peasants should eat, drink, and sleep for a few years more or less, was in his view of little importance compared with those great measures of political wisdom which should meliorate the condition of Europe for ages.

It is Christianity alone which stamps importance upon each individual life, and which invests the apparent trivialities of time with the sublimities of eternity. It is, indeed, strange that Napoleon, graduating at the schools of infidelity and of war, should have cherished so much of the spirit of humanity, and should have formed so many just conceptions of right and wrong. It is indeed strange, that, surrounded by so many allurements to entice him to voluptuous indulgence and self-abandonment, he should have retained a character so immeasurably superior, in all moral worth, to that of nearly all the crowned heads who occupied the thrones around him.

The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so completely blocked up the walks that the students at Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed that, to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with intrenchments and bastions, parapets, ravelins, and horn-works.



THE SNOW FORT.

He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and, under his superintendence, the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power of his mind now displayed itself. No one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed, while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne for their inspection. Napoleon divided

the school into two armies, one being intrusted with the defense of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies, now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defense. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on each side. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers, venturing to disobey the commands of his general, Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.

In justice to Napoleon, it must be related, that when he had attained the highest pitch of grandeur, this unfortunate school-boy, who had thus experienced the rigor of Napoleon's military discipline, sought to obtain an audience with the Emperor. Calamities had darkened the path of the unfortunate man, and he was in poverty and obscurity. Napoleon, not immediately recalling his name to mind, inquired if the applicant could designate some incident of boyhood which would bring him to his recollection. "Sire!" replied the courtier, "he has a deep scar upon his forehead which he says was inflicted by your hand." "Ah!" rejoined Napoleon, smiling; "I know the meaning of that scar perfectly well. It was caused by an ice bullet which I hurled at his head. Bid him enter." The poor man made his appearance, and immediately obtained from Napoleon every thing that he requested.

At one time the students at Brienne got up a private theatre for their entertainment. The wife of the porter of the school, who sold the boys cakes and apples, presented herself at the door of the theatre to obtain admission to see the play of the death of Cæsar, which was to be performed that evening. Napoleon's sense of decorum was shocked at the idea of the presence of a female among such a host of young men, and he indignantly exclaimed, in characteristic language, "Remove that woman, who brings here the license of camps."

Napoleon remained in the school at Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. His vacations were usually spent in Corsica. He was enthusiastically attached to his native island, and enjoyed exceedingly rambling over its mountains and through its valleys, and listening at humble firesides to those traditions of violence and crime with which every peasant was familiar. He was a great admirer of Paoli, the friend of his father and the hero of Corsica. At Brienne the students were invited to dine, by turns, with the principal of the school. One day, when Napoleon was at the table, one of the professors, knowing his young pupil's admiration for Paoli, spoke disrespectfully of the distinguished general, that he might tease the sensitive lad. Napoleon promptly and energetically replied, "Paoli, sir, was a great man! he loved his country; and I never shall forgive my father for consenting to the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortunes, and to have fallen with him."

Paoli, who upon the conquest of Corsica had fled to England, was afterward permitted to return to his native island. Napoleon, though in years but a boy, was in mind a full-grown man. He sought the acquaintance of Paoli, and they became intimate friends. The veteran general and the

manly boy took many excursions together over the island, and Paoli pointed out to his intensely-interested companion the fields where sanguinary battles had been fought, and the positions which the little army of Corsicans had occupied in the struggle for independence. The energy and decision of character displayed by Napoleon produced such an impression upon the mind of this illustrious man, that he at once exclaimed, "Oh, Napoleon! you do not at all resemble the moderns. You belong only to the heroes of Plutarch."

Pichegru, who afterward became so celebrated as the conqueror of Holland, and who came to so melancholy a death, was a member of the school at Brienne at the same time with Napoleon. Being several years older than the young Corsican, he instructed him in mathematics. The commanding talents and firm character of his pupil deeply impressed the mind of Pichegru. Many years after, when Napoleon was rising rapidly to power, the Bourbons proposed to Pichegru, who had espoused the Royalist cause, to sound Napoleon, and ascertain if he could be purchased to advocate their claims. "It will be but lost time to attempt it," said Pichegru: "I knew him in his youth. His character is inflexible. He has taken his side, and he will not change it."

His character for integrity and honor ever stood very high. At Brienne he was a great favorite with the younger boys, whose rights he defended against the invasions of the older. The indignation which Napoleon felt at this time, in view of the arrogance of the young nobility, produced an impression upon his character, the traces of which never passed away. When his alliance with the royal house of Austria was proposed, the Emperor Francis, whom Napoleon very irreverently called "an old granny," was extremely anxious to prove the illustrious descent of his prospective son-in-law.

He accordingly employed many persons to make researches among the records of genealogy, to trace out the grandeur of his ancestral line. Napoleon refused to have the account published, remarking, "I had rather be the descendant of an honest man than of any petty tyrant of Italy. I wish my nobility to commence with myself, and to derive all my titles from the French people. I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family. My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte."*

Upon the occasion of this marriage, the Pope, in order to render the pedigree of Napoleon more illustrious, proposed the canonization of a poor monk, by the name of Bonaparte, who for centuries had been quietly reposing in his grave. "*Holy Father!*" exclaimed Napoleon, "*I beseech you, spare me the ridicule of that step. You being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to create a saint out of my family.*" To some remonstrances which were made against this marriage, Napoleon coolly replied, "I certainly should not enter into this alliance if I were not aware of the origin of Maria Louisa being equally as noble as my own."

Still Napoleon was by no means regardless of that mysterious influence

* Rodolph of Hapsburg was a gentleman who by his own energies had elevated himself to the imperial throne of Germany, and became the founder of the house of Hapsburg. He was the ancestor to whom the Austrian kings looked back with the loftiest pride.

which illustrious descent invariably exerts over the human mind. Through his life one can trace the struggles of those conflicting sentiments. The marshals of France, and the distinguished generals who surrounded his throne, were raised from the rank and file of the army by their own merit; but he divorced his faithful Josephine, and married a daughter of the Cæsars, that by an illustrious alliance he might avail himself of this universal and innate prejudice. No power of reasoning can induce one to look with the same interest upon the child of Cæsar and the child of the beggar.

Near the close of Napoleon's career, while Europe in arms was crowding upon him, the Emperor found himself in desperate and hopeless conflict on that very plain at Brienne, where in childhood he had reared his fortification of snow. He sought an interview with the old woman whom he had ejected from the theatre, and from whom he had often purchased milk and fruit.

"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bonaparte," inquired Napoleon, "who formerly attended this school?"

"Yes! very well," was the answer.

"Did he always pay you for what he bought?"

"Yes," replied the old woman, "and he often compelled the other boys to pay, when they wished to defraud me."

"Perhaps he may have forgotten a few sous," said Napoleon, "and here is a purse of gold to discharge any outstanding debt which may remain between us."

At this same time he pointed out to his companion a tree, under which, with unbounded delight, he read, when a boy, *Jerusalem Delivered*, and where, in the warm summer evenings, with indescribable luxury of emotion, he listened to the tolling of the bells on the distant village-church spires. To such impressions his sensibilities were peculiarly alive. The monarch then turned away sadly from these reminiscences of childhood, to plunge, seeking death, into the smoke and the carnage of his last and despairing conflicts.

It was a noble trait in the character of Napoleon that, in his day of power, he so generously remembered even the casual acquaintances of his early years. He ever wrote an exceedingly illegible hand, as his impetuous and restless spirit was such that he could not drive his pen with sufficient rapidity over his paper. The poor writing-master at Brienne was in utter despair, and could do nothing with his pupil. Years after, Napoleon was sitting one day with Josephine, in his cabinet at St. Cloud, when a poor man, with thread-bare coat, was ushered into his presence. Trembling before his former pupil, he announced himself as the writing-master of Brienne, and solicited a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon affected anger, and said,

"Yes, you were my writing-master, were you? and a pretty chirographist you made of me too. Ask Josephine, there, what she thinks of my handwriting!" The Empress, with that amiable tact which made her the most lovely of women, smilingly replied,

"I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." The Emperor laughed cordially at the well-timed compliment, and made the old man comfortable for the rest of his days.

In the days of his prosperity, amid all the cares of empire, Napoleon remembered the poor Corsican woman who was the nurse of his infancy, and

settled upon her a pension of two hundred dollars a year. Though far advanced in life, the good woman was determined to see her little nursling, in the glory of whose exaltation her heart so abundantly shared. With this object in view she made a journey to Paris. The Emperor received her most kindly, and transported the happy woman home again with her pension doubled.

In one of Napoleon's composition exercises at Brienne, he gave rather free utterance to his republican sentiments, and condemned the conduct of the royal family. The professor of rhetoric rebuked the young republican severely for the offensive passage, and, to add to the severity of the rebuke, compelled him to throw the paper into the fire. Long afterward, the professor was commanded to attend a levee of the First Consul, to receive Napoleon's younger brother Jerome as a pupil. Napoleon received him with great kindness, but, at the close of the business, very good-humoredly reminded him that times were very considerably changed since the burning of that paper.

He had just entered his fifteenth year, when he was promoted to the military school at Paris. Annually, three of the best scholars from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France were promoted to the military school at Paris. This promotion, at the earliest possible period in which his age would allow his admission, shows the high rank, as a scholar, which Napoleon sustained. The records of the Minister of War contain the following interesting entry.

"State of the king's scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the school at Paris: Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; in height five feet six and a half inches; has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent, character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the school at Paris."

The military school at Paris, which Napoleon now entered, was furnished with all the appliances of aristocratic luxury. It had been founded for the sons of the nobility, who had been accustomed to every indulgence. Each of the three hundred young men assembled in this school had a servant to groom his horse, to polish his weapons, to brush his boots, and to perform all other necessary menial services. The cadet reposed on a luxurious bed, and was fed with sumptuous viands. There are few lads of fifteen who would not have been delighted with the dignity, the ease, and the independence of the style of living. Napoleon, however, immediately saw that this was by no means the training requisite to prepare officers for the toils and hardships of war. He addressed an energetic memorial to the governor, urging the banishment of this effeminacy and voluptuousness from the military school. He argued that the students should learn to groom their own horses, to clean their armor, and to perform all those services, and to inure themselves to those privations which would prepare them for the exposure and the toils of actual service.

No incident in the childhood or in the life of Napoleon shows more decisively than this his energetic, self-reliant, commanding character. The wisdom, the fortitude, and the foresight, not only of mature years, but of the mature years of the most powerful intellect, were here exhibited. The military school which he afterward established at Fontainebleau, and which obtained such world-wide celebrity, was founded upon the model of this youthful memorial. And one distinguishing cause of the extraordinary popularity which Napoleon afterward secured, was to be found in the fact that, through life, he called upon no one to encounter perils or to endure hardships which he was not perfectly ready himself to encounter or to endure.

At Paris, the elevation of his character, his untiring devotion to study, his peculiar conversational energy, and the almost boundless information he had acquired, attracted much attention. His solitary and recluse habits, and his total want of sympathy with most of his fellow-students in their idleness and in their frivolous amusements, rendered him far from popular with the multitude. His great superiority was, however, universally recognized. He pressed on in his studies with as much vehemence as if he had been forewarned of the extraordinary career before him, and that but a few months were left in which to garner up those stores of knowledge with which he was to remodel the institutions of Europe, and almost change the face of the world.

About this time he was at Marseilles on some day of public festivity. A large party of young gentlemen and ladies were amusing themselves with dancing. Napoleon was rallied upon his want of gallantry in declining to participate in the amusements of the evening. He replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a *man* is to be formed." Indeed, he never, from childhood, took any pleasure in fashionable dissipation. He had not a very high opinion of men or women in general. He was perfectly willing to provide amusements which he thought adapted to the capacities of the masculine and feminine minions flitting about the court, but his own expanded mind was so engrossed with vast projects of utility and renown, that he found no moments to spare in cards and billiards, and he was at the furthest possible remove from what may be called a lady's man.

On one occasion, a mathematical problem of great difficulty having been proposed to the class, Napoleon, in order to solve it, secluded himself in his room for seventy-two hours; and he solved the problem. This extraordinary faculty of intense and continuous exertion, both of mind and body, was his distinguishing characteristic through life. Napoleon did not blunder into renown. His triumphs were not casualties; his achievements were not accidents; his grand conceptions were not the brilliant flashes of unthinking and unpremeditated genius. Never did man prepare the way for greatness by more untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge, and to the attainment of the highest possible degree of mental discipline. That he possessed native powers of mind of extraordinary vigor is true, but those powers were expanded and energized by herculean study. His mighty genius impelled to the sacrifice of every indulgence, and to sleepless toil.

The vigor of Napoleon's mind, so conspicuous in conversation, was equally remarkable in his exercises in composition. His professor of Belles-Lettres remarked that Napoleon's amplifications ever reminded him of "flaming

missiles ejected from a volcano." While in the military school at Paris, the Abbé Raynal became so forcibly impressed with his astonishing mental acquirements, and the extent of his capacities, that he frequently invited him, though Napoleon was then but a lad of sixteen, to breakfast at his table with other illustrious guests. His mind was at that time characterized by great logical accuracy, united with the most brilliant powers of masculine imagination. His conversation, laconic, graphic, oracular, arrested every mind. Had the vicissitudes of life so ordered his lot, he would undoubtedly have been as distinguished in the walks of literature and in the halls of science as he became in the field and in the cabinet. That he was one of the profoundest of thinkers, all admit; and his trumpet-toned proclamations resounded through Europe, rousing the army to almost a phrensy of enthusiasm, and electrifying alike the peasant and the prince. Napoleon had that comprehensive genius which would have been pre-eminent in any pursuit to which he had devoted the energies of his mind. Great as were his military victories, they were by no means the greatest of his achievements.

In September, 1785, Napoleon, then but sixteen years of age, was examined to receive an appointment in the army. The mathematical branch of the examination was conducted by the celebrated La Place. Napoleon passed the ordeal triumphantly. In history he had many very extensive attainments. His proclamations, his public addresses, his private conferences with his ministers in his cabinet, all attest the philosophical discrimination with which he had pondered the records of the past, and had studied the causes of the rise and fall of empires. At the close of his examination in history, the historical professor, Monsieur Keruglion, wrote opposite to the signature of Napoleon, "A Corsican by character and by birth. This young man will distinguish himself in the world, if favored by fortune." This professor was very strongly attached to his brilliant pupil. He often invited him to dinner, and cultivated his confidence. Napoleon in later years did not forget this kindness, and many years after, upon the death of the professor, settled a very handsome pension upon his widow. Napoleon, as the result of this examination, was appointed a second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. He was exceedingly gratified in becoming thus early in life an officer in the army. To a boy of sixteen it must have appeared the attainment of a very high degree of human grandeur.

That evening, arrayed in his new uniform, with epaulets and the enormous boots which at that time were worn by the artillery, in an exuberant glow of spirits, he called upon a female friend, Mademoiselle Permon, who afterward became Duchess of Abrantes, and who was regarded as one of the most brilliant wits of the imperial court. A younger sister of this lady, who had just returned from a boarding-school, was so much struck with the comical appearance of Napoleon, whose feminine proportions so little accorded with his military costume, that she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that he resembled nothing so much as "Puss in Boots." The raillery was too just not to be felt. Napoleon struggled against his sense of mortification, and soon regained his accustomed equanimity. A few days after, to prove that he cherished no rancor-

ous recollection of the occurrence, he presented the mirthful maiden with an elegantly bound copy of *Puss in Boots*.

Napoleon soon, exulting in his new commission, repaired to Valence to join his regiment. His excessive devotion to study had impeded the full development of his physical frame. Though exceedingly thin and fragile in figure, there was a girlish gracefulness and beauty in his form; and his noble brow



LIEUTENANT BONAPARTE.

and piercing eye attracted attention and commanded respect. One of the most distinguished ladies of the place, Madame du Colombier, became much interested in the young lieutenant, and he was frequently invited to her house. He was there introduced to much intelligent and genteel society. In after life he frequently spoke with gratitude of the advantages he derived from this early introduction to refined and polished associates. Napoleon formed a strong attachment for a daughter of Madame du Colombier, a young lady of about his own age, and possessed of many accomplishments. They frequently enjoyed morning and evening rambles through the pleasant walks in the environs of Valence.

Napoleon subsequently, speaking of this youthful attachment, said, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I well remember one which took place, on a midsummer's morning, just as the light began to dawn. It will scarcely be credited that all our felicity consisted in eating cherries together." The vicissitudes of life soon separated these young friends from each other, and they met not again for ten years. Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was, with a magnificent retinue, passing through Lyons, when this young lady, who had since been married, and who had encountered many misfortunes, with some difficulty gained access to him, environed as he was with all the etiquette of royalty. Napoleon instantly recognized his former friend, and inquired minutely

respecting all her joys and griefs. He immediately assigned to her husband a post which secured for him an ample competence, and conferred upon her the situation of a maid of honor to one of his sisters.

From Valence Napoleon went to Lyons, having been ordered, with his regiment, to that place, in consequence of some disturbance which had broken out there. His pay as lieutenant was quite inadequate to support him in the rank of a gentleman. His widowed mother, with six children younger than Napoleon, who was then but seventeen years of age, was quite unable to supply him with funds. This pecuniary embarrassment often exposed the high-spirited young officer to the keenest mortification. It did not, however, in the slightest degree impair his energies or weaken his confidence in that peculiar consciousness, which from childhood he had cherished, that he was endowed with extraordinary powers, and that he was born to an exalted destiny. He secluded himself from his brother officers, and, keeping aloof from all the haunts of amusement and dissipation, cloistered himself in his study, and with indefatigable energy devoted himself anew to the acquisition of knowledge, laying up those inexhaustible stores of information, and gaining that mental discipline which proved of such incalculable advantage to him in the brilliant career upon which he subsequently entered.

While at Lyons, Napoleon, friendless and poor, was taken sick. He had a small room in the attic of a hotel, where, alone, he lingered through the weary hours of languor and pain. A lady from Geneva, visiting some friends at Lyons, happened to learn that a young officer was sick in the hotel. She could only ascertain respecting him that he was quite young, that his name was Bonaparte—then an unknown name, and that his purse was very scantily provided. Her benevolent feelings impelled her to his bedside. She immediately felt the fascination with which Napoleon could ever charm those who approached him. With unremitting kindness she nursed him, and had the gratification of seeing him so far restored as to be able to rejoin his regiment. Napoleon took his leave of the benevolent lady with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had experienced.

After the lapse of years, when Napoleon had been crowned Emperor, he received a letter from this lady, congratulating him upon the eminence he had attained, and informing him that disastrous days had darkened around her. Napoleon immediately returned an answer, containing two thousand dollars, and expressing the most friendly assurances of his immediate attention to any favors she might in future solicit.

The Academy at Lyons offered a prize for the best dissertation upon the question, "What are the institutions most likely to contribute to human happiness?" Napoleon wrote upon the subject, and though there were many competitors, the prize was awarded to him. Many years afterward, when seated upon the throne, his minister Talleyrand sent a courier to Lyons, and obtained the manuscript. Thinking it would please the Emperor, he one day, when they were alone, put the essay into Napoleon's hands, asking him if he knew the author. Napoleon, immediately recognizing the writing, threw it into the flames, saying, at the same time, that it was a boyish production full of visionary and impracticable schemes. He also, in those hours of unceasing study, wrote a History of Corsica, which he was preparing to publish,

when the rising storms of the times led him to lay aside his pen for the sword.

Two great parties, the Royalists and the Republicans, were now throughout France contending for the supremacy. Napoleon joined the Republican side. Most of the officers in the army, being sons of the old nobility, were of the opposite party, and this made him very unpopular with them. He, however, with great firmness, boldly avowed his sentiments, and eagerly watched the progress of those events which he thought would open to him a career of fame and fortune. He still continued to prosecute his studies with untiring diligence. He was, at this period of his life, considered proud, haughty, and irascible, though he was loved with great enthusiasm by the few whose friendship he chose to cultivate. His friends appreciated his distinguished character and attainments, and predicted his future eminence. His remarkable logical accuracy of mind, his lucid and energetic expressions, his immense information upon all points of history, and upon every subject of practical importance, his extensive scientific attainments, and his thorough accomplishments as an officer, rendered him an object of general observation, and secured for him the respect even of the idlers who disliked his unsocial habits.

About this time, in consequence of some popular tumults at Auxonne, Napoleon, with his regiment, was ordered to that place. He, with some subaltern officers, was quartered at the house of a barber. Napoleon, as usual, immediately, when off of duty, cloistered himself in his room with his law books, his scientific treatises, his histories, and his mathematics. His associate officers loitered through the listless days, coquetting with the pretty wife of the barber, smoking cigars in the shop, and listening to the petty gossip of the place. The barber's wife was quite annoyed at receiving no attentions from the handsome, distinguished, but ungallant young lieutenant. She accordingly disliked him exceedingly. A few years after, as Napoleon, then commander of the army of Italy, was on his way to Marengo, he passed through Auxonne. He stopped at the door of the barber's shop, and asked his former hostess if she remembered a young officer by the name of Bonaparte, who was once quartered in her family. "Indeed I do," was the pettish reply, "and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room, or, if he walked out, he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah! my good woman," Napoleon rejoined, "had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."

The higher nobility and most of the officers in the army were in favor of Royalty. The common soldiers and the great mass of the people were advocates of Republicanism. Napoleon's fearless avowal, under all circumstances, of his hostility to monarchy and his approval of popular liberty, often exposed him to serious embarrassments. He has himself given a very glowing account of an interview at one of the fashionable residences at Auxonne, where he had been invited to meet an aristocratic circle. The Revolution was just breaking out in all its terror, and the excitement was intense throughout France. In the course of conversation, Napoleon gave free utterance to his sentiments. They all instantly assailed him, gentlemen and ladies, pell-

mell. Napoleon was not a man to retreat. His condensed sentences fell like hot shot among the crowd of antagonists who surrounded him. The battle waxed warmer and warmer. There was no one to utter a word in favor of Napoleon. He was a young man of twenty, surrounded by veteran generals and distinguished nobles. Like Wellington at Waterloo, he was wishing that some "Blucher or night were come." Suddenly the door was opened, and the mayor of the city was announced. Napoleon began to flatter himself that a rescue was at hand, when the little great man, in pompous dignity, joined the assailants, and belabored the young officer at bay more mercilessly than all the rest. At last the lady of the house took compassion upon her defenseless guest, and interposed to shield him from the blows which he was receiving in the unequal contest.

One evening, in the year 1790, there was a very brilliant party in the drawing-rooms of M. Neckar, the celebrated financier. The Bastile had just been demolished. The people, exulting in newly found power, and dimly discerning long defrauded rights, were trampling beneath their feet, indiscriminately, all institutions, good and bad, upon which ages had left their sanction. The gay and fickle Parisians, notwithstanding the portentous approachings of a storm, the most fearful earth has ever witnessed, were pleased with change, and with reckless curiosity awaited the result of the appalling phenomenon exhibited around them. Many of the higher nobility, terrified at the violence, daily growing more resistless and extended, had sought personal safety in emigration. The tone of society in the metropolis had, however, become decidedly improved by the greater commingling, in all the large parties, of men eminent in talents and in public services, as well as of those illustrious in rank.

The entertainments given by M. Neckar, embellished by the presence, as the presiding genius, of his distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël,* were brilliant in the extreme, assembling all the noted gentlemen and ladies of the metropolis. On the occasion to which we refer, the magnificent saloon was filled with men who had attained the highest eminence in literature and science, or who, in those troubled times, had ascended to posts of influence and honor in the state. Mirabeau was there,† with his lofty brow and thunder

* Napoleon, at St. Helena, gave the following graphic and most discriminating sketch of the character of Madame de Staël. "She was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy, I was accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and replied, 'She, Madame, who has borne the greatest number of children,' an answer which greatly confused her." From this hour she became the unrelenting enemy of Napoleon.

† "Few persons," said Mirabeau, "comprehend the power of my ugliness." "If you would form an idea of my looks," he wrote to a lady who had never seen him, "you must imagine a tiger who has had the small-pox." "The life of Mirabeau," says Sydney Smith, "should embrace all the talents and all the vices, every merit and every defect, every glory and every disgrace. He was student, voluptuary, soldier, prisoner, author, diplomatist, exile, pauper, courtier, democrat, orator, statesman, traitor. He has seen more, suffered more, learned more, felt more, done more, than any man of his own or any other age."

tones, proud of his very ugliness. Talleyrand* moved majestically through the halls, conspicuous for his gigantic proportions and courtly bearing. La Fayette, rendered glorious as the friend of Washington, and his companion in arms, had gathered around him a group of congenial spirits. In the embrasure of a window sat Madame de Staël. By the brilliance of her conversational powers she had attracted to her side St. Just, who afterward obtained such sanguinary notoriety; Malesherbes, the eloquent and intrepid advocate of royalty; Lalande, the venerable astronomer; Marmontel and Lagrange, illustrious mathematicians, and others, whose fame was circulating through Europe.

In one corner stood the celebrated Alfieri, reciting with almost maniacal gesticulation his own poetry to a group of ladies. The grave and philosophical Neckar was the centre of another group of careworn statesmen, discussing the rising perils of the times. It was an assemblage of all which Paris could afford of brilliance in rank, talent, or station. About the middle of the evening, Josephine, the beautiful, but then neglected wife of M. Beauharnais, was announced, accompanied by her little son Eugène. Madame de Genlis soon made her appearance, attended by the brother of the king; and, conscious of her intellectual dignity, floated through that sea of brilliance, recognized wherever she approached by the abundance of perfumery which her dress exhaled. Madame Campan, the friend and companion of Maria Antoinette, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court, were introduced, and the party now consisted of a truly remarkable assemblage of distinguished men and women. Parisian gayety seemed to banish all thoughts of the troubles of the times, and the hours were surrendered to unrestrained hilarity. Servants were gliding through the throng, bearing a profusion of refreshments, consisting of delicacies gathered from all quarters of the globe.

As the hour of midnight approached, there was a lull in the buzz of conversation, and the guests gathered in silent groups to listen to a musical entertainment. Madame de Staël took her seat at the piano, while Josephine prepared to accompany her with the harp. They both were performers of singular excellence, and the whole assembly was hushed in expectation. Just as they had commenced the first notes of a charming duet, the door of the saloon was thrown open, and two new guests entered the apartment. The one was an elderly gentleman, of very venerable aspect, and dressed in the extreme of simplicity. The other was a young man, very small, pale, and slender. The elderly gentleman was immediately recognized by all as the Abbé Raynal, one of the most distinguished philosophers of France; but no one knew the pale, slender, fragile youth who accompanied him. They both, that they might not interrupt the music, silently took seats near the door. As soon as the performance was ended, and the ladies had received those compliments which their skill and taste elicited, the Abbé approached Madame de Staël, accompanied by his young protégé, and introduced him

* Talleyrand, one of the most distinguished diplomatists, was afterward elevated by the Emperor Napoleon to be Grand Chamberlain of the Empire. He was celebrated for his witticisms. One day Mirabeau was recounting the qualities which, in those difficult times, one should possess to be minister of state. He was evidently describing his own character, when, to the great mirth of all present, Talleyrand archly interrupted him with the inquiry, "*He should also be pitted with the small-pox, should he not?*"

as Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte. Bonaparte ! that name which has since filled the world, was then plebeian and unknown, and upon its utterance many of the proud aristocrats in that assembly shrugged their shoulders, and turned contemptuously away to their conversation and amusement.

Madame de Staël had almost an instinctive perception of the presence of genius. Her attention was instantly arrested by the few remarks with which Napoleon addressed her. They were soon engaged in very animated conversation. Josephine and several other ladies joined them. The group grew larger and larger as the gentlemen began to gather around the increasing circle. "Who is that young man who thus suddenly has gathered such a group around him?" the proud Alfieri condescended to ask of the Abbé Raynal. "He is," replied the Abbé, "a protégé of mine, and a young man of very extraordinary talent. He is very industrious, well read, and has made remarkable attainments in history, mathematics, and all military science." Mirabeau came stalking across the room, lured by curiosity to see what could be the source of the general attraction. "Come here ! come here !" said Madame de Staël, with a smile, and in an under tone. "We have found a little great man. I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are fond of men of genius."

Mirabeau very graciously shook hands with Napoleon, and entered into conversation with the untitled young man, without assuming any airs of superiority. A group of distinguished men now gathered round them, and the conversation became in some degree general. The Bishop of Autun commended Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors to fire upon the populace, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe ; because, by so doing, they had shown that men by becoming soldiers did not cease to be citizens.

"Excuse me, my lord," exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of earnestness which arrested general attention, "if I venture to interrupt you ; but as I am an officer, I must claim the privilege of expressing my sentiments. It is true that I am very young, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address so many distinguished men ; but during the last three years I have paid intense attention to our political troubles. I see with sorrow the state of our country, and I will incur censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound, but which are subversive of all government. As much as any one I desire to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights annulled. Nay ! as I am at the commencement of my career, it will be my best policy, as well as my duty, to support the progress of popular institutions, and to promote reform in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and have seen our best men divided into factions which threaten to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now, *more than ever*, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay ! if our troops are not compelled unhesitatingly to obey the commands of the executive, we shall be exposed to the blind fury of democratic passions, which will render France the most miserable country on the globe. The ministry may be assured that, if the daily increasing arrogance of the Parisian mob is not re-

pressed by a strong arm, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be, in reality, but a horde of savages, worse than the Neros of old."

These emphatic sentences, uttered by Napoleon with an air of authority which seemed natural to the youthful speaker, caused a profound sensation. For a moment there was a perfect silence in the group, and every eye was riveted upon the pale and marble cheek of Napoleon. Neckar and La Fayette listened with evident uneasiness to his bold and weighty sentiments, as if conscious of the perils which his words so forcibly portrayed. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand, seeming thus to say "that is exactly the truth." Some turned upon their heels, exasperated at this fearless avowal of hostility to democratic progress. Alfieri, one of the proudest of aristocrats, could hardly restrain his delight, and gazed with amazement upon the intrepid young man. "Condorcet," says an eye-witness, "nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the pale, slender, youthful speaker."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded, Madame de Staël, turning to the Abbé Raynal, cordially thanked him for having introduced her to the acquaintance of one cherishing views as a statesman so profound, and so essential to present emergencies. Then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, with her accustomed air of dignity and authority, "Gentlemen, I hope that you will heed the important truths that you have now heard uttered." The young Napoleon, then but twenty-one years of age, thus suddenly became the most prominent individual in that whole assembly. Wherever he moved, many eyes followed him. He had none of the airs of a man of fashion. He made no attempts at displays of gallantry. A peaceful melancholy seemed to overshadow him, as, with an abstracted air, he passed through the glittering throng, without being in the slightest degree dazzled by its brilliance. The good old Abbé Raynal appeared quite enraptured in witnessing this triumph of his young protégé.*

Soon after this, in September, 1791, Napoleon, then twenty-two years of age, on furlough, visited his native land. He had recently been promoted to a first lieutenancy. Upon returning to the home of his childhood, to spend a few months in rural leisure, the first object of his attention was to prepare for himself a study, where he could be secluded from all interruption. For this purpose, he selected a room in the attic of the house, where he would be removed from all the noise of the family. Here, with his books spread out before him, he passed days and nights of the most incessant mental toil. He sought no recreation; he seldom went out; he seldom saw any company. Had some guardian angel informed him of the immense drafts which, in the future, were to be made upon his mind, he could not have consecrated himself with more sleepless energy to prepare for the emergency. The life of Napoleon presents the most striking illustration of the truth of the sentiment,

* This narrative was communicated to Chambers' Edinburgh Journal by an Italian gentleman, a pupil of Condorcet, who was present at the interview at M. Neckar's.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

One cloudless morning, just after the sun had risen, he was sauntering along by the sea-shore, in solitary musings, when he chanced to meet a brother officer, who reproached him with his unsocial habits, and urged him to indulge, for once, in a pleasant excursion. Napoleon, who had for some time been desirous of taking a survey of the harbor, and of examining some heights upon the opposite side of the gulf, which, in his view, commanded the town of Ajaccio, consented to the proposal, upon the condition that his friend should accompany him upon the water. They made a signal to some sailors on board a vessel riding at anchor at some distance from the shore, and were soon in a boat propelled by vigorous rowers. Napoleon seated himself at the stern, and taking from his pocket a ball of pack-thread, one end of which he had fastened upon the shore, commenced the accurate measurement of the width of the gulf. His companion, feeling no interest in the survey, and



THE WATER EXCURSION.

seeking only listless pleasure, was not a little annoyed in having his amusement thus converted into a study for which he had no relish. When they arrived at the opposite side of the bay, Napoleon insisted upon climbing the heights. Regardless of the remonstrances of his associate, who complained of hunger, and of absence from the warm breakfast which was in readiness for him, Napoleon persisted in exploring the ground.

Napoleon, in describing the scene, says : "My companion, quite uninterested in researches of this kind, begged me to desist. I strove to divert him, and to gain time to accomplish my purpose, but appetite made him deaf. If I spoke to him of the width of the bay, he replied that he was hungry, and

that his warm breakfast was cooling. If I pointed out to him a church steeple or a house which I could reach with my bomb-shells, he replied, 'Yes, but I have not breakfasted.' At length, late in the morning, we returned, but the friends with whom he was expecting to breakfast, tired of the delay, had finished their repast, so that on his arrival he found neither guests nor banquet. He resolved to be more cautious in future as to the companion he would choose, and the hour in which he would set out, on an excursion of pleasure."

Subsequently, the English surmounted these very heights by a redoubt, and then Napoleon had occasion to avail himself, very efficiently, of the information acquired upon this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

DAWNING GREATNESS.

Salicetti—Magnanimous Revenge—Attack upon the Tuileries—Key to the Character of Napoleon—Foundation of the American Republic—Anecdotes—Interview between Paoli and Napoleon—Napoleon taken Prisoner—Paoli and Madame Letitia—Embarkation of the Bonaparte Family—The English conquer Corsica—Love of Napoleon for his Island Home—Surrender of Toulon to England—The French besiege Toulon—Napoleon's Plan for its Capture—his indomitable Energy—Regardlessness of himself—The Volunteers—Junot—Assault and Capture of Little Gibraltar—Evacuation of Toulon—Lawlessness of the Soldiers—Inhuman Execution—Anecdote.

WHILE Napoleon was spending his few months of furlough in Corsica, he devoted many hours every day to the careful composition, after the manner of Plutarch, of the lives of illustrious Corsicans. Though he had made considerable progress in the work, it was lost in the subsequent disorders of those times. He also established a debating club, composed of the several officers in the army upon the island, to discuss the great political questions which were then agitating Europe. These subjects he studied with most intense application. In this club he was a frequent speaker, and obtained much distinction for his argumentative and oratorical powers. Napoleon, at this time, warmly espoused the cause of popular liberty, though most sternly hostile to lawless violence. As the Reign of Terror began to shed its gloom on Paris, and each day brought its tidings of Jacobin cruelty and carnage, Napoleon imbibed that intense hatred of anarchy which he ever after manifested, and which no temptation could induce him to disguise. One day he expressed himself in the club so vehemently, that an enemy, Salicetti, reported him to the government as a traitor. He was arrested, taken to Paris, and obtained a triumphant acquittal.

Some years after he had an opportunity to revenge himself, most magnanimously, upon his enemy who had thus meanly sought his life, and whom he could not but despise. Salicetti, in his turn, became obnoxious to the Jacobins, and was denounced as an outlaw. The officers of police were in pursuit of him, and the guillotine was ravenous for his blood. He ungenerously sought concealment under the roof of Madame Permon, the mother of the young lady who had suggested to Napoleon the idea of "Puss in Boots." By this act he exposed to the most imminent peril the lives of Madame Permon

and of all the members of her household. Napoleon was on terms of familiar intimacy with the family, and Salicetti was extremely apprehensive that he might discover his retreat, and report him to the police. Madame Permon, also, knowing the hatred with which Salicetti had sought Napoleon's life, participated in these fears.

The very next morning Napoleon made his appearance in the saloon of Madame Permon.

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, "Salicetti will now, in his turn, be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest. And to him they ought to be the more bitter, since he aided, with his own hand, to plant the trees which bear them."

"How!" exclaimed Madame Permon, with an air of affected astonishment, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"And is it possible," replied Napoleon, "that you do not know that he has been proscribed? I presumed that you were aware of the fact, since it is in your house that he is concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" she cried; "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad. I entreat you, do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would peril my life."

Napoleon rose from his seat, advanced slowly toward Madame Permon, folded his arms upon his breast, and, fixing his eyes in a steadfast gaze upon her, remained for a moment in perfect silence.

"Madame Permon!" he then said, emphatically, "Salicetti *is* concealed in your house. Nay, do not interrupt me. I know that yesterday, at five o'clock, he was seen proceeding from the Boulevard in this direction. It is well known that he has not in this neighborhood any acquaintances, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends, by secreting him."

"And by what right," Madame Permon replied, with continued duplicity, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance, and he also knows that I am on the point of leaving Paris."

"You may well ask," Napoleon rejoined, "by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to an unprotected woman, who might be compromised by affording a few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act of baseness to which no consideration ought to have driven him."

"Should you repeat abroad this assertion," she replied, "for which there is no possible foundation, it would entail the most serious consequences upon me."

Again Napoleon, with much apparent emotion, fixed his steadfast gaze upon Madame Permon, and exclaimed, "You, Madame, are a generous woman, and Salicetti is a villain. He was well aware that you could not close your doors against him, and he would selfishly allow you to peril your own life and that of your child for the sake of his safety. I never liked him. Now I despise him."

With consummate duplicity Madame Permon took Napoleon's hand, and fixing her eye, unquailing, upon his, firmly uttered the falsehood, "I assure

you, Napoleon, upon my honor, that Salicetti is not in my apartments. But stay—shall I tell you all?"

"Yes! all! all!" he vehemently rejoined.

"Well, then," she continued, with great apparent frankness, "Salicetti was, I confess, under my roof yesterday at six o'clock, but he left in a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining concealed with me, living as publicly as I do. Salicetti admitted the justice of my objection, and took his departure."

Napoleon, with hurried step, traversed the room two or three times, and then exclaimed, "It is just as I suspected. He was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Expose your life for mine.' But," he continued, stopping before Madame Permon, and fixing a doubting eye upon her, "you really believe, then, that he left your house and returned home?"

"Yes," she replied; "I told him that, since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him."

Napoleon then took his leave, and Madame Permon opened the door of the closet where Salicetti was concealed. He had heard every word of the conversation, and was sitting on a small chair, his head leaning upon his hand, which was covered with blood, from a hemorrhage with which he had been seized. Preparations were immediately made for an escape from Paris, and passports were obtained for Salicetti as the valet de chambre of Madame Permon. In the early dawn of the morning they left Paris, Salicetti, as a servant, seated upon the box of the carriage. When they had arrived at the end of the first stage, several miles from the city, the postillion came to the window of the coach, and presented Madame Permon with a note, which, he said, a young man had requested him to place in her hands at that post. It was from Napoleon. Madame Permon opened it and read as follows:

"I never like to be thought a dupe. I should appear to be such to you, did I not tell you that I knew perfectly well of Salicetti's place of concealment. You see, then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing I should only have avenged myself. But you sought my life when I never had done aught to harm you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at the present moment? I might have avenged my wrongs, but I did not. Perhaps you may say that it was out of regard to your benefactress that I spared you. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But you, alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, would never have been injured by me. Go in peace, and seek an asylum where you may cherish better sentiments. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent, and appreciate my motives.

"Madame Permon! my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenseless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you! Be cautious, and do not tarry in the large towns through which you may have to pass. Adieu!"

Having read the letter, Madame Permon turned to Salicetti, and said, "You ought to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte. It is most generous."

"Generous!" he replied, with a contemptuous smile; "what would you have had him to do? Would you have wished him to betray me?"

The indignant woman looked upon him with disgust, and said, "I do not know what I might expect *you* to do; but this I do know, that it would be pleasant to see you manifest a little gratitude."

When they arrived at a sea-port, as Salicetti embarked on board a small vessel which was to convey him to Italy, he seemed for a moment not to be entirely unmindful of the favors he had received. Taking Madame Permon's hands in his, he said, "I should have too much to say were I to attempt to express to you my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity. I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."*

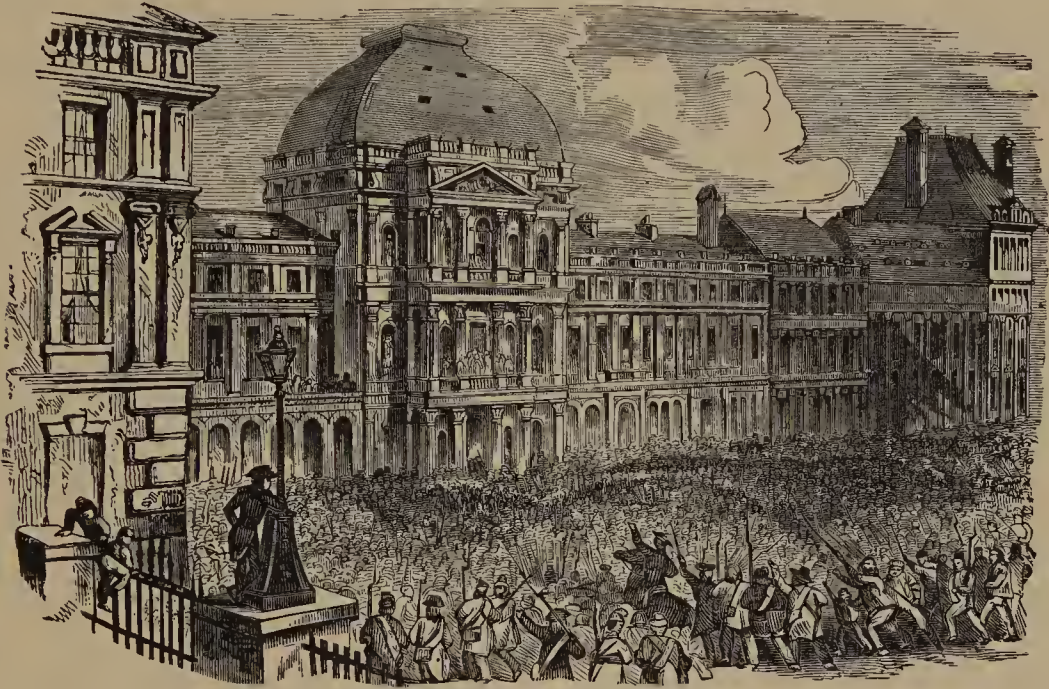
Napoleon, after his acquittal from the charges brought against him by Salicetti, remained in Paris for two or three months. He lived in the most frugal manner, spending no money or time in dissipation or amusements. He passed most of his hours in the libraries, reading volumes of solid worth, and seeking the conversation of distinguished men. Without any exhibition of vanity, he seemed to repose great reliance upon his own powers, and was never abashed in the slightest degree by the presence of others, of whatever rank or attainments. Indeed he seemed, even then, to be animated by the assurance that he was destined for some great achievements. His eye was surveying the world. He was meditating upon the rise and fall of empires. France, Europe even, seemed too small for his majestic designs. He studied with intense interest the condition of the countless myriads of men who swarm along the rivers and the hill-sides of internal Asia, and dreamed of being himself the founder of an empire there, in comparison with which the dynasties of Europe should be insignificant. Indeed he never, in all his subsequent career, manifested the least surprise in view of his elevation. He rose from step to step, regarding each ascent as a matter of course, never shrinking in the least degree from assuming any weight of responsibility, and never manifesting the slightest embarrassment in taking the command from the hands of gray-headed veterans.

While in Paris, he was, on the famous morning of the 20th of June, 1792, walking, with his friend Bourrienne, along the banks of the Seine, when he saw a vast mob of men, women, and boys, with hideous yells and frantic gestures, and brandishing weapons of every kind, rolling like an inundation through the streets of the metropolis, and directing their steps toward the palace of the imprisoned monarch. Napoleon ran before them that he might witness their proceedings. Climbing, by an iron fence, upon the balustrade of a neighboring building, he saw the squalid mass of thirty thousand miscreants break into the garden of the Tuileries, swarm through the doors of the regal mansion, and at last compel the insulted and humiliated king, driven into the embrasure of a window, to put the filthy red cap of Jacobinism upon his brow. This triumph of the drunken vagrants, from the cellars and garrets of infamy, over all law and justice, and this spectacle of the degradation of the acknowledged monarch of one of the proudest nations on the globe, excited the indignation of Napoleon to the highest pitch. He turned away from the sight as unendurable, exclaiming, "The wretches! how could they suffer this vile mob to enter the palace! They should have swept down

* *Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes*, p. 95-103.

the first five hundred with grapeshot, and the rest would have soon taken to flight."

New scenes of violence were now daily enacted before the eyes of Napoleon in the streets of Paris, until the dreadful 10th of August arrived. He then again saw the triumphant and unresisted mob sack the palace of the Tuileries. He witnessed the king and the royal family driven from the halls



THE ATTACK UPON THE TUILERIES.

of their ancestors, and followed by the phrensied multitude, with hootings, and hissings, and every conceivable insult, in momentary peril of assassination, until they took refuge in the Assembly. He saw the merciless massacre of the faithful guards of the king, as they were shot in the garden, as they were pursued and poniarded in the streets, as they were pricked down with bayonets from the statues upon which they had climbed for protection, and in cold blood butchered. He saw, with his bosom glowing with shame and indignation, the drunken rioters marching exultingly through the streets of the metropolis, with the ghastly heads of the slaughtered guards borne aloft upon the points of their pikes as the trophies of their victory.

These hideous spectacles wrought quite a revolution in the mind of Napoleon. He had been a great admirer of constitutional liberty in England, and a still greater admirer of republican liberty in America. He now became convinced that the people of France were too ignorant and degraded for self-government—that they needed the guidance and control of resistless law. He hated and despised the voluptuousness, the imbecility, and the tyranny of the effete monarchy. He had himself suffered most keenly from the superciliousness of the old nobility, who grasped at all the places of profit and honor merely to gratify their own sensuality, and left no career open to merit. Napoleon had his own fortune to make, and he was glad to see all these bulwarks battered down, which the pride and arrogance of past ages had

reared to foster a worthless aristocracy, and to exclude the energetic and the aspiring, unaided by wealth and rank, from all the avenues of influence and celebrity. On the other hand, the dominion of the mob appeared to him so execrable, that he said, "I frankly declare that if I were compelled to choose between the old monarchy and Jacobin misrule, I should infinitely prefer the former." Openly and energetically, upon all occasions, fearless of consequences, he expressed his abhorrence of those miscreants who were trampling justice and mercy beneath their feet, and who were, by their atrocities, making France a by-word among all nations.

This is a key to the character of Napoleon. These opposing forces guided his future career. He ever, subsequently, manifested the most decisive resolution to crush the Jacobins. He displayed untiring energy in reconstructing in France a throne invincible in power, which should govern the people, which should throw every avenue to greatness open to all competitors, making wealth, and rank, and influence, and power the reward of merit. Napoleon openly avowed his conviction that France, without education, and without religion, was not prepared for the republicanism of the United States. In this sentiment La Fayette, and most of the wisest men of the French nation, fully concurred. With an arm of despotic power he crushed every lawless outbreak. And he gathered around his throne eminent abilities, wherever he could find them, in the shop of the artisan, in the ranks of the army, and in the hut of the peasant. In France, at this time, there was neither intelligence, religion, nor morality among the masses. There was no reverence for law, either human or divine. Napoleon expressed his high approval of the constitutional monarchy of England, and declared that to be the model upon which he would have the new government of France constructed. He judged that France needed an imposing throne, supported by an illustrious nobility, and by a standing army of invincible power, with civil privileges cautiously and gradually disseminated among the people. And though subsequent events rendered it necessary for him to assume dictatorial power, few persons could have manifested, during so long a reign, and through the temptations of so extraordinary a career, more unwavering consistency.

One evening he returned home from a walk through the streets of the tumultuous metropolis, in which his ears had been deafened by the shouts of the people in favor of a new republican constitution. It was in the midst of the Reign of Terror, and the guillotine was drenched in blood. "How do you like the new constitution?" said a lady to him. He replied hesitatingly, "Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure; but all that is connected with carnage is bad;" and then, as if giving way to an outburst of sincere feeling, exclaimed emphatically, "*No! no! no! away with this constitution! I do not like it.*"

The republicanism of the United States is founded on the intelligence, the Christianity, and the reverence for law so generally prevalent throughout the whole community. And should that dark day ever come in which the majority of the people will be unable to read the printed vote which is placed in their hands, and lose all reverence for earthly law, and believe not in God, before whose tribunal they must finally appear, it is certain that the repub-

lic can no longer stand. Anarchy must ensue, from which there can be no refuge but in a military despotism.

In these days of pecuniary embarrassment, Napoleon employed a boot-maker, a very awkward workman, but a man who manifested very kindly feelings toward him, and accommodated him in his payments. When dignity and fortune were lavished upon the First Consul and the Emperor, he was frequently urged to employ a more fashionable workman. But no persuasions could induce him to abandon the humble artisan who had been the friend of his youthful days. Instinctive delicacy told him that the man would be more gratified by being the shoemaker of the Emperor, and that his interests would thus be better promoted than by any other favors he could confer.

A silver-smith, in one of Napoleon's hours of need, sold him a dressing-case upon credit. The kindness was never forgotten. Upon his return from the campaign of Italy, he called upon the artisan, rewarded him liberally, ever after employed him, and also recommended him to his marshals and to his court in general. In consequence, the jeweler acquired an immense fortune.

Effects must have their causes. Napoleon's boundless popularity in the army and in the nation was not the result of accident, the sudden outbreak of an insane delusion. These exhibitions of an instinctive and unstudied magnanimity won the hearts of the people as rapidly as his transcendent abilities and herculean toil secured for him renown.

Napoleon, with his political principles modified by the scenes of lawless violence which he had witnessed in Paris, returned again to Corsica. Soon after his return to his native island, in February, 1793, he was ordered, at the head of two battalions, in co-operation with Admiral Turget, to make a descent upon the island of Sardinia. Napoleon effected a landing, and was entirely successful in the accomplishment of his part of the expedition. The admiral, however, failed, and Napoleon, in consequence, was under the necessity of evacuating the positions where he had intrenched himself, and of returning to Corsica.*

He found France still filled with the most frightful disorders. The king and queen had both fallen upon the scaffold. Paoli, disgusted with the political aspect of his own country, treasonably plotted to surrender Corsica, over which he was the appointed governor, to the crown of England. It was a treacherous act, and was only redeemed from utter infamy by the brutal outrages with which France was disgraced. A large party of the Corsicans rallied around Paoli. He exerted all the influence in his power to induce Napoleon, the son of his old friend and comrade, and whose personal qualities he greatly admired, to join his standard. Napoleon, on the other hand, with far greater penetration into the mysteries of the future, entreated Paoli to abandon the unpatriotic enterprise. He argued that the violence with which

* "I will not detain you, sir, by entering into the long detail which has been given of their aggressions and their violences. But let me mention Sardinia as one instance which has been strongly insisted upon. Did the French attack Sardinia when at peace with them? No such thing. The King of Sardinia had accepted a subsidy from Great Britain; and Sardinia was to all intents and purposes a belligerent power."—*Speech in the British Parliament by Hon. Charles J. Fox, Feb. 3, 1800.*

France was filled was too terrible to be lasting, and that the nation must soon return again to reason and to law. He represented that Corsica was too small and feeble to think of maintaining independence in the midst of the powerful empires of Europe; that in manners, language, customs, and religion, it could never become a homogeneous part of England; that the natural connection of the island was with France, and that its glory could only be secured by its being embraced as a province of the French empire; and above all, he argued that it was the duty of every good citizen, in such hours of peril, to cling firmly and fearlessly to his country, and to exert every nerve to cause order to emerge from the chaos into which all things had fallen. These were unanswerable arguments; but Paoli had formed strong attachments in England, and remembered, with an avenging spirit, the days in which he had fled before the conquering armies of France.

The last interview which took place between these distinguished men was at a secluded convent in the interior of the island. Long and earnestly they argued with each other, for they were devoted personal friends. The veteran governor was eighty years of age, and Napoleon was but twenty-four. It was with the greatest reluctance that either of them could consent to draw the sword against the other. But there was no alternative. Paoli was firm in his determination to surrender the island to the English. No persuasions could induce Napoleon to sever his interests from those of his native country. Sadly they separated, to array themselves against each other in civil war.

As Napoleon, silent and thoughtful, was riding home alone, he entered a wild ravine among the mountains, when suddenly he was surrounded by a party of mountaineers, in the employ of Paoli, and taken prisoner. By stratagem he effected his escape, and placed himself at the head of the battalion of National Guards, over which he had been appointed commander. Hostilities immediately commenced. The governor, who, with his numerous forces, had possession of the town of Ajaccio, invited the English into the harbor, surrendering to them the island. The English immediately took possession of those heights on the opposite side of the gulf which it will be remembered that Napoleon had previously so carefully examined. The information he gained upon this occasion was now of special service to him. One dark and stormy night he embarked in a frigate, with a few hundred soldiers, landed near the intrenchments, guided the party in the darkness over the ground, with which he was perfectly familiar, surprised the English in their sleep, and, after a short but sanguinary conflict, took possession of the fort. The storm, however, increased to a gale, and when the morning dawned, they strained their eyes in vain through the driving mist to discern the frigate. It had been driven by the tempest far out to sea. Napoleon and his little band were immediately surrounded by the allied English and Corsicans, and their situation seemed desperate. For five days they defended themselves most valiantly, during which time they were under the necessity of killing their horses for food to save themselves from starvation. At last the frigate again appeared. Napoleon then evacuated the town, in which he had so heroically contended against vastly outnumbering foes, and, after an ineffectual attempt to blow up the fort, succeeded in safely effecting an em-

barkation. The strength of Paoli was daily increasing, and the English in greater numbers were crowding to his aid. Napoleon saw that it was in vain to attempt further resistance, and that Corsica was no longer a safe residence for himself or for the family. He accordingly disbanded his forces and prepared to leave the island.

Paoli called upon Madame Letitia, and exhausted his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English. "Resistance is hopeless," said he, "and by this perverse opposition you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and family." "I know of but two laws," replied Madame Letitia, heroically, "which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honor and of duty." A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon hastened to inform his mother that several thousand peasants, armed with all the implements of revolutionary fury, were on the march to attack the house. The family fled precipitately, with such few articles of property as they could seize at the moment, and for several days wandered, houseless and destitute, on the sea-shore, until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the furniture entirely destroyed.

It was midnight when an open boat, manned by four strong rowers, with muffled oars, approached the shore in the vicinity of the pillaged and battered dwelling of Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant



THE EMIGRANTS.

as the Bonaparte family, in silence and in sorrow, with the world, its poverty and all its perils, wide before them, entered the boat. A few trunks and bandboxes contained all their available property. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. Earthly boat never before held such a band of emigrants. Little did those poor and friendless fugitives then im-

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agine that all the thrones of Europe were to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world. Napoleon took his stand at the bows, for although the second son, he was already the commanding spirit of the family.* They soon ascended the sides of a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing, with her sails fluttering in the breeze, and when the morning sun arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, they were approaching the harbor of Nice. Here they remained but a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortunes of Napoleon.

The English immediately took possession of the island, and retained it for two years. The fickle Corsicans soon grew weary of their new masters, in whose language, manners, and religion they found no congeniality, and a general rising took place. A small force from France effected a landing, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English cruisers. Beacon fires, the signals of insurrection, by previous concert, blazed from every hill, and the hoarse sound of the horn, echoing along the mountain sides and through the ravines, summoned the warlike peasants to arms. The English were driven from the island with even more precipitation than they had taken possession of it. Paoli retired with them to London, deeply regretting that he had not followed the wise counsel of young Napoleon.

Bonaparte visited Corsica but once again. He could not love the *people* in whose defense he had suffered such injustice. To the close of life, however, he retained a vivid recollection of the picturesque beauties of his native island, and often spoke, in most animating terms, of the romantic glens, and precipitous cliffs, and glowing skies, endeared to him by all the associations of childhood. The poetic and the mathematical elements were both combined, in the highest degree, in the mind of Napoleon, and though his manly intellect turned away in disgust from mawkish and effeminate sentimentalism, he enjoyed the noble appreciation of all that is beautiful and all that is sublime. His retentive memory was stored with the most brilliant passages from the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and no one could quote them with more appropriateness.

We now approach more eventful scenes in the life of this extraordinary man. Many of the monarchies of Europe were allied against the French Revolution, and slowly, but resistlessly, their combined armies were marching upon Paris. The emigrant nobles and Royalists, many thousands in number, were incorporated into the embattled hosts of these allies. The spirit of insurrection against the government began to manifest itself very strongly in several important cities. Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean, was the great naval dépôt and arsenal of France. It contained a population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. More than fifty ships of the line and frigates were riding at anchor in its harbor, and an immense quantity

* Louis Bonaparte, in his Response to Sir Walter Scott, correcting some slight inaccuracies which have crept into history respecting this flight, says, "Though but a child, I was with my mother at that time. It was not Lucien who accompanied Napoleon, but Joseph : Jerome, who was but seven years of age, and Caroline, who was eight, remained at Ajaccio, and did not join us until some time afterward, though I remained with my mother, as did my uncle, the Archdeacon Fesch."—*Réponse à Sir Walter Scott, sur son Histoire de Napoleon, par Louis Bonaparte*, p. 13.

of military and naval stores of every description was collected in its spacious magazines.

The majority of the inhabitants of this city were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the Royalists of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the south of France, took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and, uniting with the Royalist inhabitants, surrendered the city, its magazines, its ships, and its forts, to the combined English and Spanish fleet, which was cruising outside of its harbor. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landed five thousand English troops, and eight thousand Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, and took possession of the place. This treacherous act excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government; and it was resolved that, at all hazards, Toulon must be retaken, and the English driven from the soil of France. But the English are not easily expelled from the posts which they once have occupied; and it was an enterprise of no common magnitude to displace them, with their strong army and their invincible navy, from fortresses so impregnable as those of Toulon, and where they found stored up for them, in such profuse abundance, all the munitions of war.

Two armies were immediately marched upon Toulon, the place invested, and a regular siege commenced. Three months had passed away, during which time no apparent progress had been effected toward the capture of the town. Every exertion was made by the allied troops and the Royalist inhabitants to strengthen the defenses, and especially to render impregnable a fort called the Little Gibraltar, which commanded the harbor and the town. The French besieging force, amounting to about forty thousand men, were wasting their time outside of the intrenchments, keeping very far away from the reach of cannon balls. The command of these forces had been intrusted to General Cartaux, a portrait-painter from Paris, as ignorant of all military science as he was self-conceited.

Matters were in this state when Napoleon, whose commanding abilities were now beginning to attract attention, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general, and invested with the command of the artillery train at Toulon. He immediately hastened to the scene of action, and beheld, with utter astonishment, the incapacity with which the siege was conducted. He found batteries erected which would not throw their balls one half the distance between the cannon and the points they were designed to command. Balls also were heated in the peasants' houses around, at perfectly ridiculous distances from the guns, as if they were articles to be transported at one's leisure. Napoleon requested the commander-in-chief, at whose direction these batteries were reared, to allow him to witness the effect of a few discharges from the guns. With much difficulty he obtained consent. And when the general saw the shot fall more than half-way short of the mark, he turned upon his heel, and said, "These aristocrats have spoiled the quality of the powder with which I am supplied."

Napoleon respectfully, but firmly, made his remonstrance to the Convention, assuring them that the siege must be conducted with far more science and energy if a successful result was to be expected. He recommended that the works against the city itself should be comparatively neglected, and

that all the energies of the assaults should be directed against Little Gibraltar. That fort once taken, it was clear to his mind that the English fleet, exposed to a destructive fire, must immediately evacuate the harbor, and that the town would no longer be defensible. In fact, he pursued precisely the course by which Washington had previously driven the British from Boston. The distinguished American general turned aside from the city itself, and by a masterly movement planted his batteries on Dorchester heights, from which he could rain down a perfect tempest of balls upon the decks of the English ships. The invaders were compelled to fly, and to take with them their Tory allies. Napoleon did the same thing at Toulon. The enterprise was, however, vastly more arduous, since the English had foreseen the importance of that post, and had surrounded it with works so unapproachable that they did not hesitate to call it their *Little Gibraltar*.

Napoleon undertook their dislodgment. Dugommier, a scarred and war-worn veteran, was now placed in the supreme command, and cordially sympathized with his young artillery officer in all his plans. The agents of the Convention, who were in the camp as spies to report proceedings to the government, looked with much incredulity upon this strange way of capturing Toulon. One morning some of these commissioners ventured to criticise the position of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as national commissioners, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, visited him during this siege. They walked out one morning to a place where an unavailing assault had been made by a portion of the army, and two hundred mangled bodies of Frenchmen were strewn over the ground. On beholding the slaughter which had taken place, Napoleon exclaimed, "All those men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here, none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this, my brother, how indispensable and imperatively necessary it is that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume the command over others."

Napoleon, with an energy which seemed utterly exhaustless, devoted himself to the enterprise he had undertaken. He shared all the toils and all the perils of his men. He allowed himself but a few hours' sleep at night, and then, wrapped in his cloak, threw himself under the guns. By the utmost exertions, he soon obtained, from all quarters, a train of two hundred heavy battering cannon. In the midst of a storm of shot and shells incessantly falling around him, he erected five or six powerful batteries, within point-blank range of the works he would assail. One battery in particular, which was masked by a plantation of olives, he constructed very near the intrenchments of the enemy. He seemed utterly regardless of his own safety, had several horses shot from under him, and received from an Englishman so serious a bayonet wound in his left thigh, that for a time he was threatened with the necessity of amputation. All these operations were carried on in the midst of the storms of battle. There were daily and nightly skirmishes, and sallies, and deadly assaults, and the dreadful tide of successful and unsuccessful war ever ebbed and flowed. One day an artilleryman was shot down by his side, and the ramrod which he was using was drenched with

blood. Napoleon immediately sprang into the dead man's place, seized the rod, and, to the great encouragement of the soldiers, with his own hand repeatedly charged the gun.

While the siege was in progress, one day fifteen carriages from Paris suddenly made their appearance in the camp, and about sixty men, alighting from them, dressed in gorgeous uniform, and with the pomp and important air of ambassadors from the revolutionary government, demanded to be led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"Citizen-general," said the orator of the party, "we come from Paris. The patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the Republic has been violated. She trembles to think that the insult still remains unavenged. She asks, Why is Toulon not yet taken? why is the English fleet not yet destroyed? In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons, and burn with impatience to fulfill her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. Tomorrow we will march against the enemy."

The general was not a little disconcerted by this pompous and authoritative address. But Napoleon whispered to him, "Turn those gentlemen over to me. I will take care of them." They were very hospitably entertained, and the next morning, at daybreak, Napoleon conducted them to the sea-shore, and gave them charge of several pieces of artillery, which he had placed there during the night, and with which he requested them to sink an English frigate, whose black and threatening hull was seen, through the haze



THE VOLUNTEER GUNNERS.

of the morning, at anchor some distance from the shore. The trembling volunteers looked around with most nervous uneasiness in view of their exposed situation, and anxiously inquired if there was no shelter behind which they could stand. Just then a whole broadside of cannon balls came whistling

over their heads. This was not the amusement they had bargained for, and the whole body of braggadocios took to precipitate flight. Napoleon sat quietly upon his horse, without even a smile moving his pensive and marble features, as he contemplated, with much satisfaction, the dispersion of such troublesome allies.

Upon another occasion, when the enemy were directing their fire upon the works which he was constructing, having occasion to send a dispatch from the trenches, he called for some one who could write, that he might dictate an order. A young private stepped out from the ranks, and, resting the paper upon the breast-work, began to write, as Napoleon dictated. While thus employed, a cannon-ball from the enemy's battery struck the ground but a few feet from them, covering their persons and the paper with the earth. "Thank you," said the soldier, gayly, "we shall need no more sand upon this page." The instinctive fearlessness and readiness thus displayed arrested the attention of Napoleon. He fixed his keen and piercing eye upon him for a moment, as if scrutinizing all his mental and physical qualities, and then said, "Young man! what can I do for you?" The soldier blushed deeply, but promptly replied, "Every thing;" and then, touching his left shoulder with his hand, he added, "you can change this worsted into an epaulet." A few days after, Napoleon sent for the same soldier to reconnoitre the trenches of the enemy, and suggested that he should disguise his dress, as his exposure would be very great. "Never," replied the soldier; "do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform, though I should never return." He set out immediately, and fortunately escaped unharmed. These two incidents revealed character, and Napoleon immediately recommended him for promotion. This was Junot, afterward Duke of Abrantes, and one of the most efficient friends of Napoleon. "I love Napoleon," said Junot afterward, most wickedly, "as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am."*

At last the hour arrived when all things were ready for the grand attempt. It was in the middle watches of the night of the 17th of December, 1793, when the signal was given for the assault. A cold storm of wind and rain was wailing its midnight dirges in harmony with the awful scene of carnage, destruction, and woe about to ensue. The genius of Napoleon had arranged every thing and inspired the desperate enterprise. No pen can describe the horrors of the conflict. All the energies of both armies were exerted to the utmost in the fierce encounter. To distract the attention of the enemy, the fortifications were every where attacked, while an incessant shower of bomb-shells was rained down upon the devoted city, scattering dismay and death in all directions. In the course of a few hours, eight thousand shells, from the effective batteries of Napoleon, were thrown into Little Gibraltar, until the massive works were almost one pile of ruins. In the midst of the darkness, the storm, the drenching rain, the thunder of artillery, and the gleaming light of bomb-shells, the French marched up to the very muzzles of the English guns, and were mown down like grass before the scythe by the tre-

* It is pleasant to witness manifestations of gratitude. God frowns upon impiety. The wealthy, illustrious, and miserable Junot, in a paroxysm of insanity, precipitated himself from his chamber window, and died in agony upon the pavement.

mendous discharges of grape-shot and musketry. The ditches were filled with the dead and the dying. Again and again the French were repulsed, only to return again and again to the assault.

Napoleon was every where present, inspiring the onset, even more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his soldiers. For a long time the result seemed very doubtful. But the plans of Napoleon were too carefully laid for final discomfiture. His mangled, bleeding columns rushed in at the embrasures of the rampart, and the whole garrison were in a few moments silent and still in death. "General," said Bonaparte to Dugommier, as he raised the tri-colored flag over the crumbling walls of the rampart, "go and sleep. We have taken Toulon." "It was," says Scott, "upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon, and, though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubted whether its light was ever blended with that of one more dreadful."

Though Little Gibraltar was thus taken, the conflict continued all around the city until morning. Shells were exploding, and hot shot falling in the thronged dwellings. Children in the cradle, and maidens in their chambers, had limb torn from limb by the dreadful missiles. Conflagrations were continually bursting forth, burning the mangled and the dying, while piercing shrieks of dismay and of agony arose, even above the thunders of the terrific cannonade. The wind howled in harmony with the awful scene, and a cold and drenching rain swept the streets. One can not contemplate such a conflict without wondering that a God of mercy could have allowed his children thus brutally to deform this fair creation with the spirit of the world of woe. For the anguish inflicted upon suffering humanity that night, a dread responsibility must rest somewhere. A thousand houses were made desolate. Thousands of hearts were lacerated and crushed, with every hope of life blighted forever. The English government thought that they did right, under the circumstances of the case, to send their armies and take possession of Toulon. Napoleon deemed that he was nobly discharging his duty in the herculean and successful endeavors he made to drive the invaders from the soil of France. It is not easy for man, with his limited knowledge, to adjust the balance of right and wrong. But here was a crime of enormous magnitude committed—murder, and robbery, and arson, and violence—the breaking of every commandment of God upon the broadest scale; and a day of judgment is yet to come, in which the responsibility will be, with precise and accurate justice, awarded.

The direful tragedy was, however, not yet terminated. When the morning sun dawned dimly and coldly through the lurid clouds, an awful spectacle was revealed to the eye. The streets of Toulon were red with blood, while thousands of the mangled and the dead, in all the most hideous forms of mutilation, were strewed through the dwellings and along the streets. Fierce conflagrations were blazing in many parts of the city, while smouldering ruins and shattered dwellings attested the terrific power of the midnight storm of man's depravity. The cannonade was still continued, and shells were incessantly exploding among the terrified and shrieking inhabitants.

Napoleon, having accomplished the great object of his exertions, the capture of Little Gibraltar, allowed himself not one moment for triumph, or repose, or regret. He immediately prepared his guns to throw their balls into the English ships, and to harass them at every point of exposure. No sooner did Lord Howe see the tri-colored flag floating from the parapets of Little Gibraltar, than, conscious that the city was no longer tenable, he made signal for the fleet to prepare for immediate evacuation. The day was passed by the English in filling their ships with stores from the French arsenals, they having determined to destroy all the munitions of war which they could not carry away. The victorious French were straining every nerve in the erection of new batteries, to cripple, and, if possible, to destroy the retiring foe. Thus passed the day, when another wintry night settled gloomily over the beleaguered and woe-exhausted city. The terror of the Royalists was dreadful. They saw, by the embarkation of the British sick and wounded, the indications that the English were to evacuate the city, and that they were to be left to their fate. And full well they knew what doom they, and their wives and their children, were to expect from Republican fury in those days of unbridled violence. The English took as many of the French ships of the line as could be got ready for sea, to accompany them in their escape. The rest, consisting of fifteen ships of the line and eight frigates, were collected to be burned. A fire-ship, filled with every combustible substance, was towed into their midst, and at ten o'clock the torch was applied. The night was dark and still. The flames of the burning ships burst forth like a volcano from the centre of the harbor, illuminating the scene with lurid and almost noonday brilliance. The water was covered with boats, crowded with fugitives, hurrying, frantic with despair, to the English and Spanish ships. More than twenty thousand Loyalists, men, women, and children, of the highest rank, crowded the beach and the quays, in a state of indescribable consternation, imploring rescue from the infuriate army, which, like wolves, were howling around the walls of the city, eager to get at their prey.

To increase the horror of the scene, a furious cannonade was in progress all the time from every ship and every battery. Cannon-balls tore their way through family groups. Bombs exploded upon the thronged decks of the ships, and in the crowded boats. Many boats were thus sunk, and the shrieks of drowning women and children pierced through the heavy thunders of the cannonade. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were separated from each other, and ran to and fro upon the shore in delirious agony. The daughter was left mangled and dying upon the beach; the father was borne by the rush into one boat, the wife into another, and no one knew who was living, and who, mercifully, was dead. The ships, the magazines, the arsenals, were all now in flames. The Jacobins of Toulon began to emerge from garrets and cellars, and, phrensied with intoxication, like demons of darkness, with torch and sword, rioted through the city, attacked the flying Royalists, tore their garments from their backs, and inflicted upon maids and matrons every conceivable brutality. A little after midnight, two frigates, each containing many thousand barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so terrific that it seemed to shake, like an earthquake, even the solid hills. As, at last, the rear-guard of the English aban-

doned the ramparts and hurried to their boats, the triumphant Republican army, nearly forty thousand strong, came rushing into the city at all points. The allied fleet, with favorable winds, spread its sails, and soon disappeared beneath the horizon of the silent sea, bearing away nearly twenty thousand wretched exiles to homelessness, penury, and a life-long woe.*

Dugommier, the commander of the Republican army, notwithstanding all his exertions, found it utterly impossible to restrain the passions of his victorious soldiers, and for many days violence and crime ran rampant in the doomed city. The offense of having raised the flag of Royalty, and of having surrendered the city and its stores to the foe, was one not to be forgiven. The Jacobin government in Paris sent orders for a bloody and a terrible vengeance, that the Loyalists all over France might be intimidated from again conspiring with the enemy. Napoleon did every thing in his power to protect the inhabitants from the fury which was wreaked upon them. He witnessed, with anguish, scenes of cruelty which he could not repress.

An old merchant, eighty-four years of age, deaf, and almost blind, was guilty of the crime of being worth five millions of dollars. The Convention, coveting his wealth, sentenced him to the scaffold. "When I witnessed the inhuman execution of this old man," said Napoleon, "I felt as if the end of the world was at hand." He exposed his own life to imminent peril in his endeavors to save the helpless from Jacobin rage. One day a Spanish prize was brought into the harbor, on board of which had been taken the noble family of Chabillant, well-known Loyalists, who were escaping from France. The mob, believing that they were fleeing to join the emigrants and the allied army in their march against Paris, rushed to seize the hated aristocrats, and to hang them, men and women, at the nearest lamp-posts. The guard came up for their rescue, and were repulsed. Napoleon saw among the rioters several gunners who had served under him during the siege. He mounted a platform, and their respect for their general secured him a hearing. He induced them, by those powers of persuasion which he so eminently possessed, to intrust the emigrants to him, to be tried and sentenced the next morning. At midnight he placed them in an artillery wagon, concealed among barrels of powder and casks of bullets, and had them conveyed out of the city as a convoy of ammunition. He also provided a boat to be in waiting for them on the shore, and they embarked and were saved.

Though the representatives of the Convention made no allusion to Napoleon in their report, he acquired no little celebrity among the officers in the army by the energy and skill he had manifested. One of the deputies, however, wrote to Carnot, "I send you a young man who distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend to you to advance him speedily. If you do not, he will most assuredly advance himself."

Soon after the capture of Toulon, Napoleon accompanied General Dugom-

* "Thus terminated this memorable campaign, the most remarkable in the annals of France. perhaps in the history of the world. From a state of unexampled peril, from the attack of forces which would have crushed Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his power, from civil dissensions which threatened to dismember the state, the republic emerged triumphant. Yet what fair opportunities, never again to recur, were then afforded to *crush the hydra in its cradle* ! If thirty thousand British troops had been sent to Toulon, the constitutional throne would have been at once established in all the south of France."—*Alison*, vol. i., p. 293.

mier to Marseilles. He was in company with him there, when some one, noticing his feminine figure, inquired, "Who is that little bit of an officer, and where did you pick him up?" "That officer's name," gravely replied General Dugommier, "is Napoleon Bonaparte. *I picked him up* at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed. And you will probably one day see that this *little bit of an officer* is a *great er man* than any of us."

CHAPTER III.

THE AUSTRIANS REPULSED, AND THE INSURRECTION QUELLED.

Ceaseless Activity of Napoleon—Promotion—Departure for Nice—Attack upon the Austrians—Arrest of Napoleon and Deprivation of his Commission—Temptation and Relief—Defeat of the Army of Italy—Studious Character of Bonaparte—His Kindness of Heart—Infidelity in France—New Constitution—Terror of the Convention—Napoleon is presented to the Convention—Preparations—Results—New Government—Napoleon's Attention to his Mother—Pithy Speech.

NAPOLEON was immediately employed in fortifying the maritime coast of Southern France, to afford the inhabitants protection against attacks from the allied fleet. With the same exhaustless, iron diligence which had signalized his course at Toulon, he devoted himself to this new enterprise. He climbed every headland, explored every bay, examined all soundings. He allowed himself no recreation, and thought not of repose. It was winter, and cold storms of wind and rain swept the bleak hills. But the energies of a mind more intense and active than was perhaps ever before encased in human flesh, rendered this extraordinary man, then but twenty-four years of age, perfectly regardless of all personal indulgences. Drenched with rain, living upon such coarse fare as he chanced to meet in the huts of fishermen and peasants, throwing himself, wrapped in his cloak, upon any poor cot, for a few hours of repose at night, he labored, with both body and mind, to a degree which no ordinary constitution could possibly have endured, and which no ordinary enthusiasm could have inspired.

In a few weeks he accomplished that to which others would have devoted years of energetic action. It seems incredible that a human mind, in so short a time, could have matured plans so comprehensive and minute, and could have achieved such vast results. While other young officers of his age were sauntering along the windings of mountain streams with hook and line, or strolling the field with fowling-pieces, or, in halls of revelry, with mirthful maidens, were accomplishing their destiny in cotillons and waltzes, Napoleon, in herculean toil, was working day and night, with a sleepless energy which never has been surpassed. He divided the coast battery into three classes; those for the defense of men-of-war in important harbors; those for the protection of merchant vessels; and those reared upon promontories and headlands, under whose guns the coasting-trade could hover.

Having accomplished this vast undertaking in the two wintry months of January and February, early in March, 1794, he joined the head-quarters of the army of Italy in Nice, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general of Artillery. The personal appearance of Napoleon, at this time, was any thing

but prepossessing. He was diminutive in stature, and thin and emaciated in the extreme. His features were angular and sharp, and his complexion sallow. His hair, contrary to the fashion of the times, was combed straight over his forehead. His hands were perfectly feminine in their proportions. Quite regardless of the display of dress, he usually appeared without gloves, which, he said, were a useless luxury, in a plain round hat, with boots clumsily fitted to his feet, and with a gray great-coat, which afterward became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV. His eye, however, was brilliant, and his smile ever peculiarly winning.*

Napoleon, upon his arrival at Nice, found the French army idly reposing in their intrenchments among the Maritime Alps, and surrounded by superior forces of Austrians and Sardinians. General Dumerbion, who was in command, was a fearless and experienced soldier, but aged and infirm, and suffering severely from the gout. The sun of returning spring was causing the hills and the valleys to rejoice. Mild airs from the south were breathing gently over the opening foliage, and the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers lured to listless indulgence. Napoleon was pale and emaciated from the toils of his batteries at Toulon, and from his sleepless exertions in fortifying the coast. He now had an opportunity for repose, and for the recruiting of his apparently exhausted frame. He, however, did not allow himself one single day of recreation or of rest. The very hour of his arrival found him intensely occupied in informing himself respecting all the particulars of the numbers, positions, the organization, and the available resources of the two armies. He carefully examined every outpost of the French, and reconnoitered, with the most scrutinizing attention, the line occupied by the opposing hosts. He studied the map of the country. He galloped hour after hour, and day after day, through the ravines and over the mountains, to make himself perfectly familiar with all the localities of the region. After a day of incessant toil, he would spend the night with his maps and charts before him, with every meandering stream, every valley, every river carefully laid down, and with pins, the heads of some covered with red sealing-wax to represent the French, and others with blue to designate the enemy, he would form all possible combinations, and study the advantages or the perils of the different positions which the Republican army might assume. Having thrown himself upon his cot for a few hours of repose, the earliest dawn of the morning would find him again upon his horse's back, exploring all the intricate and perilous fastnesses of the Alps.

A large force of Austrians were intrenched near Saorgia, along the banks

* Lieutenant and Captain Bonaparte was one of the most exemplary young men of his age; not addicted to any of the usual vices or follies of young officers—no gambling, quarreling, dueling, or dissipation of any kind discredited his first years in the army. His morals were as pure as his talents were superior, and his temper amiable. That such undeniable youth should ripen to the wicked maturity so profusely imputed to him, seems contrary to nature. At school he was a favorite with his school-fellows, and in their choice of boys to preside at sports, or on other occasions, Napoleon was mostly elected. In the army he was as generally esteemed. His popularity, as commander, with the soldiers is well known; his uniform and cordial kindness, attention to their wants and comforts, and studying their welfare more than that of the officers. Yet at school, and in all military grades, he was a strict disciplinarian; never courted favor by unworthy or unmanly condescension; but, throughout his whole life, was authoritative, direct, simple, systematic, kind, and considerate."—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 150, second series.

of the fertile Roya, in the enjoyment of ease and abundance, and dreaming not of peril. Napoleon, with great deliberation, formed his plan. He had foreseen all probable contingencies, and guarded against every conceivable



NIGHT STUDIES.

danger. A council was assembled. He presented his suggestions so forcibly and so clearly as to insure their immediate adoption. Massena,* with fifteen thousand men, secretly and rapidly was to ascend the banks of the Oreglia, a stream running parallel with the Roya, till, far up near the sources of the two rivers, crossing over to the Roya, he was to descend that valley and fall unexpectedly upon the Austrians in the rear. At the same time, General Dumerbion, the commander-in-chief, with ten thousand men, was to assail the enemy in front. Napoleon, with ten thousand men, marching nearer to the Mediterranean coast, was to seize the important posts there, and cut off, from the fertile plains of the south, the retreat of the enemy. Thus, in three weeks after Napoleon had made his appearance at the head-quarters of the army in Nice, the whole force of the French was in motion.

* André Massena rose from a common soldier to the rank of a commander, and became Duke of Rivoli and Marshal of France. "He was," said Napoleon, "a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previously to a battle. It was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, he gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the most perfect coolness and judgment. It was truly said of him that he never began to act with skill until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a *robber*. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his peculations, I would make him a present of a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars, but he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious. Had not his bright parts been sullied by avarice, he would have been a great man." Massena lived through all the wars of Napoleon, and died of chagrin when the master whom he adored was an exile in St. Helena.

The energy of the youthful general was immediately communicated to the entire army. Desperate and sanguinary conflicts ensued, but the plan was triumphantly successful. The Piedmontese troops, twenty thousand strong, amazed at the storm thus suddenly bursting upon them, precipitately fled. Saorgia, the principal dépôt of the allied forces, and well stored with provisions and ammunition of every kind, was taken by the French. Before the end of May, the French were masters of all the passes of the Maritime Alps, and their flags were waving in the breeze from the summits of Mont Cenis, Mont Tende, and Mont Finisterre. The news of these sudden and unexpected victories went with electric speed through France. With the nation in general the honor redounded to Dumerbion alone, the commander-in-chief. But in the army it was well understood to whose exertions and genius the achievements were to be attributed. Though, as yet, the name of Napoleon had hardly been pronounced in public, the officers and soldiers in the army were daily contemplating, with increasing interest, his rising fame. Indeed General Dumerbion was so deeply impressed by the sagacity and military science displayed by his brigadier general, that he unresistingly surrendered himself to the guidance of the mind of Napoleon.

The summer months rapidly passed away, while the French, upon the summits of the mountains, were fortifying their positions to resist the attacks of a formidable army of Austrians and Piedmontese combining to displace them. Napoleon was still indefatigable in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with all the natural features of the country, in studying the modes of moving, governing, and provisioning armies, and eagerly watching for opportunities to work out his destiny of renown, for which he now began to believe that he was created.

But suddenly he was arrested on the following extraordinary charge, and narrowly escaped losing his head on the guillotine. When Napoleon, during the preceding winter, was engaged in the fortification of the maritime frontier, he proposed repairing an old state prison at Marseilles, that it might serve as a powder magazine. His successor on that station proceeded to the execution of this plan, so evidently judicious. Some disaffected persons represented this officer to the Committee of Public Safety as building a second Bastille, in which to imprison patriotic citizens. He was accordingly at once arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Here he so clearly proved that the plan was not his own, but that he was merely carrying out the suggestions of his predecessor, that he was released, and orders were sent for the arrest of Napoleon. He was seized, and for fifteen days held under arrest. An order, however, soon came from Paris for his release. An officer, entering his room a couple of hours after midnight to communicate the tidings, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and seated at his table, with maps, books, and charts spread out before him.

"What !" inquired his friend, "are you not in bed yet ?"

"In bed !" Napoleon replied. "I have had my sleep and am already risen."

"What, so early !" the other rejoined.

"Yes," continued Napoleon, "so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man."

Though the representatives of the government, conscious of the value of

Napoleon's services, had written to the Convention, making such an explanation of the facts that he was immediately set at liberty, still they saw fit, in an ungenerous attempt at self-justification, to deprive him of his rank as general of artillery, and to assign him a post in the infantry in its stead. Napoleon, regarding this transfer as an insult, threw up his commission in disgust, and retired, in comparative indigence, to join his mother and the rest of the family, who were now residing at Marseilles. This was in the autumn of 1794. He spent the winter in comparative inaction, but carefully studying the convulsions of the times, the history of past revolutions, and the science of government.

Tired of inactivity, early in May, Napoleon, then twenty-five years of age, proceeded to Paris to seek employment. He was, however, unsuccessful. The government had its favorites to reward and promote, and Napoleon, deeply chagrined and mortified, found all his offers of service rejected. An old officer of artillery, who had seen but little active service, was president of the military committee. Rather superciliously he remarked to Napoleon, whose feminine and youthful appearance did not indicate that he was born to command, "You are too young to occupy a station of such responsibility as you seek." Napoleon imprudently retorted, "Presence in the field of battle, sir, ought to anticipate the claim of years." This personal reflection so annoyed the president, that he sought rather to obstruct than to aid the aspirations of the young officer. His situation became daily more painful, as his scanty funds were rapidly failing. He even formed the plan of going to Turkey to offer his services to the Grand Seignior. "How singular it would be," said he, at this time, to a companion, "if a little Corsican officer were to become King of Jerusalem!"

One gloomy night at St. Helena, when Napoleon, unable to sleep, was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours by conversation, he narrated the following anecdote, illustrative of his destitution and his distress in these early days of adversity. "I was at this period, on one occasion, suffering from that extreme depression of spirits which suspends the faculties of the brain, and renders life a burden too heavy to be borne. I had just received a letter from my mother, revealing to me the utter destitution into which she was plunged. She had been compelled to flee from the war with which Corsica was desolated, and was then at Marseilles, with no means of subsistence, and having naught but her heroic virtues to defend the honor of her daughters against the misery and the corruption of all kinds existing in the manners of that epoch of social chaos. I also, deprived of my salary and with exhausted resources, had but one single dollar in my pocket. Urged by animal instinct to escape from prospects so gloomy, and from sorrows so unendurable, I wandered along the banks of the river, feeling that it was unmanly to commit suicide, and yet unable to resist the temptation to do so. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, who, recognizing me, threw himself upon my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again!' It was Démasis, an old friend and former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had afterward returned to France, in disguise, to see his aged mother.

“He was about to leave me, when stopping, he exclaimed, ‘But what is the matter, Napoleon? You do not listen to me! You do not seem glad to see me! What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself.’ This direct appeal to the feelings which had seized upon me, produced such an effect upon my mind, that, without hesitation, I revealed to him every thing. ‘Is that all?’ said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt, which he placed in my hands. ‘Here are six thousand dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother.’ I can not to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money, but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and, almost frantic with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother.

“It was not until the money had left my hands and was on its way to Marseilles that I reflected upon what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left D  masis, but he was no longer there. For several days continuously, I went out in the morning and returned not till evening, searching every place in Paris where I could hope to find him. All the researches I then made, as well as those I made after my accession to power, were in vain. It was not till the empire was approaching its fall that I again discovered D  masis. It was now my turn to question him, and to ask him what he had thought of my strange conduct, and why I had never heard even his name for fifteen years. He replied, that as he had been in no need of money, he had not asked me to repay the loan, although he was well assured that I should find no difficulty in reimbursing him. But he feared that, if he made himself known, I should force him to quit the retirement in which he lived happily, occupying himself with horticulture. I had very great difficulty in making him accept sixty thousand dollars as an imperial reimbursement for the six thousand lent to his comrade in distress. I also made him accept the office of director general of the crown gardens, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and the honors of an officer of the household. I also provided a good situation for his brother.

“Two of my comrades in the military school, and the two to whom I was most closely united by the sympathies of early friendship, had, by one of those mysteries of Providence which we often witness, an immense influence upon my destiny. D  masis arrested me at the moment when I was about to commit suicide; and Philippeau prevented my conquest of St. Jean d’Acre. Had it not been for him, I should have been master of this key of the East. I should have marched upon Constantinople, and have established an empire in Asia.”*

But reverses began now to attend the army in Italy. Defeat followed defeat. They were driven by the Austrians from the posts to which Napoleon had conducted them, and were retreating before their foes. The Committee of Public Safety was in great trepidation. In their ignorance, they knew not what orders to issue. Some one who had heard of Napoleon’s achievements among the Alps suggested his name. He was called into the meetings of the committee for advice. The local and technical information he

* *Captivity of Napoleon, by General Count Montholon.*

had acquired, his military science, and the vast resources of his highly cultivated mind, placed him immediately at the head of the committee.

Though young in years, and still more youthful in appearance, his gravity, his serious and pensive thoughtfulness, gave oracular weight to his counsels, and his plans were unhesitatingly adopted. He had studied the topography of the Maritime Alps with enthusiastic assiduity, and was familiar with the windings and characteristics of every stream, and the course of mountain ranges, and with the military capabilities of the ravines and glens. The judicious dispositions which he proposed of the various divisions of the army arrested the tide of Austrian conquest, and enabled the French, though much inferior in number to their allied foes, to defend the positions they had been directed to occupy.

During all this time, however, while Napoleon, in the committee-room in Paris, was guiding the movements of the army in Italy, he was studying in the public libraries, during every leisure moment, with an assiduity so intense and inexhaustible that it could not have been surpassed, had he been inspired with the highest ambition for literary and scientific honors.

In his occasional evening saunterings along the boulevards, as he saw the effeminate young men of that metropolis rolling in luxury, and in affected speech criticising the tones of an opera singer, or the exquisite moulding of a dancer's limbs, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his contempt. When he was thus, one evening, treading the dusty thoroughfares, and looking upon such a spectacle, he impatiently exclaimed, "Can it be that upon such creatures Fortune is willing to lavish her favors! How contemptible is human nature!" Though Napoleon excluded himself entirely from haunts of revelry and scenes of dissipation, and from all those dissolute courses into which the young men of those days so recklessly plunged, he adopted this course, not apparently from any conscientious desire to do that which is right in the sight of God, but from what has been called "the expulsive power of new affection." Ambition seemed to expel from his mind every other passion. The craving to obtain renown by the performance of great and glorious deeds; the desire to immortalize his name, as one of the distinguished men and illustrious benefactors of the human race, had infused itself so intensely throughout his whole nature, that animal passion even was repressed, and all the ordinary pursuits of worldly pleasure became in his view frivolous and contemptible.

The Duchess of Abrantes narrates the following incident, which pleasingly illustrates Napoleon's kind and sympathizing disposition. Her father was sick, and tumultuous Paris was in a state of anarchy.

"Bonaparte, apprised by my brother, came immediately to see us. He appeared to be affected by the state of my father, who, though in great pain, insisted on seeing him. He came every day; and in the morning he sent, or called himself, to inquire how he had passed the night. I can not recollect his conduct at that period without sincere gratitude.

"He informed us that Paris was in such a state as must necessarily lead to a convulsion. The Convention, by incessantly repeating to the people that it was their master, had taught them the answer which they made it in their turn. The sections were in, if not open, at least almost avowed insurrection

The section Lepelletier, which was ours, was the most turbulent, and, in fact, the most to be dreaded ; its orators did not scruple to deliver the most incendiary speeches. They asserted that the power of the assembled people was above the laws. 'Matters are getting from bad to worse,' said Bonaparte ; 'the counter-revolution will shortly break forth, and it will, at the same time, become the source of disasters.'

"As I have said, he came every day ; he dined with us, and passed the evening in the drawing-room, talking in a low tone beside the chair of my mother, who, worn out with fatigue, dozed for a few moments to recruit her strength, for she never quitted my father's pillow. I recollect that one evening, my father being very ill, my mother was weeping and in great tribulation. It was ten o'clock. At that time it was impossible to induce any of the servants of the hotel to go out after nine. Bonaparte said nothing. He ran down stairs, and posted away to Duchannois, whom he brought back with him, in spite of his objections. The weather was dreadful. The rain poured in torrents. Bonaparte had not been able to meet with a hackney-coach to go to M. Duchannois ; he was wet through. Yes, indeed, at that period Bonaparte had a heart susceptible of attachment !"

At this time it can hardly be said that there was any religion in France. Christianity had been all but universally discarded. The priests had been banished ; the churches demolished or converted into temples of science or haunts of merriment. The immortality of the soul was denied, and upon the gateways of the grave-yards there was inscribed, "Death is an eternal sleep !" Napoleon was consequently deprived of all the influences of religion in the formation of his character. And yet his mind was naturally, if it be proper so to speak, a devotional mind. His temperament was serious, thoughtful, and pensive. The grand and the mysterious engrossed and overpowered him. Even his ambition was not exulting and exhilarating, but sombre, majestic, and sublime. He thought of herculean toil, of sleepless labor, and of heroic deeds. For ease, and luxury, and self-indulgence he had no desire, but he wished to be the greatest of men by accomplishing more than any other mortal had ever accomplished. Even in youth, life had but few charms for him, and he took a melancholy view of man's earthly pilgrimage, often asserting that existence was not a blessing. And when drawing near to the close of life, he claimed that he had known but few happy moments upon earth, and that for those few he was indebted to the love of Josephine.

The National Convention now prepared another constitution for the adoption of the people of France. The executive power, instead of being placed in the hands of one king, or president, was intrusted to five chiefs, who were to be called Directors. The legislative powers were committed to two bodies, as in the United States. The first, corresponding to the United States Senate, was to be called the *Council of Ancients*. It was to consist of two hundred and fifty members, each of whom was to be at least forty years of age, and a married man or a widower. An unmarried man was not considered worthy of a post of such responsibility in the service of the state. The second body was called the *Council of Five Hundred*, from the number of members of which it was to be composed. It corresponded with our House of Representatives, and each of its members was to be at least thirty years of age.

This constitution was far superior to any other which had yet been formed. It was framed by the moderate Republicans, who wished to establish a Republican government, protecting France on the one hand from the Royalists, who would re-establish the Bourbons upon the throne, and on the other hand from the misrule of the violent Jacobins, who wished to perpetuate the Reign of Terror. This constitution was sent down to the primary assemblies of the people, for their adoption or rejection. It was accepted promptly in nearly all the rural districts, and was adopted by acclamation in the army.

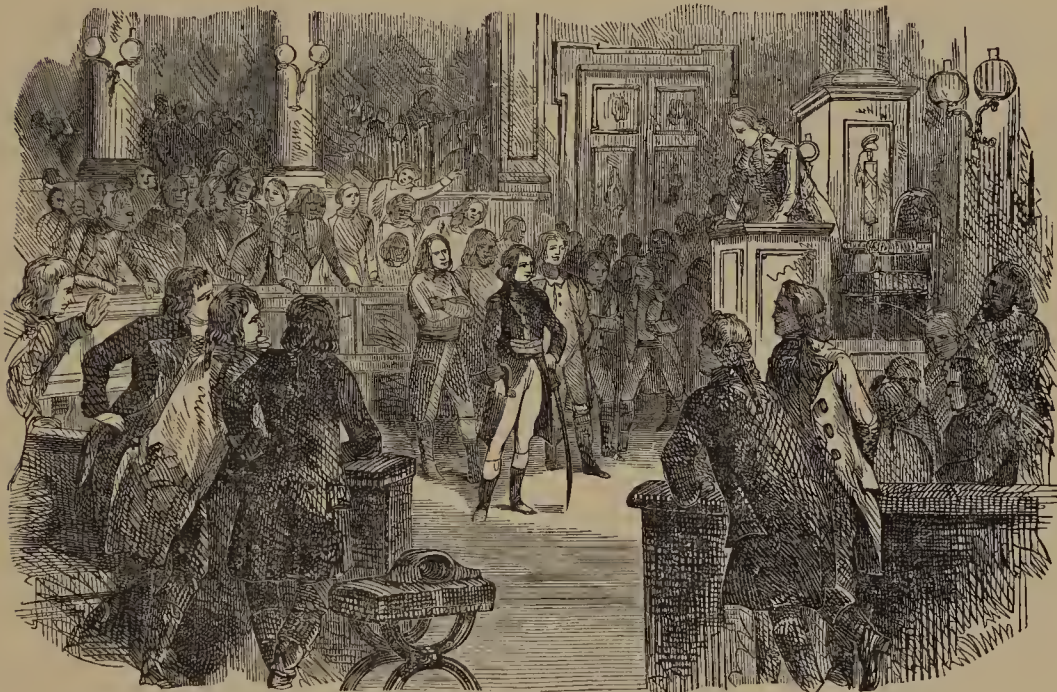
The city of Paris was divided into ninety-six sections or wards, in each of which, as in our cities, the inhabitants of that particular ward assembled at the polls. When the constitution was tendered to these several sections of Paris, forty-eight of them voted in its favor, while forty-six rejected it. The Royalists and the Jacobins, the two extremes, united in the opposition, each party hoping that by the overthrow of the Convention its own views might obtain the precedence. The Convention declared that the majority of the nation had every where pronounced in favor of the new constitution, and they prepared to carry its provisions into effect. The opposing sections, now thoroughly aroused, began to arm, resolved upon violent resistance. The Parisian mob, ever ready for an outbreak, joined most heartily with their more aristocratic leaders, and all Paris seemed to be rousing to attack the Convention. The National Guard, a body of soldiers corresponding with the American militia, though far better officered, equipped, and drilled, joined promptly the insurgents. The insurrection-gun was fired, the tocsin tolled, and the gloomy, threatening masses, marshaled under able leaders, swarmed through the streets.

The Convention was in the utmost state of trepidation; for in those days of anarchy blood flowed like water, and life had no sacredness. It was not a mob of a few hundred straggling men and boys, who, with hootings, were to surround their hall and break their windows, but a formidable army of forty thousand men, in battle array, with artillery and musketry, headed by veteran generals who had fought the battles of the old monarchy, with gleaming banners and trumpet tones were marching down from all quarters of the city upon the Tuileries. To meet this foe, the Convention had at its command but five thousand regular troops; and it was uncertain but that they, in the moment of peril, might fraternize with the insurgents. General Menou was appointed by the Convention to quell the insurrection. He marched to meet the enemy. Napoleon, intensely interested in the passing scenes, followed the solid columns of Menou. But the general, a mild and inefficient man, with no nerve to meet such a crisis, was alarmed in view of the numbers and the influence of his antagonists, and retired before them. Shouts of victory resounded from the National Guard through all the streets of Paris. They were greatly emboldened by this triumph, and felt confident that the regular troops would not dare to fire upon the citizens.

The shades of night were now settling down over the agitated city. Napoleon, having witnessed the unsuccessful mission of Menou, ran through the streets to the Tuileries, and ascending the gallery where the Convention was assembled, contemplated, with a marble brow and a heart apparently unagitated, the scene of consternation there. It was now eleven o'clock at night, and the doom of the Convention seemed sealed. In the utmost alarm, Menou

was dismissed, and the unlimited command of the troops intrusted to Barras. The office was full of peril. Successful resistance seemed impossible, and unsuccessful was certain death. Barras hesitated, when suddenly he recollected Napoleon, whom he had known at Toulon, and whose military science and energy, and reckless disregard of his own life, and of the lives of all others, he well remembered. He immediately exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us, if any one can. It is a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military abilities I witnessed at Toulon. He is a man that will not stand upon ceremony." Napoleon was in the gallery at the time, and it is not impossible that the eye of Barras chancing to light upon him caused the suggestion.

He was immediately introduced to the Convention. They expected to see



NAPOLEON BEFORE THE CONVENTION.

a man of gigantic frame and soldierly bearing, brusque and imperious. To their surprise, there appeared before them a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-cheeked young man, apparently about eighteen years of age. The president said, "Are you willing to undertake the defense of the Convention?" "Yes!" was the calm, laconic reply. After a moment's hesitation, the president continued, "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" Napoleon fixed that eagle glance upon him, which few could meet and not quail before it, and replied, "Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake." There was something in the tone and the manner of this extraordinary man which secured for him immediately the confidence of all the members of the House. His spirit, so calm and imperturbable in the midst of a scene so exciting, impressed them with the conviction that they were in the presence of one of no common powers. After the exchange of a few more words, Napoleon said, "One condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled

by any orders from the Convention." It was no time for debate, and there was unhesitating acquiescence in his demand.

The promptness, energy, and unfailing resources of Napoleon were now most conspicuously displayed. At Sablons, about five miles from Paris, there was a powerful park of artillery, consisting of fifty heavy guns. Napoleon instantly dispatched Murat, with a party of dragoons, to take those guns, and bring them to the Tuileries. They were seized by the mounted troops but a few moments before a party of infantry arrived from the sections for the same purpose. The insurgents, though more numerous, dared not attack the dragoons, and the guns were taken in safety to Napoleon. He disposed them, heavily charged with grape-shot, in such a way as to sweep all the avenues leading to the Convention.

The activity of the young general knew not a moment's intermission. He was every where during the night, giving directions, infusing energy, and inspiring courage. He was well aware of the fearful odds against him; for with five thousand troops he was to encounter forty thousand men, well armed, well disciplined, and under experienced officers. They could easily besiege him, and starve him into surrender. They could, from behind barricades, and from housetops and chamber windows, so thin out his ranks, that resistance would be hopeless. The officers of the National Guard, however, had no conception of the firm, indomitable, unflinching spirit which they were to encounter. They did not believe that any one would dare to fire upon the citizens of Paris. The Convention were aroused to a most lively sense of the serious aspect of affairs when, in the gloom of night, eight hundred muskets were brought in, with an abundant supply of cartridges, by order of Napoleon, to arm themselves as a corps of reserve. This precaution indicated to them the full extent of the danger, and also the unwavering determination of the one who was intrusted with their defense. As the light of morning dawned upon the city, the Tuileries presented the aspect of an intrenched camp. Napoleon had posted his guns so as to sweep all the bridges and all the avenues through which an opposing force could approach the capital. His own imperturbable calmness, and firmness, and confidence communicated itself to the troops he commanded. The few laconic words with which he addressed them, like electric fire penetrated their hearts, and secured devotion, even to death, to his service.

The alarm bells were now ringing, and the *générale* beating in all parts of the city. The armed hosts, in dense black masses, were mustering at their appointed rendezvous, and preparing to march in solid columns upon the Convention. The members in their seats, in silence and awe, awaited the fearful assault, upon the issue of which their lives were suspended. Napoleon, pale and solemn, and perfectly calm, had completed all his arrangements, and was waiting, resolved that the responsibility of the first blow should fall upon his assailants, and that he would take the responsibility of the second.

Soon the enemy were seen advancing from every direction, in masses which perfectly filled the narrow streets of the city. With exultant music and waving banners, they marched proudly on to attack the besieged band upon every side, and confident, from their overpowering numbers, of an easy victory. They did not believe that the few and feeble troops of the Con-

vention would dare to resist the people, but cherished the delusion that a very few shots from their own side would put all opposition to flight. Thus, unhesitatingly, they came within the sweep of the grape-shot, with which Napoleon had charged his guns to the muzzle.

But seeing that the troops of the Convention stood firm, awaiting their approach, the head of one of the advancing columns leveled their muskets and discharged a volley of bullets at their enemies. It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge, direct, sanguinary, merciless, from every battery. In quick succession, explosion followed explosion, and a perfect storm of grape-shot swept the thronged streets. The pavements were covered with the mangled and the dead. The columns wavered—the storm still continued; they turned—the storm still raged unabated; they fled in utter dismay in every direction; the storm still pursued them. Then Napoleon commanded his little division impetuously to follow the fugitives, and to continue the discharge, but with blank cartridges. As the thunder of these heavy guns reverberated along the streets, the insurgents dispersed through every available lane and alley, and in less than an hour the foe was nowhere to be found. Napoleon sent his division into every section and disarmed the inhabitants, that there could be no regathering. He then ordered the dead to be buried, and the wounded to be conveyed to the hospitals, and then, with his pale and marble brow as unmoved as if no event of any great importance had occurred, he returned to his head-quarters at the Tuileries.

“How *could you*,” said a lady, “thus mercilessly fire upon your own countrymen?” “A soldier,” he coolly replied, “is but a machine to obey orders. This is *my seal*, which I have impressed upon Paris.” Subsequently, Napoleon never ceased to regret the occurrence; and tried to forget, and to have others forget, that he had ever deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Frenchmen.

Thus Napoleon established the new government of France, called the Directory, from the five Directors who composed its executive. But a few months passed away before Napoleon, by moral power, without the shedding of a drop of blood, overthrew the constitution which his unpitying artillery had thus established. Immediately after the quelling of the sections, Napoleon was triumphantly received by the Convention. It was declared, by unanimous resolve, that his energy had saved the Republic. His friend Barras became one of the Directors, and Napoleon was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and intrusted with the military defense and government of the metropolis.

The defeat of the insurgents was the death-blow to all the hopes of the Royalists, and seemed to establish the republic upon a firm foundation. Napoleon manifested the natural clemency of his disposition very strongly in this hour of triumph. When the Convention would have executed Menou as a traitor, he pleaded his cause and obtained his acquittal. He urged, and successfully, that as the insurgents were now harmless, they should not be punished, but that a vail of oblivion should be thrown over all their deeds. The Convention, influenced not a little by the spirit of Napoleon, now honorably dissolved itself, by passing an act of general amnesty for all past offenses, and surrendering the government to the Directory.

The situation of Napoleon was now flattering in the extreme. He was but twenty-five years of age. The distinguished services he had rendered, the high rank he had attained, and the ample income at his disposal, gave him a very elevated position in public view. The eminence he had now attained was not a sudden and accidental outbreak of celebrity. It was the result of long years of previous toil. He was now reaping the fruit of the seed which he had sown in his incessant application to study in the military school; in his continued devotion to literary and scientific pursuits after he became an officer; in his energy, and fearlessness, and untiring assiduity at Toulon; in his days of wintry exposure, and nights of sleeplessness, in fortifying the coast of France, and in his untiring toil among the fastnesses of the Alps. Never was reputation earned and celebrity attained by more herculean labor. If Napoleon had extraordinary genius, as unquestionably he had, this genius stimulated him to extraordinary exertions.

Immediately upon the attainment of this high dignity and authority, with the ample pecuniary resources accompanying it, Napoleon hastened to Marseilles to place his mother in a position of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters, were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.

The post which Napoleon now occupied was one of vast responsibility, demanding incessant care, moral courage, and tact. The Royalists and the Jacobins were exceedingly exasperated. The government was not consolidated, and had obtained no command over the public mind. Paris was filled



THE AMAZON DISCOMFITED.

with tumult and disorder. The ravages of the Revolution had thrown hundreds of thousands out of employment, and starvation was stalking through

the streets of the metropolis. It became necessary for the government, almost without means or credit, to feed the famishing. Napoleon manifested great skill and humanity, combined with unflinching firmness in repressing disorders. It was not unfrequently necessary to appeal to the strong arm of military power to arrest the rising array of lawless passion. Often his apt and pithy speeches would promote good nature and disperse the crowd. On one occasion, a fish-woman, of enormous rotundity of person, exhorted the mob, with the most vehement volubility, not to disperse, exclaiming, "Never mind those coxcombs with epaulets upon their shoulders; they care not if we poor people all starve, if they can but feed well and grow fat." Napoleon, who was as thin and meagre as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter." The Amazon was completely disconcerted by this happy repartee, and the crowd in good humor dispersed.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—PIEDMONT.

Napoleon's Appearance and Character—His Benevolence—Josephine Beauharnais—Eugene—Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine—Napoleon takes Command of the Army of Italy—Departure from Paris—Feeling in England—State of the Army at Nice—Ascendency of Napoleon over his Generals and Soldiers—Influence of Letitia—Napoleon's Designs—His Proclamation—Toils and Sufferings of the Army—Efforts to win the Friendship of the Italians—Battle at Cera—Haughty Treatment of the Sardinian Commissioners—Proclamations.

THE discomfiture of the insurgent sections in Paris, and the energy, tact, and humanity which Napoleon displayed in the subsequent government of the tumultuous city, caused his name to be familiar as a household word in all parts of the metropolis. His slight and slender figure, so feminine and graceful in its proportions; his hand, so small, and white, and soft that any lady might covet it; his features, so mild and youthful in their expression; and all these combined in strange alliance with energies as indomitable, and a will as imperious, as were ever enshrined in mortal form, invested the young general with a mysterious and almost supernatural fascination.

Famine was rioting in the streets of Paris. All industry was at an end. The poor, unemployed, were perishing. The rich were gathering the wrecks of their estates, and flying from France. There was no law but such as was proclaimed by the thunders of Napoleon's batteries. The National Guard he immediately reorganized, and soon efficient order was established. Napoleon was incessantly occupied in visiting all parts of the city. Words of kindness and sympathy with suffering he combined with the strong and inexorable arm of military rule. More than a hundred families, says the Duchess of Abrantes, were saved from perishing by his personal exertions. He himself climbed to the garrets of penury, and penetrated the cellars of want and woe, and, with a moistened eye, gazed upon the scenes of fearful wretchedness with which Paris was filled. He caused wood and bread to be distributed to the poor, and, totally regardless of ease and self-indulgence, did every thing in his power to alleviate suffering.

One day, when alighting from his carriage to dine at Madame Permon's, he was addressed by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. Grief and hunger had dried up the fountain of life in her bosom, and her unweaned child had perished of starvation. Her husband was dead, and five children were moaning for food at home. "If I can not obtain relief," said the famished mother, "I must take my remaining five children and drown myself with them." Napoleon questioned her very minutely, ascertained her place of residence, and, giving her some money to meet her immediate wants, entered the house, and sat down with the guests at the brilliant entertainment. He was, however, so deeply impressed with the scene of wretchedness which he had just witnessed, that he could not obliterate it from his mind, and all were struck with his absent manner and the sadness of his countenance. Immediately after dinner, he took measures to ascertain the truth of the statements which the poor woman had made to him, and, finding all her assertions verified, he took the family immediately under his protection. He obtained employment for the girls in needle-work among his friends, and the family ever expressed the most profound gratitude for their preserver. It was by the unceasing exhibition of such traits of character that Napoleon entwined around him the hearts of the French people.

There was at this time, in Paris, a lady, who was rendered quite prominent in society by her social attractions, her personal loveliness, and her elevated rank. She was a widow, twenty-eight years of age. Her husband, the Viscount Beauharnais, had recently perished upon the scaffold, an illustrious victim of revolutionary fury. Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, who subsequently became the world-renowned bride of Napoleon, was born on the island of Martinico, in the West Indies. When almost a child, she was married to the Viscount Beauharnais, who had visited the island on business, and was captivated by the loveliness of the fair young Creole. Upon entering Paris, she was immediately introduced to all the splendors of the court of Maria Antoinette. The revolutionary storm soon burst upon her dwelling with merciless fury. She experienced the most afflictive reverses of friendlessness, bereavement, imprisonment, and penury. The storm had, however, passed over her, and she was left a widow, with two children, Eugene and Hortense. From the wreck of her fortune she had saved an ample competence, and was surrounded by influential and admiring friends.

Napoleon, in obedience to the orders of the Convention, to prevent the possibility of another outbreak of lawless violence, had proceeded to the disarming of the populace of Paris. In the performance of this duty, the sword of M. Beauharnais was taken. A few days afterward, Eugene, a very intelligent and graceful child, twelve years of age, obtained access to Napoleon, and, with most engaging artlessness and depth of emotion, implored that the sword of his father might be restored to him. Napoleon had no heart to deny such a request. He sent for the sword, and, speaking with kind words of commendation, presented it with his own hand to Eugene. The grateful boy burst into tears, and, unable to articulate a word, pressed the sword to his bosom, bowed in silence, and retired. Napoleon was much interested in this exhibition of filial love, and his thoughts were immediately directed to the mother who had formed the character of such a child. Jose-

phine, whose whole soul was absorbed in love for her children, was so grateful for the kindness with which the distinguished young general had treated her fatherless Eugene, that she called in her carriage, the next day, to express



NAPOLÉON AND EUGÈNE.

to him a mother's thanks. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her peculiarly musical voice was tremulous with emotion. The fervor and the delicacy of her maternal love, and the perfect grace of manner and of language with which she discharged her mission, excited the admiration of Napoleon. He soon called upon her. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into an unusually strong and ardent affection.

Josephine was two years older than Napoleon; but her form and features had resisted the encroachments of time, and her cheerfulness and vivacity invested her with all the charms of early youth. Barras, now one of the five Directors, who had been established in power by the guns of Napoleon, was a very ardent friend of Josephine. He warmly advocated the contemplated connection, deeming it mutually advantageous. Napoleon would greatly increase his influence by an alliance with one occupying so high a position in society, and surrounded by friends so influential. And Barras clearly foresaw that the energetic young general possessed genius which would insure distinction. Josephine thus speaks, in a letter to a friend, of her feelings in view of the proposed marriage:

"I am urged to marry again. My friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunctions to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. You have met General Bonaparte at my house. He it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander Beauharnais, and a husband's to his widow. I admire the general's courage, the extent of his information, for on all subjects he talks equally well, and the quickness of

his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed. But I confess that I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even upon our Directors; judge if it may not intimidate a woman.

“Barras gives assurance that if I marry the general, he will secure his appointment to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, said to me, ‘Think they, then, that *I* have need of *their* protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy, one day, should I condescend to grant them mine.’

“What think you of this self-confidence? Is it not a proof of excess of vanity? A general of brigade to protect the heads of government! That, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take into his head to attempt. And with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?”

Though the passion with which Josephine had inspired Napoleon was ardent and impetuous in the highest degree, it interfered not in the least with his plans of towering ambition. During the day he was vigorously employed in his professional duties and in persevering study. But each evening found him at the mansion of Josephine, where he met and dazzled, by his commanding genius and his brilliant conversational powers, the most distinguished and the most influential men of the metropolis. In these social entertainments, Josephine testified that Napoleon possessed unlimited powers of fascination, whenever he saw fit to employ them. His acquaintance and his influence was thus extended among those who would be most available in the furtherance of his plans.

On the 6th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married, Napoleon being then twenty-six years of age. It was a union of very sincere affection on both sides. It can not be doubted that, next to ambition, Josephine was to Napoleon the dearest object of his admiration and homage. Marriage had then ceased to be regarded in infidel France as a religious rite. It was a mere partnership, which any persons could form or dissolve at pleasure. The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, banished the clergy, and dethroned God. The parties contemplating marriage simply recorded their intention in the state register of Paris, with two or three friends to sign the record as witnesses. By this simple ceremony Napoleon was united to Josephine. But neither of the parties approved of this mercantile aspect of a transaction so sacred. They were both in natural disposition serious, thoughtful, and prone to look to the guidance of a power higher than that of man. Surrounded by infidelity, and by that vice with which public infidelity is invariably accompanied, they both instinctively revered all that is grand and imposing in the revelations of Christianity.

“Man, launched into life,” said Napoleon, “asks himself, Whence do I come? what am I? whither do I go?—mysterious questions which draw him toward religion; our hearts crave the support and guidance of religious faith. We believe in the existence of God, because every thing around us proclaims his being. The greatest minds have cherished this conviction—

Bossuet, Newton, Leibnitz. The heart craves faith as the body food ; and, without doubt, we believe most frequently without exercising our reason. Faith wavers as soon as we begin to argue. But even then our hearts say, ‘Perhaps I shall again believe instinctively. God grant it!’ For we feel that this belief in a protecting deity must be a great happiness ; an immense consolation in adversity, and a powerful safeguard when tempted to immorality.

“The virtuous man never doubts of the existence of God ; for if his reason does not suffice to comprehend it, the instinct of his soul adopts the belief. Every intimate feeling of the soul is in sympathy with the sentiments of religion.”

These are profound thoughts ; and it is strange that they should have sprung up in the mind of one educated in the midst of the violence, and the clangor, and the crime of battle, and accustomed to hear from the lips of all around him every religious sentiment ridiculed as the superstition of the most weak and credulous.

When at St. Helena, Napoleon one evening called for the New Testament, and read to his friends the address of Jesus to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself as having ever been struck with the highest admiration in view of the purity, the sublimity, and the beauty of the morality which it contained. Napoleon seldom spoke lightly even of the corruptions of the Church. But he always declared his most exalted appreciation of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When Napoleon was crowned Emperor, he was privately married again by Cardinal Fesch, in accordance with the forms of the Church, which the Emperor had re-established. “Josephine,” said Napoleon, “was truly a most lovely woman, refined, affable, and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. All the fashions originated with her. Every thing she put on appeared elegant. She was so kind, so humane—she was the most graceful lady and the best woman in France. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She possessed a perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. For example, she never solicited any favor for Eugene, or thanked me for any that I conferred upon him. She never showed any additional complaisance or assiduity when he was receiving from me the greatest honors. Her grand aim was to assume that all this was *my* affair—that Eugene was *our* son, not hers. Doubtless she entertained the idea that I would adopt Eugene as my successor.” A more beautiful exhibition of exquisite delicacy on the one part, and of full appreciation on the other, history has not recorded.

Again, he said of Josephine, “We lived together like honest citizens in our mutual relations, and always retired together till 1805, a period in which political events obliged me to change my habits, and to add the labors of the night to those of the day. This regularity is the best guarantee for a good establishment. It insures the respectability of the wife, the dependence of the husband, and maintains intimacy of feelings and good morals. If this is not the case, the smallest circumstances make people forget each other.

“A son by Josephine would have rendered me happy, and would have se-

cured the reign of my dynasty. The French would have loved him very much better than they could love the son of Maria Louisa; and I never would have put my foot on that abyss covered with flowers, which was my ruin. Let no one, after this, rely on the wisdom of human combinations. Let no one venture to pronounce, before its close, upon the happiness or misery of life. My Josephine had the instinct of the future when she became terrified at her own sterility. She knew well that a marriage is only real when there is an offspring; and in proportion as fortune smiled her anxiety increased. I was the object of her deepest attachment. If I went into my carriage at midnight for a long journey, there, to my surprise, I found her, seated before me, and awaiting my arrival. If I attempted to dissuade her from accompanying me, she had so many good and affectionate reasons to urge, that it was almost always necessary to yield. In a word, she always proved to me a happy and affectionate wife, and I have preserved the tenderest recollections of her.

"Political motives induced me to divorce Josephine, whom I most tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her from witnessing the last of my misfortunes. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed, in most feeling terms, her ardent desire to share with me my exile, and extolled, with many tears, both myself and my conduct to her. The English have represented me as a monster of cruelty. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by the treatment of his wife, of his family, and of those under him."*

Just before his marriage, Napoleon received the appointment, to him most gratifying, of Commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. His predecessor had been displaced in consequence of excessive intemperance. Napoleon was but twenty-six years of age when placed in this responsible post. "You are rather young," said one of the Directors, "to assume responsibilities so weighty, and to take the command over veteran generals." "In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be either old or dead." "We can place you in the command of men alone," said Carnot, "for the troops are destitute of every thing, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies." "Give me only men enough," Napoleon replied, "and I ask for nothing more; I will be answerable for the result."

A few days after Napoleon's marriage, he left his bride in Paris, and set

* "Nearly six hundred unpublished and most confidential letters to his brother Joseph, written with heart in hand, calculated to throw the truest light on Napoleon's real character, sentiments, and purposes, and dispel clouds of prejudices, with difficulty concealed by Joseph in Europe, and brought to this country for safe keeping, were, after his death, by my instrumentality, deposited in the United States Mint at Philadelphia, as a place of security, and after four years' safe keeping there, on the 23d of October, 1849, in my presence, surrendered by Joseph's testamentary executor to his grandson Joseph, then twenty-five years of age, according to his grandfather's will, which bequeaths to that grandson those precious developments, together with other unpublished manuscripts, among them part of Joseph's life, dictated by himself, and the republican Marshal Jourdain's memoirs, written by himself. These perfectly unreserved and brotherly confidential letters, several hundred in Napoleon's own handwriting, written before he became great, will demonstrate his real sentiments and character when too young for dissembling, and quite unreserved with his correspondent. Joseph relied upon them to prove, what he always said and often told me, that Napoleon was a man of warm attachments, tender feelings, and honest purposes."—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 152, second series.

out for Nice, the head-quarters of the army of Italy. He passed through Marseilles, that he might pay a short visit to his mother, whose love he ever cherished with the utmost tenderness, and on the 27th of March arrived at the cold and cheerless camps, where the dejected troops of France were enduring every hardship. They were surrounded by numerous foes, who had driven them from the fertile plains of Italy into the barren and dreary fastnesses of the Alps. The Austrian armies, quartered in opulent cities, or encamped upon sunny and vine-clad hillsides, were living in the enjoyment of security and abundance, while the troops of the distracted and impoverished republic were literally freezing and starving. But here let us pause for a moment to consider the cause of the war, and the motives which animated the contending armies.

France, in the exercise of a right which few in America will question, had, in imitation of the United States, and incited by their example, renounced the monarchical form of government and established a republic. For centuries uncounted, voluptuous kings and licentious nobles had trampled the oppressed millions into the dust. But now these millions had risen in their majesty, and, driving the king from his throne and the nobles from their wide domains, had taken their own interests into their own hands. They were inexperienced and unenlightened in the science of government, and they made many and lamentable mistakes. They were terrified in view of the powerful combination of all the monarchs and nobles of Europe to overwhelm them with invading armies, and in their paroxysms of fear, when destruction seemed to be coming like an avalanche upon them, they perpetrated many deeds of atrocious cruelty. They simply claimed the right of self-government, and when assailed, fell upon their assailants with blind and merciless fury.

The kings of Europe contemplated this portentous change with inexpressible alarm. In consternation they witnessed the uprising of the masses in France, and saw one of their brother monarchs dragged from his palace and beheaded upon the guillotine. The successful establishment of the French Republic would very probably have driven every king in Europe from his throne. England was agitated through all her counties. From the mud cabins of Ireland, from the dark and miry mines, from the thronged streets of the city, and the crowded work-shops all over the kingdom, there was a clamorous cry ascending for liberty and equality. The spirit of democracy, radiating from its soul in Paris, was assailing every throne in Europe. There was no alternative for these monarchs but to crush this new power, or to perish before it.

There can be no monarchist whose sympathies will not beat high with the allied kings in the fearful conflict which ensued. There can be no Republican who will not pray, "God speed the Eagles of France!" Both parties believed that they were fighting in self-defense. The kings were attacked by *principles*, triumphant in France, which were undermining their thrones. The French were attacked by bayonets and batteries—by combined armies invading their territories, bombarding their cities, and endeavoring, by force of arms, to compel a proud nation of thirty millions of inhabitants to reinstate, at foreign dictation, the rejected Bourbons upon the throne. The Allies called

upon all the Loyalists scattered over France to grasp their arms, to rally beneath the banner of friends coming to their rescue, and to imbrue their country in the blood of a civil war. The French, in trumpet tones, summoned the *people* of all lands to hail the tri-colored flag as the harbinger of their deliverance from the servitude of ages.

From every city in Europe which Napoleon approached with his conquering armies, the Loyalists fled, while the Republicans welcomed him with an adulation amounting almost to religious homage; and the troops of the Allies were welcomed, in every city of France which they entered, with tears of gratitude from the eyes of those who longed for the restoration of the monarchy. It was a conflict between the spirit of republicanism on the one side, and of monarchical and ecclesiastical domination upon the other.

England, with her invincible fleet, was hovering around the coasts of the Republic, assailing every exposed point, landing troops upon the French territory, and arming and inspiring the Loyalists to civil war. Austria had marched an army of nearly two hundred thousand men upon the banks of the Rhine, to attack France upon the north. She had called into requisition all her Italian possessions, and in alliance with the British navy, and the armies of the King of Sardinia, and the fanatic legions of Naples and Sicily, had gathered eighty thousand men upon the Alpine frontier. This host was under the command of experienced generals, and was abundantly provided with all the munitions of war. These were the invading foes whom Napoleon was to encounter in fields of blood.

It was purely a war of self-defense on the part of the French people. They were contending against the bullets and the bayonets of the armies of monarchical Europe, assailing them at every point. The allied kings felt that they, also, were engaged in a war of self-defense—that they were struggling against *principles* which threatened to undermine their thrones. Strange as the declaration to some may appear, it is extremely difficult for a candid and an impartial man severely to censure either side. It is not strange, contemplating frail human nature as it is, that the monarchs of Europe, born to a kingly inheritance, should have made every exertion to retain their thrones, and to secure their kingdoms from the invasion of republican principles. It is not strange that republicanized France, having burst the chains of an intolerable despotism, should have resolved to brave all the horrors of the most desperate war rather than surrender the right of choosing its own form of government. The United States were protected from a similar onset, on the part of allied Europe, only by the wide barrier of the ocean. And had the combined armies of monarchical Europe crossed that barrier, and invaded our shores, to compel us to replace George III. upon his American throne, we should have blessed the Napoleon emerging from our midst, who, contending for the liberties of his country, had driven them back into the sea.

When Napoleon arrived at Nice, he found that he had but thirty thousand men with whom to repel the eighty thousand of the Allies. The government was impoverished, and had no means to pay the troops. The soldiers were dejected, emaciated, and ragged. The cavalry horses had died upon the bleak and frozen summits of the mountains, and the army was almost entirely des-

titude of artillery. The young commander-in-chief, immediately upon his arrival, summoned his generals before him. Many of them were veteran soldiers, and they were not a little chagrined in seeing a youth, whom they regarded almost as a beardless boy, placed over them in command. But in the very first hour in which he met them his superiority was recognized, and he gained a complete and an unquestioned ascendancy over all. Berthier, Massena, Augereau, Serrurier, and Lannes were there, men who had already attained renown, and who were capable of appreciating genius. "This is the leader," said one, as he left this first council, "who will surely guide us to fame and to fortune."

The French were on the cold crests of the mountains. The Allies were encamped in the warm and fertile valleys which opened into the Italian plains. The untiring energy of the youthful general, his imperial mind, his unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, his perfect acquaintance with the theatre of war, as the result of his previous explorations, his gravity and reserve of manners, his spotless morality, so extraordinary in the midst of all the dissipated scenes of the camp, commanded the reverence of the dissolute and licentious, though brave and talented generals who surrounded him. There was an indescribable something in his manner which immediately inspired respect and awe, and which kept all familiarity at a distance.

Decrès had known Napoleon well in Paris, and had been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. He was at Toulon when he heard of Napoleon's appointment to the command of the army of Italy. "When I learned," said he, "that the new general was about to pass through the city, I immediately proposed to introduce my comrades to him, and to turn my acquaintance to the best account. I hastened to meet him, full of eagerness and joy. The door of the apartment was thrown open, and I was upon the point of rushing to him with my wonted familiarity. But his attitude, his look, the tone of his voice, suddenly deterred me. There was nothing haughty or offensive in his appearance or manner, but the impression he produced was sufficient to prevent me from ever again attempting to encroach upon the distance which separated us."*

A similar ascendancy, notwithstanding his feminine stature and the extreme youthfulness of his appearance, he immediately gained over all the soldiers and all the generals of the army. Every one who entered his presence was awed by the indescribable influence of his imperial mind. No one ventured to contend with him for the supremacy. He turned with disgust from the licentiousness and dissipation which ever disgrace the presence of an army, and, with a sternness of morality which would have done honor to any of the sages of antiquity, secured that respect which virtue ever commands.

* Decrès was afterward elevated by Napoleon to a dukedom, and appointed Minister of the Marine. He was strongly attached to his benefactor. At the time of Napoleon's downfall, he was sounded in a very artful way as to his willingness to conspire against the Emperor. Happening to visit a person of celebrity, the latter drew him aside to the fire-place, and, taking up a book, said, "I have just now been reading something that struck me very forcibly. Montesquieu here remarks, 'When the prince rises above the laws, when tyranny becomes insupportable, the oppressed have no alternative but—'" "Enough!" exclaimed Decrès, putting his hand before the mouth of the reader, "I will hear no more. Close the book." The other coolly laid down the volume, as though nothing particular had occurred, and began to talk on a totally different subject.

There were many very beautiful and dissolute females in Nice, opera singers and dancing girls, who, trafficking in their charms, were living in great wealth and voluptuousness. They exhausted all their arts of enticement to win the attention of the young commander-in-chief. But their allurements were unavailing. Napoleon proved a Samson whom no Delilah could seduce. And this was the more extraordinary, since his natural temperament was glowing and impetuous in the extreme, and he had no religious scruples to interfere with his indulgences. "My extreme youth," said he, afterward, "when I took command of the army of Italy, rendered it necessary that I should evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly my superiors in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses, I should have lost my power."

He was temperate in the extreme, seldom allowing himself to take even a glass of wine, and never did he countenance by his presence any scene of bacchanalian revelry. For gaming, in all its branches, he manifested then, and through the whole of his life, the strongest disapproval. He ever refused to repose confidence in any one who was addicted to that vice. One day, at St. Helena, he was conversing with Las Casas, when some remark which was made led Napoleon to inquire, "Were you a gamester?" "Alas, sire!" Las Casas replied, "I must confess that I was, but only occasionally." "I am very glad," Napoleon rejoined, "that I knew nothing of it at the time. You would have been ruined in my esteem. A gamester was sure to forfeit my confidence. The moment I heard that a man was addicted to that vice, I placed no more confidence in him."

From what source did this young soldier imbibe these elevated principles? Licentiousness, irreligion, gambling, had been the trinity of revolutionary France—the substitute which rampant infidelity had adopted for a benignant Father, a pleading Savior, a sanctifying Spirit. Napoleon was reared in the midst of these demoralizing influences. And yet how unsullied does his character appear when compared with that of his companions in the camp and on the throne! Napoleon informs us that to his mother he was indebted for every pure and noble sentiment which inspired his bosom.

Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, was a woman of extraordinary endowments. She had herself hardly passed the period of childhood, being but nineteen years of age, when she heard the first wailing cry of Napoleon, her second-born, and pressed the helpless babe, with thanksgiving and prayer, to her maternal bosom. She was a young mother to train and educate such a child for his unknown but exalted destiny. She encircled, in protecting arms, the nursing babe, as it fondled a mother's bosom with those little hands, which, in after years, grasped sceptres, and uphove thrones, and hewed down armies with resistless sword. She taught those infant lips to lisp "papa"—"mamma"—those lips at whose subsequent command all Europe was moved, and whose burning, glowing, martial words fell like trumpet-tones upon the

world, hurling nation upon nation in the shock of war. She taught those feeble feet to make their first trembling essays upon the carpet, rewarding the successful endeavor with a mother's kiss and a mother's caress—those feet which afterward strode over the sands of the desert, and waded through the blood-stained snows of Russia, and tottered, in the infirmities of sickness and death, on the misty, barren, storm-swept crags of St. Helena. She instilled into the bosom of her son those elevated principles of honor and self-respect which, when surrounded by every temptation earth could present, preserved him from the degraded doom of the inebriate, of the voluptuary, and of the gamester, and which made the court of Napoleon, when the most brilliant court this world has ever known, also the most illustrious for the purity of its morals and the decorum of its observances.

The sincere, unaffected piety of Letitia rose so high above the corruptions of a degenerate and profligate Church, that her distinguished son, notwithstanding the all but universal infidelity of the times, was compelled to respect a religion which had embellished a beloved mother's life. He was thus induced, in his day of power, to bring back a wayward nation of thirty millions from cheerless, brutalizing, comfortless unbelief, to all the consoling, ennobling, purifying influences of Christianity. When, at the command of Napoleon, the church bells began again to toll the hour of prayer on every hillside, and through every valley in France, and the dawn of the Sabbath again guided rejoicing thousands in the crowded city and in the silent country to the temples of religion—when the young in their nuptials, and the aged in their death, were blessed by the solemnities of Gospel ministrations, it was a mother's influence which inspired a dutiful son to make the magic change which thus, in an hour, transformed France from a pagan to nominally a Christian land. It was the calm, gentle, persuasive voice of Letitia which was embodied in the consular decree. Honor to Letitia, the mother of Napoleon!

The first interview between this almost beardless youth and the veteran generals whom he was to command, must have presented a singular scene. These scarred and war-worn chiefs, when they beheld the "stripling," were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory in sending such a youth to command an army in circumstances so desperate. Rampon undertook to give the young commander some advice. Napoleon, who demanded obedience, not advice, impatiently brushed him away, exclaiming, "Gentlemen! the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance, hat in hand, and say, '*Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?*' We must cut the enemy in pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better—so much the better. It is not their experience which will avail them against me. Mark my words; they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know not what to do. Yes, gentlemen! the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smite like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them into execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the uprising sun."

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The commanding and self-confident tone in which Napoleon uttered these glowing sentences silenced and confounded the generals. They felt that



NAPOLEON AND HIS GENERALS.

they had indeed a master. "Well," said Augereau, as he left the council, nodding very significantly to Massena, "we have a man here who will cut out some work for government, I think." "It was necessary for me," Napoleon afterward remarked, "to be a little austere, to prevent my generals from slapping me upon the shoulder."

The objects which Napoleon had in view in this campaign were, first, to compel the King of Sardinia to abandon the alliance with Austria; secondly, to assail the Austrians with such vigor as to compel the Emperor to call to his aid the troops upon the Rhine, and thus weaken the powerful hosts there marching against the republic; and, thirdly, to humble the Pope, who was exerting all his spiritual power to aid the Bourbons in fighting their way back to the throne of France.

The Pope had offered an unpardonable insult to the republic. The French ambassador sent to Rome had been attacked in the streets and chased home. The mob broke into his house and cruelly assassinated him, unarmed and unresisting. The murderers remained unpunished, and no atonement had been made for the atrocious crime. But how, with thirty thousand troops, unpaid, dejected, famished, and unprovided with the munitions of war, was mortal man to accomplish such results, in the face of a foe eighty thousand strong, living in abundance, and flushed with victory?

Napoleon issued his first proclamation. It was read to every regiment in the army, and rang like trumpet-notes upon the ears of the troops. "Soldiers! you are hungry and naked; the government owes you much, and can pay you nothing. Your patience, your courage, in the midst of these rocks, are admirable, but they reflect no splendor upon your arms. I come to lead

you into the most fertile plains the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent cities, will soon be at your disposal. There you will find abundant harvests, honor, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, will you fail in courage?"

It is not strange that such words, from their young and fearless leader, should have inspired enthusiasm, and should have caused the hearts of the desponding to leap high with hope and confidence. The simple plan which Napoleon adopted was to direct his whole force against detached portions of the Austrian army, and thus by gaining, at the point of attack, a superiority in numbers, to destroy them by piecemeal. "War," said the young soldier, "is the science of barbarians; and he who has the heaviest battalions will conquer."

The whole army was instantly on the move. The generals, appreciating the wisdom and the fearlessness of their indomitable leader, imbibed his spirit and emulated his zeal. Napoleon was on horseback night and day. He seemed to take no time to eat or to sleep. He visited the soldiers, sympathized with them in their sufferings, and revealed to them his plans. It was early in the spring. Bleak glaciers and snow-covered ridges of the Alps were between Napoleon and the Austrians. Behind this curtain he assembled his forces. Enormous sacrifices were required to enable the soldiers to move from point to point with that celerity which was essential in operations so hazardous. He made no allowance for any impediments or obstacles. At a given hour, the different divisions of the army, by various roads, were to be at a designated point. To accomplish this, every sacrifice was to be made of comfort and of life. If necessary to the attainment of this end, stragglers were to be left behind, baggage abandoned, artillery even to be left in the ruts, and the troops were to be, without fail, at the designated place at the appointed hour. Through storms of rain and snow, over mountain and moor, by night and by day, hungry, sleepless, wet, and cold, the enthusiastic host pressed on. It seems incredible that the young Napoleon, so instantaneously as it were, should have been enabled to infuse his almost supernatural energy into the whole army. He had neither mules with which to attempt the passage of the Alps, nor money to purchase the necessary supplies. He therefore decided to turn the mountains, by following down the chain along the shores of the Mediterranean, to a point where the lofty ridges sink almost to a plain.

The army of Beaulieu was divided into three corps. His centre, ten thousand strong, was at the small village of Montenotte. The night of the 11th of April was dark and tempestuous. Torrents of rain were falling, and the miry roads were almost impassable. But through the long hours of this stormy night, while the Austrians were reposing warmly in their tents, Napoleon and his soldiers, drenched with rain, were toiling through the muddy defiles of the mountains, wading the swollen streams, and climbing the slippery cliffs. Just as the day began to dawn through the broken clouds, the young general stood upon the heights in the rear of Montenotte, and looked down upon the encamped host whom he was now for the first time to encounter in decisive conflict. He had so maneuvered as completely to envelop his unsuspecting enemy.

Allowing his weary troops not an hour for repose, he fell upon the allied

Austrians and Sardinians like a whirlwind, attacking them, at the same moment, in front, flank, and rear. The battle was long and bloody. The details of these horrid scenes of carnage are sickening. The shout of onset; the shriek of agony; the mutilated and the mangled forms of the young and the noble, trampled beneath the iron hoofs of rushing squadrons; the wounded crushed into the mire, with their bones ground to powder as the wheels of ponderous artillery were dragged mercilessly over them, and the wailing echo of widows and orphans in their distant homes, render these battle-fields revolting to humanity. At length the Austrians were broken and completely routed. They fled in dismay, leaving three thousand dead and wounded upon the field, and their cannon and colors in possession of the French. This was the first battle in which Napoleon had the supreme command; the first victory in which the honor redounded to himself. "My title of nobility," said he afterward, proudly, to the Emperor of Austria, "dates from the battle of Montenotte."



MONTENOTTE AND ITS VICINITY.

The Austrians fled in one direction to Dego, to meet re-enforcements coming to their aid, and to protect Milan. The Sardinians retreated in another direction to Millesimo, to cover their own capital of Turin. Thus the two armies were separated as Napoleon desired. The indefatigable general, allowing his exhausted and bleeding army but a few hours of repose, and himself not one, resolved, while his troops were flushed with victory, and the enemy were depressed by defeat and loss, to attack both armies at once. The 13th and the 14th of April were passed in one incessant conflict. The Austrians and Sardinians, intrenching themselves in strong fortresses and upon craggy

hill-sides, and every hour receiving re-enforcements pressing on to their aid, cast showers of stones and rolled heavy rocks upon their assailants, sweeping away whole companies at a time. Napoleon was every where, sharing the toil, incurring the danger, and inspiring his men with his own enthusiastic ardor and courage. In both battles the French were entirely victorious. At Dego, the Austrians were compelled to abandon their artillery and baggage, and escape as they could over the mountains, leaving three thousand prisoners in the hands of the conqueror. At Millesimo, fifteen hundred Sardinians were compelled to surrender. Thus, like a thunderbolt, Napoleon opened the campaign. In three days, three desperate battles had been fought and three decisive victories gained.

Still Napoleon's situation was perilous in the extreme. He was surrounded by forces vastly superior to his own, crowding down upon him. The Austrians were amazed at his audacity. They deemed it the paroxysm of a madman, who throws himself single-handed into the midst of an armed host.

His destruction was sure, unless, by almost supernatural rapidity of marching, he could prevent the concentration of these forces and bring superior numbers to attack and destroy the detached portions. A day of inaction, an hour of hesitancy, might have been fatal. It was in the battle at Dego that Napoleon was first particularly struck with the gallantry of a young officer named Lannes. In nothing was the genius of this extraordinary man more manifest than in the almost intuitive penetration with which he discovered character. Lannes became subsequently Duke of Montebello, and one of the marshals of the Empire.*

In the midst of these marches and countermarches, and these incessant battles, there had been no opportunity to distribute regular rations among the troops. The soldiers, destitute of every thing, began to pillage. Napoleon, who was exceedingly anxious to win the good-will of the people of Italy, and to be welcomed by them as their deliverer from proud oppressors, proceeded against the culprits with great severity, and immediately re-established the most rigid discipline in the army.

He had now advanced to the summit of Mount Zemolo. From that eminence the troops looked down upon the lovely plains of Italy, opening like a diorama beneath them. The poetic sensibilities of Napoleon were deeply



NAPOLÉON ON MOUNT ZEMOLO.

moved by the majestic spectacle. Orchards and vineyards, and fertile fields and peaceful villages, lay spread out, a scene of enchantment in the extend-

* "The education of Lannes had been much neglected, but his mind rose to the level of his courage. He became a giant. He adored me as his protector, his superior being, his providence. In the impetuosity of his temper, he sometimes allowed hasty expressions against me to escape his lips, but he would probably have broken the head of any one who had joined him in his remarks. When he died, he had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and three hundred combats of different kinds."—*Napoleon*.

ed valley. Majestic rivers, reflecting the rays of the sun like ribbons of silver, meandered through meadow and forest, encircling the verdant hillsides, and bathing the streets of opulent cities. In the distance, stupendous mountains, hoary with eternal ice and snow, bounded and seemed to embrace in protecting arms this land of promise. Napoleon, sitting upon his horse, gazed for some time in silent and delighted admiration upon the scene. "Hannibal," he exclaimed, "forced the Alps; but we have turned them."

There was, however, not a moment to be lost in rest or reverie. From every direction the Austrians and Sardinians were hurrying to their appointed rendezvous, to combine and destroy this audacious band, which had so suddenly and fatally plunged into their midst. The French troops rushed down the declivities of the mountains, and, crossing the Tanaro, rejoiced with trembling as they found themselves in the sunny plains of Italy. Dispatching Augereau to pursue the Austrian army, now effectually separated from their allies, Napoleon, with indefatigable perseverance, pursued the Sardinians in their flight toward Turin. He came up with them on the 18th at Ceva, where they had intrenched themselves, eight thousand strong.

He immediately attacked them in their intrenchments, and during the remainder of the day the sanguinary battle raged without any decisive result. The flash and the roar of artillery and of musketry did not cease till the darkness rendered it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The French slept upon their arms, ready to resume the combat in the earliest dawn of the morning. In the night the Sardinians fled, and again took a strong position behind the deep and foaming torrent of the Carsuglia. On the evening of the ensuing day Napoleon again overtook them. A single brigade crossed the rapid torrent. The Sardinians were so strongly posted that it seemed impossible that they could be dislodged. Large detachments were hastening to re-enforce them. The Austrians were accumulating in great strength in Napoleon's rear, and, notwithstanding all these brilliant victories, the situation of the French was perilous in the extreme. A council of war was held in the night, and it was decided, regardless of the extreme exhaustion of the troops, to make an assault upon the bridge as soon as the morning should dawn. Before the first gray of the morning, the French, in battle array, were moving down upon the bridge, anticipating a desperate struggle. But the Sardinians, in a panic, had again fled during the night, and Napoleon, rejoicing at his good fortune, passed the bridge unobstructed. The indefatigable victor pressed onward in the pursuit, and before nightfall again overtook his fugitive foes, who had intrenched themselves upon some almost inaccessible hills near Mondovi.

The French immediately advanced to the assault. The Sardinians fought with desperation, but the genius of Napoleon triumphed, and again the Sardinians fled, leaving two thousand men, eight cannon, and eleven standards in the hands of the conqueror, and one thousand dead upon the field. Napoleon pursued the fugitives to Cherasco, and took possession of the place. He was now within twenty miles of Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. All was commotion in the metropolis. There were thousands there who had imbibed the revolutionary spirit, who were ready to welcome Napoleon as their deliverer, and to implore him to aid them in the establishment of a re-

public. The king and the nobles were in consternation. The English and Austrian ministers entreated the king to adhere to the alliance, abandon his capital, and continue the conflict. They assured him that the rash and youthful victor was rushing into difficulties from which he could by no possibility extricate himself. But he, trembling for his throne and his crown, believing it to be impossible to resist so rapid a conqueror, and fearing that Napoleon, irritated by a protracted conflict, would proclaim political liberty to the people and revolutionize the kingdom, determined to throw himself into the arms of the French, and to appeal to the magnanimity of the foe whose rights he had so unpardonably assailed. By all human rules he deserved the severest punishment. He had united with two powerful nations, England and Austria, to chastise the French for preferring a republic to a monarchy, and had sent an invading army to bombard the cities of France, and instigate the Royalists to rise in civil war against the established government of the country.

It was with lively satisfaction that Napoleon received the advances of the Sardinian king, for he was fully aware of the peril in which he was placed. The allied armies were still far more numerous than his own. He had neither heavy battering cannon nor siege equipage to reduce Turin and the other important fortresses of the kingdom. He was far from home, could expect no immediate re-enforcements from France, and his little army was literally in destitution and rags. The Allies, on the contrary, were in the enjoyment of abundance. They could every day augment their strength, and their resources were apparently inexhaustible.

"The King of Sardinia," says Napoleon, "had still a great number of fortresses left; and, in spite of the victories which had been gained, the slightest check, one caprice of fortune, would have undone every thing." Napoleon, however, toward the commissioners that had been sent to treat with him, assumed a very confident and imperious tone. He demanded, as a preliminary to any armistice, that the important fortresses of Coni, Tortona, and Alexandria—"the keys of the Alps"—should be surrendered to him. The commissioners hesitated to comply with these requisitions, which would place Sardinia entirely at his mercy, and proposed some modifications.

"Your ideas are absurd," exclaimed Napoleon, sternly: "it is for me to state conditions. Listen to the laws which I impose upon you in the name of the government of my country, and obey, or to-morrow my batteries are erected, and Turin is in flames." The commissioners were overawed, and a treaty was immediately concluded, by which the King of Sardinia abandoned the alliance, surrendered the three fortresses, with all their artillery and military stores, to Napoleon, sent an ambassador to Paris to conclude a definitive peace, left the victors in possession of all the places they had already taken, disbanded the militia and dispersed the regular troops, and allowed the French free use of the military roads to carry on the war with Austria. Napoleon then issued to his soldiers the following soul-stirring proclamation:

"Soldiers! you have gained in fifteen days six victories, taken one-and-twenty standards, fifty-five pieces of cannon, many strong places, and have conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men. Hitherto you have

fought on sterile rocks, illustrious, indeed, by your courage, but of no avail. Now you rival by your services the armies of Holland and of the Rhine. You were utterly destitute; you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon; passed rivers without bridges; made forced marches without shoes; bivouacked without bread. The phalanxes of the republic, the soldiers of liberty, were alone capable of such services. But, soldiers! you have accomplished nothing while any thing remains to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan is in your hands. I am told that there are some among you whose courage is failing, who wish to return to the summits of the Alps and the Apennines. No! I can not believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, of Mondovi, burn to carry still further the glories of the French name. But, ere I lead you to conquest, there is one condition you must promise to fulfill; that is, to protect the people whom you liberate, and to repress all acts of lawless violence. Without this, you would not be the deliverers, but the scourge of nations. Invested with the national authority, strong in justice and law, I shall not hesitate to enforce the requisitions of humanity and of honor. I will not suffer robbers to sully your laurels. Pillagers shall be shot without mercy.

“People of Italy! The French army advances to break your chains. The French people are the friends of all nations. In them you may confide. Your property, your religion, your customs shall be respected. We will only make war as generous foes. Our sole quarrel is with the tyrants who enslave you.”

CHAPTER V.

PURSUIT OF THE AUSTRIANS.

Strong Temptation of Napoleon—His Wishes for Italy—Sensation in Paris—Remembrance of Josephine—Conditions with the Duke of Parma—Napoleon outgenerals Beaulieu—The Bridge of Lodi—Its terrible Passage—Entrance into Milan—Support of the Army—The Courier—Letter to Oriani—Appointment of Kellerman—Insurrection at Milan—Banasco—Pavia—The Venetian Bribe—Lofty Ambition—Origin of the Imperial Guard—Terms with the Pope.

A LARGE majority of Napoleon's soldiers and officers severely condemned any treaty of peace with a monarchical government, and were clamorous for the dethronement of the King of Sardinia, and the establishment of a republic. The people thronged Napoleon with the entreaty that he would lend them his countenance that they might revolutionize the kingdom. They urged that, by the banishment of the king and the nobles, they could establish a free government, which should be the natural and efficient ally of republican France. He had but to say the word and the work was done. The temptation to utter that word must have been very strong. It required no common political foresight to nerve Napoleon to resist that temptation.

But he had a great horror of anarchy. He had seen enough of the working of Jacobin misrule in the blood-deluged streets of Paris. He did not believe that the benighted peasants of Italy possessed either the intelligence or the moral principle essential to the support of a well-organized republic.

Consequently, notwithstanding the known wishes of the Directory, the demands of the army, and the entreaties of the populace, with heroic firmness he refused to allow the overthrow of the established government. He diverted the attention of his soldiers from the subject by plunging them into still more arduous enterprises, and leading them to yet more brilliant victories.

Napoleon had no desire to see the Reign of Terror re-enacted in the cities of Italy. He was in favor of reform, not of revolution. The kings and the nobles had monopolized wealth and honor, and nearly all the most precious privileges of life. The people were merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. Napoleon wished to break down this monopoly, and to emancipate the masses from the servitude of ages. He would do this, however, not by the sudden upheaving of thrones and the transfer of power to unenlightened and inexperienced democracy, but by surrounding the thrones with republican institutions, and conferring upon all people a strong and well-organized government, with constitutional liberty. Eloquently he says, "It would be a magnificent field for speculation to estimate what would have been the destinies of France and of Europe, had England satisfied herself with denouncing the murder of Louis XVI., which would have been for the interests of public morality, and listened to the councils of a philanthropic policy, by accepting revolutionized France as an ally. Scaffolds would not then have been erected over the whole country, and kings would not have trembled on their thrones; but their states would all have passed, more or less, through a revolutionary process, and the whole of Europe, without a convulsion, would have become constitutional and free."

The kingdom of Sardinia was composed of the provinces of Nice, Piedmont, Savoy, and Montferrat. It contained three millions of inhabitants. The king, by extraordinary efforts and by means of subsidies from England, had raised an army of sixty thousand men, trained to service in long-continued wars. His numerous fortresses, well armed and amply provisioned, situated at the defiles of all the mountains, placed his frontier in a state which was regarded as impregnable. He was the father-in-law of both of the brothers of Louis XVI., which brothers subsequently ascended the throne of France as Louis XVIII. and as Charles X. He had welcomed them in their flight from France to his court in Turin, and had made his court a place of refuge for the emigrant noblesse, where, in fancied security, they matured their plans and accumulated their resources for the invasion of France, in connection with the armies of the Allies. And yet Napoleon, with thirty thousand half-starved men, had, in one short fortnight, dispersed his troops, driven the Austrians from the kingdom, penetrated to the very heart of the state, and was threatening the bombardment of his capital. The humiliated monarch, trembling for his crown, was compelled to sue for peace at the feet of an unknown young man of twenty-six. His chagrin was so great, in view of his own fallen fortunes and the hopelessness of his sons-in-law ever attaining the throne of France, that he died, a few days after signing the treaty of Cherasco, of a broken heart.

Napoleon immediately dispatched Murat, his first aid-de-camp, to Paris, with a copy of the armistice, and with twenty-one standards taken from the enemy. The sensation which was produced in France by this rapid succes.

sion of astonishing victories was intense and universal. The spirit of antique eloquence which imbued the proclamations of the young conqueror; the modest language of his dispatches to the Directory; the entire absence of boasting respecting his own merits; and the glowing commendation of the enthusiastic bravery of his soldiers and of his generals, excited profound admiration. *Napoleon Bonaparte* was a foreign—an Italian name. Few in France had ever heard it, and it was not easily pronounced. It was sonorous and imposing. Every one inquired, Who is this young general, whose talents thus suddenly, with such meteoric splendour, have blazed upon Europe? His name and his fame were upon every lip, and the eyes of all Europe were concentrated upon him. *Three times* in the course of *fifteen* days the Council of Ancients and the Five Hundred had decreed that the army of Italy deserved well of their country, and had appointed festivals to victory in their honor. In very imposing ceremony, Murat presented the captured standards to the Directory. Several foreign ambassadors were present on the occasion. The republic, thus triumphant, was invested with new dignity, and elevated, by the victories of the young general, to a position of respect and consideration which it had never attained before.

While these scenes were transpiring, Napoleon did not forget the bride he had left in Paris. Though for seven days and nights he had allowed himself no quiet meal, no regular repose, and had not taken off either his coat or his boots, he found time to send frequent and most affectionate, though very short, notes to Josephine. This delicacy of attention Napoleon ever manifested toward Josephine, even after their unhappy divorce, and until the hour of her death.

Napoleon having, by an advantageous treaty with Sardinia, secured his rear from assault, without a day's delay commenced the pursuit of the discomfited remains of the Austrian army. Under their commander-in-chief Beaulieu, they had retreated behind the Po, where they strongly intrenched themselves, awaiting the re-enforcements which were hurrying to their aid.

Upon leaving the kingdom of Sardinia, Napoleon first entered the states of Parma. The Duke of Parma, who had united with his more powerful neighbors in the alliance against France, reigned over a population of but about five hundred thousand, and could furnish to the Allies but three thousand troops. He was, of course, powerless, and sent envoys to solicit the clemency of the conqueror. He had joined his armies with those of Austria for the invasion of France. It was just that he should be compelled to aid in defraying the expenses which France was consequently forced to incur to repel the invasion. Napoleon granted him an armistice upon his paying five hundred thousand dollars in silver, sixteen hundred artillery horses, and a large supply of corn and provisions.

And here commenced one of those characteristic acts of the young general which have been greatly admired by some, and most severely censured by others. Napoleon, a lover and connoisseur of the arts, conscious of the addition they contribute to the splendor of an empire, and of the effect which they produce upon the imagination of men, demanded twenty of the choicest pictures in the galleries of the duke, to be sent to the Museum at Paris. To save one of these works of art, the celebrated picture of St. Jerome, the

duke offered two hundred thousand dollars. Napoleon declined the money, stating to the army, "The sum which he offers us will soon be spent; but the possession of such a master-piece at Paris will adorn that capital for ages, and give birth to similar exertions of genius."

No one objects, according to the laws of war, to the extortion of the money, the horses, the corn, and the beef, but it is represented by some as an unpardonable act of spoliation and rapacity to have taken the pictures. If conquest confers the right to the seizure of any species of property, it is difficult to conceive why works of art, which are subject to barter and sale, should claim exemption. Indeed, there seems to be a peculiar propriety in taking luxuries rather than necessities. The extortion of money only inflicted a tax upon the *people*, who were the friends of Napoleon and of his cause. The selection of the paintings and the statuary deprived not the people of their food, but caused that very class in the community to feel the evils of war who had originated the conflict. It was making requisition upon the palace, and not upon the cottage. But war, with its extortion, robbery, cruelty, and blood, involves all our ideas of morality in confusion. Whatever may be the decision of posterity respecting the propriety of including works of genius among the trophies of war, the occurrence surely exhibits Napoleon as a man of refined and elevated tastes. An ignoble spirit, moved by avarice, would have grasped the money. Napoleon, regardless of personal indulgence, sought only the glory of France. There is, at least, grandeur in the motive which inspired the act.

The Austrians were now re-enforced to the amount of forty thousand men, and had intrenched themselves upon the other side of the Po, having this magnificent stream flowing between them and the French. It is one of the most difficult operations in war to cross a river in the face of an opposing army. It was difficult to conceive how Napoleon could effect the enterprise. He, however, marched resolutely on toward Valenza, making every demonstration of his intention to cross at that point, in defiance of the foe, arrayed in vastly superior numbers to contest the passage. The Austrians concentrated their strength to give him a warm reception. Suddenly, by night, Napoleon turned down the river, and with amazing celerity made a march of eighty miles in thirty-six hours, seizing every boat upon the stream as he passed along. He had timed the march of the several divisions of his army so precisely, that all of his forces met at the appointed rendezvous within a few hours of each other. Rapidly crossing the river in boats, he found himself and his army, without the loss of a single man, in the plains of Lombardy.

This beautiful and productive country had been conquered by the Austrians, and was governed by an archduke. It contained one million two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was one of the most fertile and rich provinces in the world. Its inhabitants were much dissatisfied with their foreign masters, and the great majority, longing for political regeneration, were ready to welcome the armies of France. As soon as Beaulieu, who was busily at work upon his fortifications at Valenza, heard that Napoleon had thus outgeneraled him, and had crossed the river, he immediately collected all his forces and moved forward to meet him. The advanced divisions of the hos-

tile armies soon met at Fombio. The Austrians stationed themselves in the steeples, and at the windows, and upon the roofs of the houses, and commenced a destructive fire upon the French, crowding into the streets. They hoped to arrest their progress until the commander-in-chief could arrive with the main body of the army. The French, however, rushed impetuously on with their bayonets, and the Austrians were driven before them, leaving two thousand prisoners in the hands of Napoleon, and the ground covered with their dead.

The French pursued closely upon the heels of the Austrians, from every eminence plunging cannon-balls into their retreating ranks, and assailing them with the most destructive fire at every possible point of attack. In the evening of the same day, the exhausted and bleeding columns of the enemy arrived at Lodi, a small town upon the banks of the Adda. Passing directly through the town, they crossed the river, which was about two hundred yards in width, by a narrow wooden bridge, about thirty feet wide. They were there received by the main body of the army of Beaulieu, which was strongly intrenched upon the opposite bank. The whole French army rushed into the town, and sheltering themselves behind the walls of the houses from the incessant fire of the Austrian batteries, awaited the commands of their youthful leader, whom they now began to think invincible.

Napoleon's belief in *destiny* was so strong that he was an entire stranger to bodily fear. He immediately sallied from the town and reconnoitered the banks of the river, amid a shower of balls and grape-shot. The prospect before him would have been to most persons appalling. The Austrians, sixteen thousand strong, with twelve thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of heavy artillery, were posted upon the opposite bank in battle array, with their batteries so arranged as to command the whole length of the bridge by a raking fire. Batteries stationed above and below also swept the narrow passage by cross-fires, while sharpshooters, in bands of thousands, were posted at every available point, to drive a storm of musket-balls into the face of any who should approach the structure.

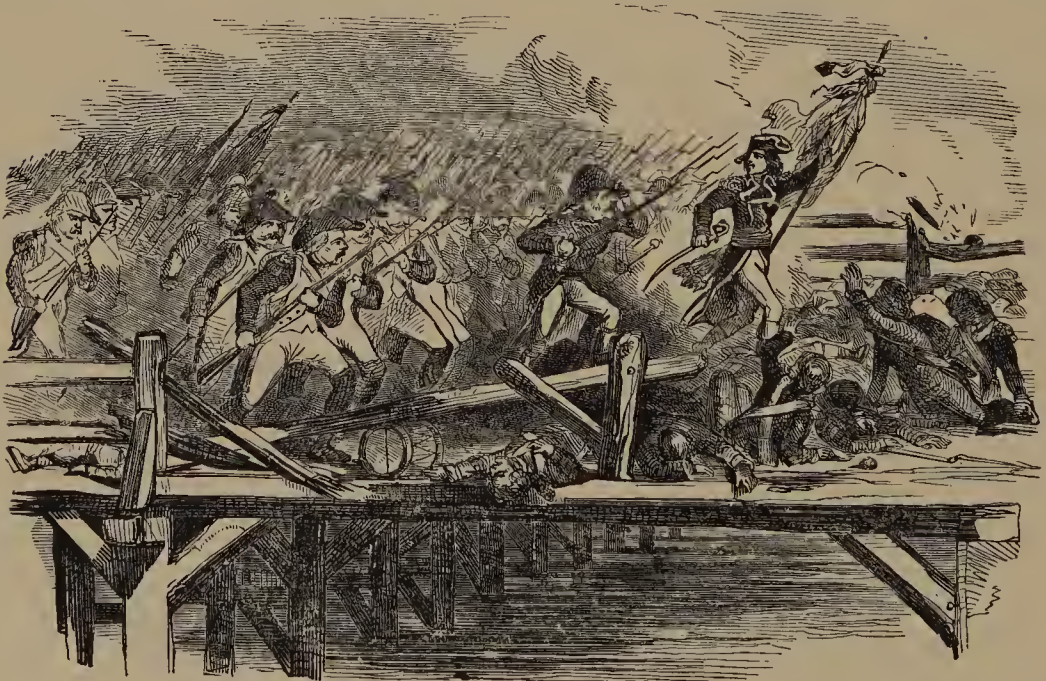
Beaulieu conceived his position so impregnable that he had not thought it necessary to destroy the bridge, as he easily could have done. He desired nothing more earnestly than that the French might attempt the passage, for he was confident that their discomfiture would be both signal and awful. Napoleon immediately placed as many guns as possible in opposition to the Austrian batteries, directing with his own hands, in the midst of the hottest fire, some cannon in such a manner as to prevent the Austrians from approaching to blow up the arches. He then entered the town, assembled his general officers, and informed them that he had resolved immediately to storm the bridge. The bravest of them recoiled from the undertaking, and they unanimously disapproved of the plan as impracticable.

"It is impossible," said one, "that any men can force their way across that narrow bridge, in the face of such an annihilating storm of balls as must be encountered." "How! impossible!" exclaimed Napoleon; "that word is not French." The self-reliant mind of the young conqueror was seldom moved by the opinion of others. Regardless of the disapproval of his gen-

erals, he assembled six thousand picked troops, and addressing them in those marked tones of martial eloquence eminently at his command, so effectually roused their pride and enthusiasm that they were clamorous to be led to the assault. He unfolded to them fully the peril which attended the enterprise, and animated them by reference to the corresponding glory which would attend the achievement. He knew that thousands must perish. But placing only a slight value upon his own life, he regarded as little the lives of others, and deemed the object to be gained worthy of the terrible price which was to be paid. There probably was not another man in either of those armies who would have ventured upon the responsibility of an enterprise apparently so desperate.

Secretly dispatching a large body of cavalry to cross the river at a very difficult ford, about three miles above the town, which by some inconceivable oversight the Austrians had neglected to protect, he ordered them to come down the river and make the most desperate charge upon the rear of the enemy. At the same time, he formed his troops into a line, under the shelter of one of the streets nearest the point of attack. It was the evening of the 10th of May. The sun was just sinking behind the Tyrolean hills, enveloping in soft twilight the scene of rural peace and beauty, and of man's depravity. Not a breath of air rippled the smooth surface of the water, or agitated the bursting foliage of the early spring.

The moment that Napoleon perceived, by the commotion among the Austrians, that the cavalry had effected the passage of the river, he ordered the trumpets to sound the charge. The line wheeled instantly into a dense and solid column, crowding the street with its impenetrable mass. Emerging



THE TERRIBLE PASSAGE OF THE BRIDGE OF LODI.

from the shelter upon the full run, while rending the air with their enthusiastic shouts, they rushed upon the bridge. They were met by a murderous

discharge of every missile of destruction, sweeping the structure like a whirlwind. The whole head of the column was immediately cut down like grass before the scythe, and the progress of those in the rear was encumbered by piles of the dead. Still the column pressed on, heedless of the terrific storm of iron and of lead, until it had forced its way into the middle of the bridge. Here it hesitated, wavered, and was on the point of retreating before volcanic bursts of fire too terrible for mortal man to endure, when Napoleon, seizing a standard, and followed by Lannes, Massena, and Berthier, plunged through the clouds of smoke which now enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness, placed himself at the head of the troops, and shouted, "Follow your general!" The bleeding, mangled column, animated by this example, rushed with their bayonets upon the Austrian gunners. At the same moment, the French cavalry came dashing upon the batteries in the rear, and the bridge was carried. The French army now poured across the narrow passage like a torrent, and debouched upon the plain. Still the battle raged with unmitigated fury. The Austrians hurled themselves upon the French with the energy of despair. But the troops of Napoleon, intoxicated with their amazing achievement, set all danger at defiance, and seemed as regardless of bullets and of shells as if they had been snow-balls in the hands of children.

In the midst of the thunders of the terrific cannonade, a particular battery was producing terrible havoc among the ranks of the French. Repeated attempts had been made to storm it, but in vain. An officer rode up to Napoleon in the midst of the confusion and horror of the battle, and represented the importance of making another effort to silence the destructive battery. "Very well," said Napoleon, who was fond of speaking as well as acting the sublime, "let it be silenced then." Turning to a body of dragoons near by, he exclaimed, "Follow your general." As gayly as if it were the pastime of a holiday, the dragoons followed their leader in the impetuous charge, through showers of grape-shot, dealing mutilation and death into their ranks. The Austrian gunners were instantly sabred, and their guns turned upon the foe.

Lannes was the first to cross the bridge, and Napoleon the second. Lannes, in utter recklessness and desperation, spurred his maddened horse into the very midst of the Austrian ranks, and grasped a banner. At that moment, his horse fell dead beneath him, and half a dozen swords glittered above his head. With herculean strength and agility, he extricated himself from his fallen steed, leaped upon the horse of an Austrian officer behind the rider, plunged his sword through the body of the officer, and hurled him from his saddle; taking his seat, he fought his way back to his followers, having slain in the *mêlée* six of the Austrians with his own hand. This deed of demoniac energy was performed under the eye of Napoleon, and he promoted Lannes on the spot.

The Austrians now retreated, leaving two thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors, and two thousand five hundred men and four hundred horses dead upon the plain. The French probably lost, in dead and wounded, about the same number, though Napoleon, in his report of the battle, acknowledged the loss of but four hundred. The Aus-

trians claimed that the French won the victory at the expense of four thousand men. It was, of course, the policy of the conqueror to have it understood that his troops were the executors, not the victims of slaughter. "As false as a bulletin," has become a proverb. The necessity of uttering falsehood and practicing deception, in all their varied forms, is one of the smallest of the innumerable immoralities attendant upon war. From time immemorial, it has been declared that the weapons of deception and of courage are equally allowable to the soldier: "*An virtus, an dolos, quis ab hoste requirat.*" If an enemy can be deceived by a false bulletin, there are few generals so conscientious as to reject the stratagem. Napoleon certainly never hesitated to avail himself of any of those artifices, which in war are considered honorable, to send dismay into the hearts of his foes. Truthfulness is not one of the virtues which thrives in a camp.

"It was a strange sight," says a French veteran who was present at this battle, "to see Napoleon that day, on foot on the bridge, under an *infernal* fire, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers. He looked like a little boy." "This beardless youth," said an Austrian general, indignantly, "ought to have been beaten over and over again; for who ever saw such tactics! The blockhead knows nothing of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, and the next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the established principles of war are insufferable."

When Napoleon was in exile at St. Helena, some one read an account of the battle of Lodi, in which it was stated that Napoleon displayed great courage in being the first to cross the bridge, and that Lannes passed it after him. "Before me! before me!" exclaimed Napoleon, earnestly. "Lannes passed first, and I only followed him. It is necessary to correct that error upon the spot." The correction was made in the margin. This victory produced a very extraordinary effect upon the whole French army, and inspired the soldiers with unbounded confidence in their young leader.

Some of the veterans of the army, immediately after the battle, met together and jocosely promoted their general, who had so distinguished himself by his bravery, and who was so juvenile in his appearance, to the rank of corporal. When Napoleon next appeared upon the field, he was greeted with enthusiastic shouts by the whole army, "Long live our little corporal!" Ever after this he was the perfect idol of the troops, and never lost, even in the dignity of Consul and Emperor, this honorary and affectionate nickname. "Neither the quelling of the sections," said Napoleon, "nor the victory of Montenotte, induced me to think myself a superior character. It was not till after the *terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi* that the idea shot across my mind that I might become a decisive actor in the political arena. Then arose, for the first time, the spark of great ambition."

Lombardy was now at the mercy of Napoleon, and the discomfited Austrians fled into the Tyrol. The Archduke Ferdinand and his duchess, with tears in their eyes, abandoned to the conqueror their beautiful capital of Milan, and sought refuge with their retreating friends.

As the carriages of the ducal pair and those of their retinue passed sadly through the streets of the metropolis, the people looked on in silence, uttering not a word of sympathy or of insult; but the moment they had departed,

republican zeal burst forth unrestrained. The tri-colored cockade seemed suddenly to have fallen, as by magic, upon the hats and the caps of the multitude, and the great mass of the people prepared to greet the French Republicans with every demonstration of joy. A placard was put upon the palace—"This house to let; for the keys, apply to the French Commissioner."

On the 15th of May, just one month after the opening of the campaign at Montenotte, Napoleon entered Milan in triumph. He was welcomed by the great majority of the inhabitants as a deliverer. The patriots, from all parts of Italy, crowded to the capital, sanguine in the hope that Napoleon would secure their independence, and confer upon them a republican government, in friendly alliance with France. A numerous militia was immediately organized, called the National Guard, and dressed in three colours, blue, red, and white, in honor of the tri-colored flag. A triumphal arch was erected in homage of the conqueror. The whole population of the city marched out to bid him welcome; flowers were scattered in his path; ladies thronged the windows as he passed, and greeted him with smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs, and with a shower of bouquets rained down at his feet. Amid all the pomp of martial music and waving banners, the ringing of bells, the thunders of saluting artillery, and the acclamations of an immense concourse of spectators, Napoleon took possession of the palace from whence the duke had fled.

"If you desire liberty," said the victor to the Milanese, "you must deserve it by assisting to emancipate Italy forever from Austria." The wealthy and avaricious Duke of Modena, whose states bordered upon those of Parma, dispatched envoys to sue for peace. Napoleon granted him an armistice, upon the payment of two millions of dollars, twenty of his choicest pictures, and an abundant supply of horses and provisions. When in treaty with the Duke of Modena, the Commissary of the French army came to Napoleon, and said, "The brother of the duke is here with eight hundred thousand dollars in gold, contained in four chests. He comes, in the name of the duke, to beg you to accept them, and I advise you to do so. The money belongs to you. Take it without scruple. A proportionate diminution will be made in the duke's contribution, and he will be very glad to have obtained a protector." "I thank you," replied Napoleon, coolly; "I shall not, for that sum, place myself in the power of the Duke of Modena." The whole contribution went into the army-chest, Napoleon refusing to receive for himself a single dollar.

Napoleon now issued another of those spirit-stirring proclamations, which roused such enthusiasm among his own troops, and which so powerfully electrified the ardent imagination of the Italians. "Soldiers! you have descended like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed every thing which opposed your progress. Piedmont is delivered from the tyranny of Austria, Milan is in your hands, and the republican standards wave over the whole of Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their existence to your generosity. The army, which menaced you with so much pride, can no longer find a barrier to protect itself against your arms. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda, have not been able to stop you a single day. These boasted bulwarks of Italy have proved as nugatory as the Alps. Such a career of success has carried joy into the bosom of your country. Fêtes in honor of your victories have been ordered in all the communes of the republic.

There your parents, your wives, your sisters, your lovers rejoice in your achievements, and boast with pride that you belong to them. Yes, soldiers! you have indeed done much, but much remains still to be done. Shall posterity say that we knew how to conquer, but knew not how to improve victory? Shall we find a Capua in Lombardy? We have forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to revenge. Let those who have whetted the daggers of civil war in France—who have assassinated our ministers—who have burned our ships at Toulon—let those tremble; the hour of vengeance has struck. But let not the *people* be alarmed. We are the friends of the people every where; particularly of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and the great men whom we have taken for our models. To re-establish the Capitol; to replace the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious; to rouse the Romans, stupefied by centuries of slavery—such will be the fruit of our victories. They will form an epoch with posterity. To you will pertain the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest portion of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace. You will then return to your homes, and your fellow-citizens will say, pointing to you, ‘*He belonged to the army of Italy.*’”

Such were the proclamations which Napoleon dashed off, with inconceivable rapidity, in the midst of all the care, and peril, and clangor of battle. Upon reading these glowing sentences over at St. Helena, twenty years after they were written, he exclaimed, “And yet they had the folly to say that I could not write.” He has been represented by some as illiterate—as unable to spell. On the contrary, he was a ripe and an accomplished scholar. His intellectual powers and his intellectual attainments were of the very highest order. His mind had been trained by the severest discipline of intense and protracted study. “Do you write orthographically?” said he, one day, to his amanuensis at St. Helena. “A man occupied with public business can not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace. He has only time to place his points. He must compress words into letters and phrases into words, and let the scribes make it out afterward.” Such was the velocity with which Napoleon wrote. His handwriting was composed of the most unintelligible hieroglyphics. He often could not decipher it himself.

Lombardy is the garden of Italy. The whole of the extensive valley from the Alps to the Apennines is cultivated to the highest degree, presenting in its vineyards, its orchards, its waving fields of grain, its flocks and herds, one of the most rich and attractive features earth can exhibit. Milan, its beautiful capital, abounding in wealth and luxury, contained a population of one hundred and twenty thousand souls. Here Napoleon allowed his weary troops, exhausted by their unparalleled exertions, to repose for six days. Napoleon himself was received by the inhabitants with the most unbounded enthusiasm and joy. He was regarded as the liberator of Italy—the youthful hero, who had come, with almost supernatural powers, to reintroduce to the country the reign of Roman greatness and virtue. His glowing words, his splendid achievements, his high-toned morals, so pure and spotless, the grace and beauty of his feminine figure, his prompt decisions, his imperial

will, and the antique cast of his thoughts, uttered in terse and graphic language, which passed, in reiterated quotation, from lip to lip, diffused a universal enchantment. From all parts of Italy, the young and the enthusiastic flocked to the metropolis of Lombardy. The language of Italy was Napoleon's mother tongue. His name and his origin were Italian, and they regarded him as a countryman. They crowded his footsteps, and greeted him with incessant acclamations. He was a Cato, a Scipio, a Hannibal. The ladies, in particular, lavished upon him adulations without any bounds.

But Napoleon was compelled to support his own army from the spoils of the vanquished. He could not receive a dollar from the exhausted treasury of the French republic. "It is very difficult," said he, "to rob a people of their substance, and at the same time to convince them that you are their friend and benefactor." Still he succeeded in doing both. With great reluctance, he imposed upon the Milanese a contribution of four millions of dollars, and selected twenty paintings from the Ambrosian Gallery, to send to Paris as the trophies of his victory. It was with extreme regret that he extorted the money, knowing that it must check the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants were rallying around the republican standard. It was, however, indispensable for the furtherance of his plans. It was his only refuge from defeat and from absolute destruction. The Milanese patriots also felt that it was just that their government should defray the expenses of a war which they had provoked; that since Lombardy had allied itself with the powerful and wealthy monarchies of Europe to invade the infant republic in its weakness and its poverty, Napoleon was perfectly justifiable in feeding and clothing his soldiers at the expense of the invaders whom he had repelled. The money was paid, and the conqueror was still the idol of the people.

His soldiers were now luxuriating in the abundance of bread, and meat, and wine. They were, however, still in rags, wearing the same war-worn and tattered garments with which they had descended from the frozen summits of the Alps. With the resources thus obtained, Napoleon clothed all his troops abundantly, filled the chests of the army, established hospitals and large magazines, proudly sent a million of dollars to the Directory in Paris, as an absent father would send funds to his helpless family, forwarded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Moreau, who, with an impoverished army, upon the Rhine, was contending against superior forces of the Austrians. He also established an energetic and efficient municipal government in Milan, and made immediate arrangements for the organization and thorough military discipline of the militia in all parts of Lombardy.

This was the work of five days, and of five days succeeding a month of such toil of body and of mind as, perhaps, no mortal ever endured before. Had it not been for a very peculiar constitutional temperament, giving Napoleon the most extraordinary control over his own mind, such herculean labors could not have been performed.

"Different affairs are arranged in my head," said he, "as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject, and open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of the mind. If I wish repose,

I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will."

After spending several successive days and nights without sleep, in preparation for a decisive conflict, he has been known repeatedly to fall asleep in the midst of the uproar and horror of the field of battle, and when the balls of the enemy were sweeping the eminence upon which he stood. "Nature has her rights," said he, "and will not be defrauded with impunity. I feel more cool to receive the reports which are brought to me and to give fresh orders, when awaking in this manner from a transient slumber."

While in Milan, one morning, just as he had mounted his horse, a dragoon presented himself before him, bearing dispatches of great importance. Napoleon read them upon the saddle, and giving a verbal answer, told the courier to take it back with all possible dispatch.

"I have no horse," the man replied; "the one I rode, in consequence of forced speed, fell dead at the gate of your palace."

"Take mine, then," rejoined Napoleon, instantly alighting.

The man hesitated to mount the magnificent charger of the general-in-chief.

"You think him too fine an animal," said Napoleon, "and too splendidly caparisoned. Never mind, comrade, there is nothing too magnificent for a French soldier."

Incidents like this, perpetually occurring, were narrated, with all conceivable embellishments, around the camp-fires, and they conferred upon the young general a degree of popularity almost amounting to adoration.



NAPOLEON AND THE COURIER.

The lofty intellectual character of Napoleon was also developed at the same time, in the midst of all the cares, perplexities, and perils of these most

terrible conflicts, in a letter publicly addressed to Oriani, the celebrated mathematician.

"Hitherto," he writes, "the learned in Italy have not enjoyed the consideration to which they were entitled. They lived secluded in their libraries, too happy if they could escape the persecution of kings and priests. It is so no longer. Religious inquisition and despotic power are at an end. Thought is free in Italy. I invite the literary and the scientific to consult together, and propose to me their ideas on the subject of giving new life and vigor to the fine arts and sciences. All who desire to visit France will be received with distinction by the government. The citizens of France have more pride in enrolling among their citizens a skillful mathematician, a painter of reputation, a distinguished man in any class of letters, than in adding to their territories a large and wealthy city."

Napoleon, having thus rapidly organized a government for Lombardy, and having stationed troops in different places to establish tranquillity, turned his attention again to the pursuit of the Austrians. But by this time the Directory in Paris were thoroughly alarmed in view of the astonishing influence and renown which Napoleon had attained. In one short month he had filled Europe with his name. They determined to check his career. Kellerman, a veteran general of great celebrity, they consequently appointed his associate in command to pursue the Austrians with a part of the army, while Napoleon, with the other part, was to march down upon the States of the Pope. This division would have insured the destruction of the army. Napoleon promptly but respectfully tendered his resignation, saying, "One bad general is better than two good ones. War, like government, is mainly decided by tact." This decision brought the Directory immediately to terms. The commander-in-chief of the army of Italy was now too powerful to be displaced, and the undivided command was immediately restored to him.

In the letter he wrote to the Directory at this time, and which must have been written with the rapidity of thought, he observes, with great force of language and strength of argument, "It is in the highest degree impolitic to divide into two the army of Italy, and not less adverse to place at its head two different generals. The expedition to the Papal States is a very inconsiderable matter, and should be made by divisions in echelon, ready at any moment to wheel about and face the Austrians. To perform it with success, both armies must be under one general. I have hitherto conducted the campaign without consulting any one. The result would have been very different if I had been obliged to reconcile my views with those of another. If you impose upon me embarrassments of various kinds; if I must refer all my steps to the commissaries of government; if they are authorized to change my movements, to send away my troops, expect no further success. If you weaken your resources by dividing your forces, if you disturb in Italy the unity of military thought, I say it with grief, you will lose the finest opportunity that ever occurred of giving laws to that fine peninsula. In the present posture of the affairs of the republic, it is indispensable that you possess a general who enjoys your confidence. If I do not do so, I shall not complain. Every one has his own method of carrying on war. Kellerman has more experience, and may do it better than I. Together we should do noth-

ing but mischief. Your decision on this matter is of more importance than the fifteen thousand men the Emperor of Austria has sent to Beaulieu."

On the 22d of May, Napoleon left Milan in pursuit of the Austrians. Beaulieu, in his retreat to the mountains of the Tyrol, had thrown fifteen thousand men into the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua, to arrest the progress of the conqueror. He knew that Napoleon could not follow him, leaving such a fortress in the possession of his enemies in his rear. Austria was raising powerful re-enforcements, and the defeated general intended soon to return with overwhelming numbers and crush his foe. Napoleon had hardly advanced one day's march from Milan when a formidable insurrection broke out. The priests, incited by the Pope, had roused the peasants, who were very much under their influence, to rise and exterminate the French. They appealed to all the motives of fanaticism which the Papal Church has so effectually at its command to rouse their military ardor. They assured the ignorant peasants that Austria was pouring down an overwhelming army upon the invader; that all Italy was simultaneously rising in arms; that England, with her powerful fleet, was landing troops innumerable upon the coasts of Sardinia; that God, and all his angels, were looking down from the windows of heaven to admire the heroism of the faithful in ridding the earth of the enemies of the true religion; and that the destruction of Napoleon was sure. The enthusiasm spread from hamlet to hamlet like a conflagration. The friends of republicanism were, for the most part, in the cities. The peasantry were generally strongly attached to the Church, and looked up with reverence to the nobles. The tocsin was sounded in every village. In a day, thirty thousand peasants, roused to phrensy, grasped their arms. The danger was imminent.

Napoleon felt that not an hour was to be lost. He took with him twelve hundred men and six pieces of cannon, and instantly turned upon his track. He soon came up with eight hundred of the insurgents, who were intrenching themselves in the small village of Banasco. There was no parleying. There was no hesitancy. The ear was closed to all the appeals of mercy. The veteran troops, inured to their work, rushed with bayonet and sabre upon the unwarlike Italians, and in a few moments hewed the peasants to pieces. The women and children fled in every direction, carrying the tidings of the dreadful massacre. The torch was applied to the town, and the dense volumes of smoke, ascending into the serene and cloudless skies from this altar of vengeance, proclaimed, far and wide over the plains of Italy, how dreadful a thing it was to incur the wrath of the conqueror.

Napoleon and his troops, their swords still dripping in blood, tarried not, but, moving on with the sweep of a whirlwind, came to the gates of Pavia. This city had become the head-quarters of the insurgents. It contained thirty thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had left there a garrison of three hundred men. The insurgents, eight thousand strong, had thrown themselves into the place, and, strengthened by all of the monarchical party, prepared for a desperate resistance. Napoleon sent the Archbishop of Milan with a flag of truce, offering pardon to all who would lay down their arms.

"May the terrible example of Banasco," said he, "open your eyes. Its fate shall be that of every town which persists in revolt."



THE BURNING OF BANASCO.

“While Pavia has walls,” the insurgents bravely replied, “we will not surrender.”

Napoleon rejoined in the instantaneous thunders of his artillery. He swept the ramparts with grape-shot, while the soldiers, with their hatchets, hewed down the gates.

They rushed like an inundation into the city. The peasants fought with desperation from the windows and roofs of the houses, hurling down upon the French every missile of destruction. The sanguinary conflict soon terminated in favor of the disciplined valor of the assailants. The wretched peasants were pursued into the plain, and cut down without mercy. The magistrates of the city were shot, the city itself given up to pillage.

“The order,” said Napoleon to the inhabitants, “to lay the city in ashes was just leaving my lips, when the garrison of the castle arrived, and hastened, with cries of joy, to embrace their deliverers. Their names were called over, and none found missing. If the blood of a single Frenchman had been shed, my determination was to erect a column on the ruins of Pavia, bearing this inscription, ‘*Here stood the city of Pavia!*’” He was extremely indignant with the garrison for allowing themselves to be made prisoners. “Cowards!” he exclaimed, “I intrusted you with a post essential to the safety of an army, and you have abandoned it to a mob of wretched peasants, without offering the least resistance.” He delivered the captain over to a council of war, and he was shot.

This terrible example crushed the insurrection over the whole of Lombardy. Such are the inevitable and essential horrors of war. Napoleon had no love for cruelty. But in such dreadful scenes, he claimed to be acting upon the same principle which influences the physician to cut, with an unflinching hand, through nerves and tendons, for the humane design of saving life.

This bloody vengeance was deemed necessary for the salvation of Napoleon's army. He was about to pursue the Austrians far away into the mountains of the Tyrol, and it was necessary to his success that, by a terrible example, he should teach those whom he left behind that they could not rise upon him with impunity. War is necessarily a system of cruelty and of blood. Napoleon was an energetic warrior. "A man of refined sensibilities," says the Duke of Wellington, "has no right to meddle with the profession of a soldier." "Pavia," said Napoleon, "is the only place I ever gave up to pillage. I promised that the soldiers should have it at their mercy for twenty-four hours; but, after three hours, I could bear such scenes of outrage no longer, and put an end to them. Policy and morality are equally opposed to the system. Nothing is so certain to disorganize and completely ruin an army."

It is wonderfully characteristic of this extraordinary man that, in the midst of these terrible scenes, and when encompassed by such perils and pressed by such urgent haste, he could have found time and the disposition to visit a literary institution. When the whole city of Pavia was in consternation, he entered the celebrated university, accompanied by his splendid military suite. With the utmost celerity, he moved from class to class, asking questions with such rapidity that the professors could hardly find time or breath to answer him. "What class is this?" he inquired, as he entered the first recitation-room. "The class of metaphysics," was the reply. Napoleon, who had but little respect for the uncertain deductions of mental philosophy, exclaimed, very emphatically, "Bah!" and took a pinch of snuff. Turning to one of the pupils, he inquired, "What is the difference between sleep and death?" The embarrassed pupil turned to the professor for assistance. The professor plunged into a learned disquisition upon death. The uncourteous examiner left him in the midst of his sentence, and hastened to another room. "What class is this?" he said. "The mathematical class," he was answered. It was his favorite science. His eye sparkled with pleasure, and seizing a book from one of the pupils, he hastily turned over the leaves, and gave him a very difficult problem to solve. He chanced to fall upon an excellent scholar, who did the work very promptly and correctly. Napoleon glanced his eye over the work, and said, "You are wrong." The pupil insisted that he was right. Napoleon took the slate and sat down to work the problem himself. In a moment he saw his own error, and, returning the slate to the pupil, with ill-concealed chagrin, exclaimed, "Yes! yes! you are right." He then proceeded to another room, where he met the celebrated Volta, "the Newton of electricity." Napoleon was delighted to see the distinguished philosopher, and ran and threw his arms around his neck, and begged him immediately to draw out his class. The president of the university, in a very eulogistic address to the young general, said, "Charles the Great laid the foundation of this university. May Napoleon the Great give it the completion of its glory."

Having quelled the insurrection in flames and blood, the only way in which, by any possibility, it could have been quelled, Napoleon turned proudly again, with his little band, to encounter the whole power of the Austrian empire, now effectually aroused to crush him. The dominions of

Venice contained three millions of souls. Its fleet ruled the Adriatic, and it could command an army of fifty thousand men. The Venetians, though unfriendly to France, preferred neutrality. Beaulieu had fled through their territories, leaving a garrison at Mantua. Napoleon pursued them.

To the remonstrances of the Venetians, he replied: "Venice has either afforded refuge to the Austrians, in which case it is the enemy of France, or it was unable to prevent the Austrians from invading its territory, and is, consequently, too weak to claim the right of neutrality." The government deliberated in much perplexity whether to throw themselves as allies into the arms of France or of Austria. They at last decided, if possible, to continue neutral. They sent to Napoleon twelve hundred thousand dollars, as a bribe or present to secure his friendship. He decisively rejected it. To some friends, who urged the perfect propriety of his receiving the money, he replied: "If my commissary should see me accept this money, who can tell to what lengths he might go?" The Venetian envoys retired from their mission deeply impressed with the genius of Napoleon. They had expected to find only a stern warrior. To their surprise, they met a statesman whose profoundness of views, power of eloquence, extent of information, and promptness of decision excited both their admiration and amazement. They were venerable men, accustomed to consideration and power. Yet the veterans were entirely overawed by his brilliant and commanding powers. "This extraordinary young man," they wrote to the senate, "will one day exert great influence over his country."

No man ever had more wealth at his disposal than Napoleon, or was more scrupulous as to the appropriation of any of it to himself. For two years he maintained the army in Italy, calling upon the government for no supplies whatever. He sent more than two millions of dollars to Paris to relieve the Directory from its embarrassments. Without the slightest difficulty, he might have accumulated millions of dollars for his own private fortune. His friends urged him to do so, assuring him that the Directory, jealous of his fame and power, would try to crush rather than to reward him. But he turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions, and returned to Paris from this most brilliant campaign comparatively a poor man.

He had clothed the armies of France, and replenished the impoverished treasury of the republic, and filled the Museum of Paris with paintings and statuary. But all was for France. He reserved neither money, nor painting, nor statue for himself. "Every one," said he afterward, "has his relative ideas. I have a taste for founding, not for possessing. My riches consist in glory and celebrity. The Simplon and the Louvre were, in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, more my property than any private domains could possibly have been." This was surely a lofty and a noble ambition.

Napoleon soon overtook the Austrians. He found a division of the army strongly intrenched upon the banks of the Mincio, determined to arrest his passage. Though the Austrians were some fifteen thousand strong, and though they had partially demolished the bridge, the march of Napoleon was retarded scarcely an hour. Napoleon was that day sick, suffering from a violent headache. Having crossed the river, and concerted all his plans for the pursuit of the flying enemy, he went into an old castle by the river's side

to try the effect of a foot-bath. He had but a small retinue with him, his troops being dispersed in pursuit of the fugitives. He had but just placed his feet in the warm water when he heard the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, as a squadron of Austrian dragoons galloped into the court-yard. The sentinel at the door shouted, "To arms! to arms! the Austrians!" Napoleon sprang from the bath, hastily drew on one boot, and, with the other in his hand, leaped from the window, escaped through the back gate of the garden, mounted a horse, and galloped to Massena's division, who were cooking their dinner at a little distance from the castle. The appearance of their commander-in-chief among them in such a plight roused the soldiers from their camp-kettles, and they rushed in pursuit of the Austrians, who, in their turn, retreated. This personal risk induced Napoleon to establish a body-guard, to consist of five hundred veterans, of at least ten years' service, who were ever to accompany him. This was the origin of that Imperial Guard which, in the subsequent wars of Napoleon, obtained such a world-wide renown.

Napoleon soon encamped before the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua. About twenty thousand men composed its garrison. As it was impossible to surmount such formidable defenses by assault, Napoleon was compelled to have recourse to the more tedious operations of a siege.

The Austrian government, dissatisfied with the generalship of Beaulieu, withdrew him from the service, and sent General Wurmser to assume the command, with a re-enforcement of sixty thousand men. Napoleon's army had also been re-enforced, so that he had about thirty thousand men with whom to meet the eighty thousand which would compose the Austrian army when united. It would require, however, at least a month before Wurmser could arrive at the gates of Mantua. Napoleon resolved to improve the moments of leisure in disarming his enemies in the south of Italy.

The kingdom of Naples, situated at the southern extremity of the peninsula, is the most powerful state in Italy. A Bourbon prince, dissolute and effeminate, sat upon the throne. Its fleet had been actively allied with the English in the attack upon Toulon. Her troops were now associated with the Austrians in the warfare against France. The king, seeing the Austrians, and his own troops united with them, driven from every part of Italy except the fortress of Mantua, was exceedingly alarmed, and sent to Napoleon imploring peace. Napoleon, not being able to march an army into his territory to impose contributions, and yet being very anxious to detach from the alliance the army of sixty thousand men which Naples could bring into the field, granted an armistice upon terms so easy as to provoke the displeasure of the Directory. But Napoleon was fully aware of the impending peril, and decided wisely.

The Pope, now abandoned by Naples, was in consternation. He had anathematized republican France. He had preached a crusade against her, and had allowed her ambassador to be assassinated in the streets of Rome. He was conscious that he deserved chastisement, and he had learned that the young conqueror, in his chastisings, inflicted very heavy blows. Napoleon, taking with him but six thousand men, entered the States of the Pope. The provinces subject to the Pope's temporal power contained a population of two and a half millions, most of whom were in a state of disgraceful bar-

barism. He had an inefficient army of four or five thousand men. His temporal power was nothing. It was his spiritual power alone which rendered the Pope formidable.

The Pontiff immediately sent an ambassador to Bologna, to implore the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon referred the Pope to the Directory in Paris for the terms of a permanent peace, granting him, however, an armistice, in consideration of which he exacted the surrender of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara to a French garrison, the payment of four millions of dollars in silver and gold, and the contribution of one hundred paintings or statues, and five hundred ancient manuscripts, for the Museum in Paris. The Pope, trembling in anticipation of the overthrow of his temporal power, was delighted to escape upon such easy terms. The most enlightened of the inhabitants of these degenerate and wretchedly governed states welcomed the French with the utmost enthusiasm. They hated the Holy See implacably, and entreated Napoleon to grant them independence. But it was not Napoleon's object to revolutionize the States of Italy, and though he could not but express his sympathy in these aspirations for political freedom, he was unwilling to take any decisive measures for the overthrow of the established government. He was contending simply for peace.

Tuscany had acknowledged the French Republic, and remained neutral in this warfare. But England, regardless of the neutrality of this feeble state, had made herself master of the port of Leghorn, protected by the governor of that city, who was inimical to the French. The frigates of England rode insultingly in the harbor, and treated the commerce of France as that of an enemy. Napoleon crossed the Apennines, by forced marches proceeded to Leghorn, and captured English goods to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars, notwithstanding a great number of English vessels escaped from the harbor but a few hours before the entrance of the French. England was mistress of the sea, and she respected no rights of private property upon her watery domain. Wherever her fleets encountered a merchant ship of the enemy, it was taken as fair plunder. Napoleon, who regarded the land as his domain, resolved that he would retaliate by the capture of English property wherever his army encountered it upon the Continent. It was robbery in both cases, and in both cases equally unjustifiable; and yet such is, to a certain degree, one of the criminal necessities of war.*

* "But was it only to Switzerland that this sort of language was held? What was our language also to Tuscany and Genoa? An honorable gentleman (Mr. Canning) has denied the authenticity of a pretended letter which has been circulated and ascribed to Lord Harvey. He says it is all a fable and a forgery. Be it so; but is it also a fable that Lord Harvey did speak in terms to the Grand Duke which he considered as offensive and insulting? I can not tell, for I was not present; but was it not, and is it not believed? Is it a fable that Lord Harvey went into the closet of the Grand Duke, laid his watch on the table, and demanded in a peremptory manner that he should, within a certain number of minutes—I think I have heard within a quarter of an hour—determine, ay or no, to dismiss the French minister, and order him out of his dominions, with the menace that, if he did not, the English fleet should bombard Leghorn? Will the honorable gentleman deny this also? I certainly do not know it from my own knowledge; but I know that persons of the first credit, then at Florence, have stated these facts, and that they have never been contradicted. It is true that, upon the Grand Duke's complaint of this indignity, Lord Harvey was recalled; but was the *principle* recalled? was the mission recalled? Did not ministers persist in the demand which Lord Harvey had made, perhaps ungraciously? and was not the Grand Duke forced, in consequence, to dismiss the French minister? and did they not drive him to enter into

He seized the inimical governor, and sent him in a post-chaise to the Grand Duke at Florence, saying, "The governor of Leghorn has violated all the rights of neutrality, by oppressing French commerce, and by affording an asylum to the emigrants and to all the enemies of the republic. Out of respect to your authority, I send the unfaithful servant to be punished at your discretion." The neutral states were thus energetically taught that they must respect their neutrality. He left a garrison at Leghorn, and then proceeded to Florence, the capital of Tuscany, where the Duke, brother of the Emperor of Austria, received him with the greatest cordiality, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. He then returned to Mantua, having been absent just twenty days, and in that time, with one division of his army, having overawed all the states of Southern Italy, and secured their tranquillity during the tremendous struggles which he had still to maintain against Austria. In these fearful and bloody conflicts, Napoleon was contending only to protect his country from those invading armies which were endeavoring to force upon France the despotism of the Bourbons. He repeatedly made the declaration that he wished only for peace; and in every case, even when states, by the right of conquest, were entirely in his power, he made peace upon the most lenient terms for them, simply upon condition that they should cease their warfare against France. "Such a rapid succession of brilliant victories," said Las Casas to Napoleon at St. Helena, "filling the world with your fame, must have been a source of great delight to you." "By no means," Napoleon replied; "they who think so know nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow. The aspect of danger was continually before me. I enjoyed not one moment of repose."

an unwilling war with the republic? It is true that he afterward made his peace, and that, having done so, he was treated severely and unjustly by the French; but what do I conclude from all this but that we have no right to be scrupulous, we who have violated the respect due to peaceable powers ourselves in this war, which, more than any other that ever afflicted human nature, has been distinguished by the greatest number of disgusting and outrageous insults by the great to the smaller powers. And I infer from this, also, that the instances not being confined to the French, but having been perpetrated by every one of the allies, and by England as much as by others, we have no right, either in personal character or from our own deportment, to refuse to treat with the French on this ground. Need I speak of your conduct to Genoa also? Perhaps the note delivered by Mr. Drake was also a forgery. Perhaps the blockade of the port never took place. It is impossible to deny the facts, which were so glaring at the time. It is a painful thing to me, sir, to be obliged to go back to these unfortunate periods of the history of this war, and of the conduct of this country; but I am forced to the task by the use which has been made of the atrocities of the French as an argument against negotiation. I think I have said enough to prove that, if the French have been guilty, we have not been innocent. Nothing but determined incredulity can make us deaf and blind to our own acts, when we are so ready to yield an assent to all the reproaches which are thrown out on the enemy, and upon which reproaches we are gravely told to continue the war."—*Speech in Parliament by the Honorable Charles J. Fox.*

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF MANTUA.

Mantua—Trent—Raising the Siege of Mantua—Lonato—Castiglione—Letter to the People of Lombardy—The Austrian Flag of Truce—The faithful Sentinel—Movements of Wurmser—Battle of St. George—Anecdotes—Love of the Soldiers for their General—Influence of England—New Austrian Army collected—Appeal to the Directory—Herculean Labors—Cispadane Republic—Napoleon's attachment to Corsica.

EARLY in July, 1796, the eyes of all Europe were turned to Mantua. Around its walls those decisive battles were to be fought which were to establish the fate of Italy. This bulwark of Lombardy was considered almost impregnable. It was situated upon an island formed by lakes and by the expansion of the River Mincio. It was approached only by five long and narrow causeways, which were guarded by frowning batteries. To take the place by assault was impossible. Its reduction could only be accomplished by the slow, tedious, and enormously expensive progress of a siege.

Napoleon, in his rapid advances, had not allowed his troops to encumber themselves with tents of any kind. After marching all day, drenched with rain, they threw themselves down at night upon the wet ground, with no protection whatever from the pitiless storm which beat upon them. "Tents are



THE ENCAMPMENT.

always unhealthy," said Napoleon at St. Helena. "It is much better for the soldier to bivouac in the open air, for then he can build a fire and sleep with

warm feet. Tents are necessary only for the general officers, who are obliged to read and consult their maps." All the nations of Europe, following the example which Napoleon thus established, have now abandoned entirely the use of tents.

The sick, the wounded, the exhausted, to the number of fifteen thousand, filled the hospitals. Death, from such exposures, and from the bullet and sword of the enemy, had made fearful ravages among his troops. Though Napoleon had received occasional re-enforcements from France, his losses had kept pace with his supplies, and he had now an army of but thirty thousand men with which to retain the vast extent of country he had overrun, to keep down the aristocratic party, ever upon the eve of an outbreak, and to encounter the formidable legions which Austria was marshaling for his destruction. Immediately upon his return from the south of Italy, he was compelled to turn his eyes from the siege of Mantua, which he was pressing with all possible energy, to the black and threatening cloud gathering in the North. An army of sixty thousand veteran soldiers, under General Wurmser, an officer of high renown, was accumulating its energies in the wild fastnesses of the Northern Alps, to sweep down like a whirlwind upon the French through the gorges of the Tyrol.

About sixty miles north of Mantua, at the northern extremity of Lake Garda, imbosomed among the Tyrolean hills, lies the walled town of Trent. Here Wurmser had assembled sixty thousand men, abundantly provided with all the munitions of war, to march down to Mantua, and co-operate with the twenty thousand within its walls in the annihilation of the audacious foe. The fate of Napoleon was now considered as sealed. The Republicans in Italy were in deep dismay. "How is it possible," said they, "that Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, can resist the combined onset of eighty thousand veteran soldiers?" The aristocratic party were in great exultation, and were making preparations to fall upon the French the moment they should see the troops of Napoleon experiencing the slightest reverse. Rome, Venice, Naples, began to incite revolt, and secretly to assist the Austrians. The Pope, in direct violation of his plighted faith, refused any further fulfillment of the conditions of the armistice, and sent Cardinal Mattei to negotiate with the enemy. This sudden development of treachery, which Napoleon aptly designated as a "Revelation," impressed the young conqueror deeply with a sense of his hazardous situation.

Between Mantua and Trent there lies, extended among the mountains, the beautiful Lake of Garda. This sheet of water, almost fathomless, and clear as crystal, is about thirty miles in length, and from four to twelve in breadth. Wurmser was about fifteen miles north of the head of this lake, at Trent; Napoleon was at Mantua, fifteen miles south of its foot. The Austrian general, eighty years of age, a brave and generous soldier, as he contemplated his mighty host, complacently rubbed his hands, exclaiming, "We shall soon have the boy now!" He was very fearful, however, that Napoleon, conscious of the impossibility of resisting such numbers, might, by a precipitate flight, escape. To prevent this, he disposed his army at Trent in three divisions of twenty thousand each. One division, under General Quasdanovich, was directed to march down the western bank of the lake, to cut off the retreat



MANTUA AND VENICE.

of the French by the way of Milan. General Wurmser, with another division of twenty thousand, marched down the eastern shore of the lake to relieve Mantua. General Melas, with another division, followed down the valley of the Adige, which ran parallel with the shores of the lake, and was separated from it by a mountain ridge, but about two miles in width. A march of a little more than a day would reunite those vast forces, thus for the moment separated. Having prevented the escape of their anticipated victims, they could fall upon the French in a resistless attack.

The sleepless vigilance and the eagle eye of Napoleon instantly detected the advantage thus presented to him. It was in the evening of the 31st of July that he first received the intimation from his scouts of the movements of the enemy. Instantly he formed his plan of operations, and in an hour the whole camp was in commotion. He gave orders for the immediate abandonment of the siege of Mantua, and for the whole army to arrange itself in marching order. It was an enormous sacrifice. He had been prosecuting the works of the siege with great vigor for two months. He had collected there, at vast labor and expense, a magnificent battering train and immense stores of ammunition. The city was on the very point of surrender. By abandoning his works, all would be lost; the city would be revictualled, and it would be necessary to commence the whole arduous enterprise of the siege anew. The promptness with which Napoleon decided to make the sacrifice, and the unflinching relentlessness with which the decision was executed, indicated the energetic action of a genius of no ordinary mould.

The sun had now gone down, and gloomy night brooded over the agitated camp. But not an eye was closed. Under cover of the darkness, every one was on the alert. The platforms and gun-carriages were thrown upon the

camp-fires. Tons of powder were cast into the lake. The cannon were spiked, and the shot and shells buried in the trenches. Before midnight the whole army was in motion. Rapidly they directed their steps to the western shore of Lake Garda, to fall like an avalanche upon the division of Quasdanovich, who dreamed not of their danger. When the morning sun arose over the marshes of Mantua, the whole embattled host, whose warlike array had reflected back the beams of the setting sun, had disappeared. The besieged, who were half famished, and who were upon the eve of surrender, as they gazed, from the steeples of the city, upon the scene of solitude, desolation, and abandonment, could hardly credit their eyes.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Quasdanovich was marching quietly along, not dreaming that any foe was within thirty miles of him, when suddenly the whole French army burst like a whirlwind upon his astonished troops. Had the Austrians stood their ground, they must have been entirely destroyed; but, after a short and most sanguinary conflict, they broke in wild confusion, and fled. Large numbers were slain, and many prisoners were left in the hands of the French. The discomfited Austrians retreated, to find refuge among the fastnesses of the Tyrol, from whence they had emerged. Napoleon had not one moment to lose in pursuit. The two divisions which were marching down the eastern side of the lake, heard across the water the deep booming of the guns, like the roar of continuous thunder, but they were entirely unable to render any assistance to their friends. They could not even imagine from whence the foe had come whom Quasdanovich had encountered. That Napoleon would abandon all his accumulated stores and costly works at Mantua, was to them inconceivable. They hastened along with the utmost speed to reunite their forces, still forty thousand strong, at the foot of the lake. Napoleon also turned upon his track, and urged his troops almost to the full run. The salvation of his army depended upon the rapidity of his march enabling him to attack the separated divisions of the enemy before they should reunite at the foot of the mountain range which separated them. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, in hurried accents, "it is with your legs alone that victory can now be secured. Fear nothing. In three days the Austrian army shall be destroyed. Rely only on me. You know whether or not I am in the habit of keeping my word."

Regardless of hunger, sleeplessness, and fatigue, unencumbered by baggage or provisions, with a celerity which to the astonished Austrians seemed miraculous, he pressed on, with his exhausted, bleeding troops, all the afternoon, and deep into the darkness of the ensuing night. He allowed his men, at midnight, to throw themselves upon the ground an hour for sleep, but he did not indulge himself in one moment of repose.

Early in the morning of the 3d of August, Melas, who but a few hours before had heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns over the mountains, and upon the opposite shore of the lake, was astonished to see the solid columns of the whole French army marching majestically upon him. Five thousand of Wurmser's division had succeeded in joining him, and he consequently had twenty-five thousand fresh troops drawn up in battle array. Wurmser himself was at but a few hours' distance, and was hastening with all possible speed to his aid, with fifteen thousand additional men. Napoleon had but

twenty-two thousand with whom to meet the forty thousand whom his foes would thus combine. Exhausted as his troops were with the herculean toil they had already endured, not one moment could be allowed for rest.

It was at Lonato. In a few glowing words, he announced to his men their peril, the necessity for their utmost efforts, and his perfect confidence in their success. They now regarded their young leader as invincible, and wherever he led they were prompt to follow. With delirious energy they rushed upon the foe. The pride of the Austrians was roused, and they fought with desperation. The battle was long and bloody. Napoleon, as cool and unperturbed as if making the movements in a game of chess, watched the ebb and the flow of the conflict. His eagle eye instantly detected the point of weakness and exposure. The Austrians were routed, and in wild disorder took to flight over the plains, leaving the ground covered with the dead, and five thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors. Junot, with a regiment of cavalry, dashed at full gallop into the midst of the fugitives rushing over the plain, and the wretched victims of war were sabred by thousands, and trampled under iron hoofs.

The battle raged until the sun disappeared behind the mountains of the Tyrol, and another night, dark and gloomy, came on. The groans of the wounded and of the dying, and the fearful shrieks of dismembered and mangled horses, struggling in their agony, filled the night air for leagues around. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted, threw themselves upon the gory ground by the side of the mutilated dead, the victor and the bloody corpse of the foe reposing side by side, and forgot the horrid butchery in leaden sleep. But Napoleon slept not. He knew that before the dawn of another morning a still more formidable host would be arrayed against him, and that the victory of to-day might be followed by a dreadful defeat upon the morrow. The vanquished army were falling back, to be supported by the division of Wurmser coming to their rescue. All night Napoleon was on horseback, galloping from post to post, making arrangements for the desperate battle to which he knew that the morning's sun must guide him.

Four or five miles from Lonato lies the small walled town of Castiglione. Here Wurmser met the retreating troops of Melas, and rallied them for a decisive conflict. With thirty thousand Austrians, drawn up in line of battle, he awaited the approach of his indefatigable foe. Long before the morning dawned, the French army was again in motion. Napoleon, urging his horse to the very utmost of his speed, rode in every direction to accelerate the movements of his troops. The peril was too imminent to allow him to intrust any one else with the execution of his all-important orders. Five horses successively sank dead beneath him from utter exhaustion. Napoleon was every where, observing all things, directing all things, animating all things. The whole army was inspired with the indomitable energy and ardor of their young leader. Soon the two hostile hosts were facing each other, in the dim and misty haze of the early dawn, ere the sun had arisen to look down upon the awful scene of man's depravity about to ensue.

A sanguinary and decisive conflict, renowned in history as the battle of Castiglione, inflicted the final blow upon the Austrians. They were routed with terrible slaughter. The French pursued them, with merciless massacre,

through the whole day, in their headlong flight, and rested not until the darkness of night shut out the panting, bleeding fugitives from their view. Less than one week had elapsed since that proud army, sixty thousand strong, had marched from the walls of Trent, with gleaming banners and triumphant music, flushed with anticipated victory. In six days it had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, forty thousand men, ten thousand more than the whole army which Napoleon had at his command. But twenty thousand tattered, exhausted, war-worn fugitives effected their escape.

In the extreme of mortification and dejection, they returned to Trent, to bear themselves the tidings of their swift and utter discomfiture. Napoleon, in these conflicts, lost but seven thousand men. These amazing victories were to be attributed entirely to the genius of the conqueror. Such achievements history had never before recorded. The victorious soldiers called it "*The six days' campaign.*" Their admiration of their invincible chief now passed all bounds. The veterans who had honored Napoleon with the title of *corporal*, after "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," now enthusiastically promoted him to the rank of *sergeant*, as his reward for the signal victories of this campaign.

The aristocratic governments of Rome, Venice, and Naples, which, upon the marching of Wurmser from Trent, had perfidiously violated their faith, and turned against Napoleon, supposing that he was ruined, were now terror-stricken, anticipating the most appalling vengeance. But the conqueror treated them with the greatest clemency, simply informing them that he was fully acquainted with their conduct, and that he should hereafter regard them with a watchful eye. He, however, summoned Cardinal Mattei, the legate of the perjured Pope, to his head-quarters. The cardinal, conscious that not a word could be uttered in extenuation of his guilt, attempted no defense. The old man, high in authority and venerable in years, bowed with the humility of a child before the young victor, and exclaimed, "*Peccavi! peccavi!*"—"I have sinned! I have sinned!" This apparent contrition disarmed Napoleon, and in jocose and contemptuous indignation, he sentenced him to do penance for three months, by fasting and prayer, in a convent.

During these turmoils, the inhabitants of Lombardy remained faithful in their adherence to the French interests. In a delicate and noble letter which he addressed to them, he said, "When the French army retreated, and the partisans of Austria considered that the cause of liberty was crushed, you, though you knew not that this retreat was merely a stratagem, still proved constant in your attachment to France and your love of freedom. You have thus deserved the esteem of the French nation. Your people daily become more worthy of liberty, and will shortly appear with glory on the theatre of the world. Accept the assurances of my satisfaction, and of the sincere wishes of the French people to see you free and happy."

In the midst of the tumultuous scenes of these days of incessant battle, when the broken divisions of the enemy were in bewilderment, wandering in every direction, attempting to escape from the terrible energy with which they were pursued, Napoleon, by mere accident, came very near being taken a prisoner. He escaped by that intuitive tact and promptness of decision which never deserted him. In conducting the operations of the pursuit, he

had entered a small village, upon the full gallop, accompanied only by his staff and guards. A division of four thousand of the Austrian army, separated from the main body, had been wandering all night among the mountains. They came suddenly and unexpectedly upon this little band of a thousand men, and immediately sent an officer with a flag of truce, demanding their surrender. Napoleon, with wonderful presence of mind, commanded his numerous staff immediately to mount on horseback, and gathering his guard around him, ordered the flag of truce to be brought into his presence. The officer was introduced, as is customary, blindfolded. When the bandage was removed, to his utter amazement, he found himself before the commander-in-chief of the French army, surrounded by his whole brilliant staff.

"What means this insult?" exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of affected indignation. "Have you the insolence to bring a summons of surrender to the French commander-in-chief, in the middle of his army! Say to those who sent you, that unless in five minutes they lay down their arms, every man shall be put to death." The bewildered officer stammered out an apology. "Go!" Napoleon sternly rejoined; "unless you immediately surrender at discretion, I will, for this insult, cause every man of you to be shot." The Austrians, deceived by this air of confidence, and disheartened by fatigue and disaster, threw down their arms. They soon had the mortification of learning that they had capitulated to one fourth of their own number, and that they had missed making prisoner the conqueror before whose blows the very throne of their empire was trembling.

It was during this campaign that one night Napoleon, in disguise, was going the rounds of the sentinels, to ascertain if, in their peculiar peril, proper vigilance was exercised. A soldier, stationed at the junction of two roads, had received orders not to let any one pass either of those routes. When Napoleon made his appearance, the soldier, unconscious of his rank, present-



THE LITTLE CORPORAL AND THE SENTINEL.

ed his bayonet and ordered him back. "I am a general officer," said Napoleon, "going the rounds to ascertain if all is safe." "I care not," the soldier replied; "my commands are to let no one go by; and if you were the Little Corporal himself, you should not pass." The general was consequently under the necessity of retracing his steps. The next day he made inquiries respecting the character of the soldier, and hearing a good report of him, he summoned him to his presence, and extolling his fidelity, raised him to the rank of an officer.

Napoleon and his victorious army again returned to Mantua. The besieged, during his absence, had emerged from the walls and destroyed all his works. They had also drawn all his heavy battering train, consisting of one hundred and forty pieces, into the city, obtained large supplies of provisions, over sixty thousand shot and shells, and had received a re-enforcement of fifteen thousand men. There was no suitable siege equipage which Napoleon could command, and he was liable at any moment to be again summoned to encounter the formidable legions which the Austrian empire could again raise to crowd down upon him. He therefore simply invested the place by blockade. After the terrible struggle through which they had just passed, the troops, on both sides, indulged themselves in repose for three weeks. The Austrian government, with inflexible resolution, still refused to make peace with France. It had virtually inserted upon its banners, "*Gallia delenda est*"—"The French Republic shall be destroyed." Napoleon had now cut up two of their most formidable armies, each of them nearly three times as numerous as his own.

The pride and the energy of the whole empire were aroused in organizing a third army to crush republicanism. In the course of three weeks, Wurmser found himself again in command of fifty-five thousand men at Trent. There were twenty thousand troops in Mantua, giving him a force of seventy-five thousand combatants. Napoleon had received re-enforcements only sufficient to repair his losses, and was again in the field with but thirty thousand men. He was surrounded by more than double that number of foes.

Early in September the Austrian army was again in motion, passing down from the Tyrol for the relief of Mantua. Wurmser left Davidovitch at Roveredo, a very strong position, about ten miles south of Trent, with twenty-five thousand men, to prevent the incursions of the French into the Tyrol. With thirty thousand men, he then passed over to the valley of the Brenta, to follow down its narrow defile, and convey relief to the besieged fortress. There were twenty thousand Austrians in Mantua. These, co-operating with the thirty thousand under Wurmser, would make an effective force of fifty thousand men to attack Napoleon in front and rear.

Napoleon contemplated with lively satisfaction this renewed division of the Austrian force. He quietly collected all his resources, and prepared for a deadly spring upon the doomed division left behind. As soon as Wurmser had arrived at Bassano, following down the valley of the Brenta, about sixty miles from Roveredo, where it was impossible for him to render any assistance to the victims upon whom Napoleon was about to pounce, the whole French army was put in motion. They rushed, at double quick step, up the parallel valley of the Adige, delaying hardly one moment either for food or

repose. Early on the morning of the 4th of September, just as the first gray of dawn appeared in the east, he burst like a tempest upon the astounded foe.

The battle was short, bloody, decisive. The Austrians were routed with dreadful slaughter. As they fled in consternation, a rabble rout, the French cavalry rushed in among them with dripping sabres, and for leagues the ground was covered with the bodies of the slain. Seven thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon graced the triumph of the victor. The discomfited remains of this unfortunate corps retired far back into the gorges of the mountains. Such was the battle of Roveredo, which Napoleon ever regarded as one of his most brilliant victories. Next morning, Napoleon, in triumph, entered Trent. He immediately issued one of his glowing proclamations to the inhabitants of the Tyrol, assuring them that he was fighting, not for conquest, but for peace; that he was not the enemy of the *people* of the Tyrol; that the Emperor of Austria, incited and aided by British gold, was waging relentless warfare against the French Republic; and that, if the inhabitants of the Tyrol would not take up arms against him, they should be protected in their persons, their property, and in all their political rights. He invited the people, in the emergence, to arrange for themselves the internal government of the country, and intrusted them with the administration of their own laws.

Before the darkness of the ensuing night had passed away, Napoleon was again at the head of his troops, and the whole French army was rushing down the defiles of the Brenta, to surprise Wurmser in his straggling march. The Austrian general had thirty thousand men. Napoleon could take with him but twenty thousand. He, however, was intent upon gaining a corresponding advantage by falling upon the enemy by surprise.

The march of sixty miles was accomplished with a rapidity such as no army had ever attempted before. On the evening of the 6th, Wurmser heard with consternation that the corps of Davidovitch was annihilated. He was awakened from his slumbers before the dawn of the next morning by the thunders of Napoleon's cannon in his rear. The brave old veteran, bewildered by tactics so strange and unheard of, accumulated his army as rapidly as possible in battle array at Bassano. Napoleon allowed him but a few moments for preparation. The troops on both sides now began to feel that Napoleon was invincible. The French were elated by constant victory. The Austrians were disheartened by uniform and uninterrupted defeat. The battle at Bassano was but a renewal of the sanguinary scene at Roveredo. The sun went down as the horrid carnage continued, and darkness veiled the awful spectacle from human eyes. Horses and men, the mangled, the dying, the dead, in indiscriminate confusion, were piled upon each other. The groans of the wounded swelled upon the night air; while in the distance the deep booming of the cannon of the pursuers and the pursued echoed along the mountains. There was no time to attend to the claims of humanity. The dead were left unburied, and not a combatant could be spared from the ranks to give a cup of water to the wounded and the dying. Destruction, not salvation, was the business of the hour.

Wurmser, with but sixteen thousand men remaining to him of the proud array of fifty-five thousand with which, but a few days before, he had march-

ed from Trent, retreated to find shelter within the walls of Mantua. Napoleon pursued him with the most terrible energy, from every eminence plunging cannon-balls into his retreating ranks. When Wurmser arrived at Mantua, the garrison sallied out to aid him. Unitedly they fell upon Napoleon. The battle of St. George was fought, desperate and most bloody. The Austrians, routed at every point, were driven within the walls. Napoleon resumed the siege. Wurmser, with the bleeding fragment of his army, was held a close prisoner. Thus terminated this campaign of *ten days*. In this short time Napoleon had destroyed a third Austrian army, more than twice as numerous as his own. The field was swept clean of his enemies. Not a man was left to oppose him. Victories so amazing excited astonishment throughout Europe. Such results had never before been recorded in the annals of ancient or modern warfare.

While engaged in the rapid march from Roveredo, a discontented soldier, emerging from the ranks, addressed Napoleon, pointing to his tattered garments, and said, "We soldiers, notwithstanding all our victories, are clothed in rags." Napoleon, anxious to arrest the progress of discontent among his troops, with that peculiar tact which he had ever at command, looked kindly upon him, and said, "You forget, my brave friend, that with a new coat your honorable scars would no longer be visible." This well-timed compliment was received with shouts of applause from the ranks. The anecdote spread like lightning among the troops, and endeared Napoleon still more to every soldier in the army.

The night before the battle of Bassano, in the eagerness of the march, Napoleon had advanced far beyond the main column of the army. He had received no food during the day, and had enjoyed no sleep for several nights.



THE SOLITARY BIVOUAC.

A poor soldier had a crust of bread in his knapsack. He broke it in two, and gave his exhausted and half-famished general one half. After this frugal

supper, the commander-in-chief of the French army wrapped himself in his cloak, and threw himself unprotected upon the ground, by the side of the soldier, for an hour's slumber. After ten years had passed away, and Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was making a triumphal tour through Belgium, the same soldier stepped out from the ranks of a regiment which the Emperor was reviewing, and said, "Sire! on the eve of the battle of Bassano, I shared with you my crust of bread, when you were hungry. I now ask from you bread for my father, who is worn down with age and poverty." Napoleon immediately settled a pension upon the old man, and promoted the soldier to a lieutenancy.

After the battle of Bassano, in the impetuosity of the pursuit, Napoleon, spurring his horse to the utmost speed, accompanied but by a few followers, entered a small village quite in advance of the main body of his army. Suddenly Wurmser, with a strong division of the Austrians, debouched upon the plain. A peasant woman informed him that but a moment before Napoleon had passed her cottage. Wurmser, overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining a prize which would remunerate him for all his losses, instantly dispatched parties of cavalry in every direction for his capture. So sure was he of success, that he strictly enjoined it upon them to bring him in alive. The fleetness of Napoleon's horse saved him.

In the midst of these terrible conflicts, when the army needed every possible stimulus to exertion, Napoleon exposed himself, like a common soldier, at every point where danger appeared most imminent. On one of these occasions, a pioneer, perceiving the extreme peril in which the commander-in-chief had placed himself, abruptly and authoritatively exclaimed to him, "Stand aside!" Napoleon fixed his keen glance upon him, when the veteran, with a strong arm, thrust him away, saying, "If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?" and placed his own body before him. Napoleon appreciated the sterling value of the action, and uttered no reproof. After the battle, he ordered the pioneer to be sent to his presence. Placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder, he said, "My friend, your noble boldness claims my esteem. Your bravery demands a recompense. From this hour, an epaulet instead of a hatchet shall grace your shoulder." He was immediately raised to the rank of an officer.

The generals in the army were overawed by the genius and the magnanimity of their young commander. They fully appreciated his vast superiority, and approached him with restraint and reverence. The common soldiers, however, loved him as a father, and went to him freely with the familiarity of children. In one of those terrific battles, when the result had been long in suspense, just as the searching glance of Napoleon had detected a fault in the movements of the enemy, of which he was upon the point of taking the most prompt advantage, a private soldier, covered with the dust and the smoke of the battle, sprang from the ranks, and exclaimed, "General, send a squadron *there*, and the victory is ours." "You rogue!" rejoined Napoleon, "where did you get my secret?" In a few moments the Austrians were flying in dismay before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry. Immediately after the battle, Napoleon sent for the soldier who had displayed such military genius. He was found dead upon the field.

A bullet had pierced his brain. Had he lived, he would but have added another star to that brilliant galaxy with which the throne of Napoleon was embellished.

“Perhaps in that neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.”

The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, as was his custom, over the plain, covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie.

It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm, starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and the dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from the face and the hands, and howling most piteously.



THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and involuntarily stopped his horse to contemplate it. In relating the event many years afterward, he remarked, “I know not how it was, but no incident upon any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression upon my feelings. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades friends, and yet here he lies forsaken by all except his faithful dog. What a strange being is man! How mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which had decided the fate of armies. I had, with tearless eyes, beheld the execution of those orders in which thousands of my countrymen were slain.

And yet here my sympathies were most deeply and resistlessly moved by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly in that moment I should have been unable to refuse any request to a suppliant enemy."

Austria was still unsubdued. With a perseverance worthy of all admiration, had it been exercised in a better cause, the Austrian government still refused to make peace with republican France. The energies of the empire were aroused anew to raise a fourth army. England, contending against France wherever her navy or her troops could penetrate, was the soul of this warfare. She animated the cabinet of Vienna, and aided the Austrian armies with her strong co-operation and her gold. The *people* of England, republican in their tendencies, and hating the utter despotism of the old monarchy of France, were clamorous for peace. But the royal family, and the aristocracy in general, were extremely unwilling to come to any amicable terms with the nation which had been guilty of the crime of renouncing monarchy.

All the resources of the Austrian government were now devoted to recruiting and equipping a new army. With the wrecks of Wurmser's troops, with detachments from the Rhine, and fresh levies from the bold peasants of the Tyrol, in less than a month an army of nearly one hundred thousand men was assembled. The enthusiasm throughout Austria, in raising and animating these recruits, was so great, that the city of Vienna alone contributed four battalions. The empress, with her own hand, embroidered their colors, and presented them to the troops. All the noble ladies of the realm devoted their smiles and their aid to inspire the enterprise. About seventy-five thousand men were assembled in the gorges of the northern Tyrol, ready to press down upon Napoleon from the north, while the determined garrison of twenty-five thousand men, under the brave Wurmser, cooped up in Mantua, were ready to emerge at a moment's warning. Thus, in about three weeks, another army of one hundred thousand men was ready to fall upon Napoleon.

His situation now seemed absolutely desperate. The re-enforcements he had received from France had been barely sufficient to repair the losses sustained by disease and the sword. He had but thirty thousand men. His funds were all exhausted. His troops, notwithstanding they were in the midst of the most brilliant blaze of victories, had been compelled to strain every nerve of exertion. They were also suffering the severest privations, and began loudly to murmur. "Why," they exclaimed, "do we not receive succor from France? We can not alone contend against all Europe. We have already destroyed three armies, and now a fourth, still more numerous, is rising against us. Is there to be no end to these interminable battles?"

Napoleon was fully sensible of the peril of his position, and, while he allowed his troops a few weeks of repose, his energies were strained to their very utmost tension in preparing for the all but desperate encounter now before him. The friends and the enemies of Napoleon alike regarded his case as nearly hopeless. The Austrians had by this time learned that it was not safe to divide their forces in the presence of so vigilant a foe. Marching down upon his exhausted band with seventy-five thousand men to attack him in front, and with twenty-five thousand veteran troops, under

the brave Wurmser, to sally from the ramparts of Mantua and assail him in the rear, it seemed, to all reasonable calculation, that the doom of the French army was sealed. Napoleon, in the presence of his army, assumed an air of most perfect confidence, but he was fearfully apprehensive that, by the power of overwhelming numbers, his army would be destroyed.

The appeal which, under the circumstances, he wrote to the Directory for re-enforcements, is sublime in its dignity and its eloquence. "All of our superior officers, all of our best generals, are either dead or wounded. The army of Italy, reduced to a handful of men, is exhausted. The heroes of Millesimo, of Lodi, of Castiglione, of Bassano, have died for their country, or are in the hospitals. Nothing is left to the army but its glory and its courage. We are abandoned at the extremity of Italy. The brave men who are left me have no prospect but inevitable death amid changes so continual and with forces so inferior. Perhaps the hour of the brave Augereau, of the intrepid Massena, is about to strike. This consideration renders me cautious. I dare not brave death, when it would so certainly be the ruin of those who have been so long the object of my solicitude. The army has done its duty. I do mine. My conscience is at ease, but my soul is lacerated. I never have received a fourth part of the succors which the Minister of War has announced in his dispatches. My health is so broken, that I can with difficulty sit upon horseback. The enemy can now count our diminished ranks. Nothing is left me but courage; but that alone is not sufficient for the post which I occupy. Troops, or Italy is lost!"

Napoleon addressed his soldiers in a very different strain, endeavoring to animate their courage by concealing from them his anxieties. "We have but one more effort to make," said he, "and Italy is our own. True, the enemy is more numerous than we; but half his troops are recruits, who can never stand before the veterans of France. When Alvinzi is beaten, Mantua must fall, and our labors are at an end. Not only Italy, but a general peace, is to be gained by the capture of Mantua."

During the three weeks in which the Austrians were recruiting their army and the French were reposing around the walls of Mantua, Napoleon made the most herculean exertions to strengthen his position in Italy, and to disarm those states which were manifesting hostility against him. During this period, his labors as a statesman and a diplomatist were even more severe than his toils as a general. He allowed himself no stated time for food or repose, but day and night devoted himself incessantly to his work. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, in the impetuous speed with which he passed from place to place. He dictated innumerable communications to the Directory, respecting treaties of peace with Rome, Naples, Venice, Genoa. He despised the feeble Directory, with its shallow views, conscious that, unless wiser counsels than they proposed should prevail, the republic would be ruined. "So long," said he, "as your general shall not be the centre of all influence in Italy, every thing will go wrong. It would be easy to accuse me of ambition, but I am satiated with honor, and worn down with care. Peace with Naples is indispensable. You must conciliate Venice and Genoa. The influence of Rome is incalculable. You did wrong to break with that power. We must secure friends for the Italian army, both among kings and

people. The general in Italy must be the fountain-head of negotiation as well as of military operations." These were bold assumptions for a young man of twenty-seven. But Napoleon was conscious of his power. He now listened to the earnest entreaties of the people of the Duchy of Modena and of the Papal States of Bologna and Ferrara, and, in consequence of treachery on the part of the Duke of Modena and the Pope, emancipated those states, and constituted them into a united and independent republic. As the whole territory included under this new government extended south of the Po, Napoleon named it the Cispadane Republic, that is, the *This side of the Po* Republic. It contained about a million and a half of inhabitants, compactly gathered in one of the most rich, and fertile, and beautiful regions of the globe.

The joy and the enthusiasm of the people, thus blessed with a free government, surpassed all bounds. Wherever Napoleon appeared, he was greeted with every demonstration of affection. He assembled at Modena a convention, composed of lawyers, landed proprietors, and merchants, to organize the government. All leaned upon the mind of Napoleon, and he guided their counsels with the most consummate wisdom. Napoleon's abhorrence of the anarchy which had disgraced the Jacobin reign in France, and his reverence for law, were made very prominent on this occasion.

"Never forget," said he, in an address to the Assembly, "that laws are mere nullities without the necessary force to sustain them. Attend to your military organization, which you have the means of placing upon a respectable footing. You will then be more fortunate than the people of France; you will attain liberty without passing through the ordeal of revolution."

The Italians were an effeminate people, and quite unable to cope in arms with the French or the Austrians. Yet the new republic manifested its zeal and attachment for its youthful founder so strongly that, a detachment of Austrians having made a sally from Mantua, they immediately sprang to arms, took it prisoner, and conducted it in triumph to Napoleon. When the Austrians saw that Napoleon was endeavoring to make soldiers of the Italians, they ridiculed the idea, saying that they had tried the experiment in vain, and that it was not possible for an Italian to make a good soldier.

"Notwithstanding this," said Napoleon, "I raised many thousands of Italians who fought with a bravery equal to that of the French, and who did not desert me even in adversity. What was the cause? I abolished flogging. Instead of the lash, I introduced the stimulus of honor. Whatever debases a man can not be serviceable. What honor can a man possibly have who is flogged before his comrades? When a soldier has been debased by stripes, he cares little for his own reputation or for the honor of his country. After an action, I assembled the officers and soldiers, and inquired who had proved themselves heroes. Such of them as were able to read and write, I promoted. Those who were not, I ordered to study five hours a day, until they had learned a sufficiency, and then promoted them. Thus I substituted honor and emulation for terror and the lash."

He bound the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Tuscany to him by ties of friendship. He cheered the inhabitants of Lombardy with the hope that, as soon as extricated from his present embarrassments, he would do some-

thing for the promotion of their independence. Thus, with the skill of a veteran diplomatist, he raised around him friendly governments, and availed himself of all the resources of politics, to make amends for the inefficiency of the Directory. Never was a man placed in a situation where more delicacy of tact was necessary. The Republican party in all the Italian States were clamorous for the support of Napoleon, and waited but his permission to raise the standard of revolt. Had the slightest encouragement been given, the whole peninsula would have plunged into the horrors of civil war, and the awful scenes which had been enacted in Paris would have been re-enacted in every city in Italy. The aristocratic party would have been roused to desperation, and the situation of Napoleon would have been still more precarious.

It required consummate genius as a statesman, and moral courage of the highest order, to wield such opposing influences. But the greatness of Napoleon shone forth even more brilliantly in the cabinet than in the field. The course which he had pursued had made him extremely popular with the Italians. They regarded him as their countryman. They were proud of his fame. He was driving from their territory the haughty Austrians, whom they hated. He was the enemy of despots, the friend of the people. Their own beautiful language was his mother tongue. He was familiar with their manners and customs, and they felt flattered by his high appreciation of their literature and arts.

Napoleon, in the midst of these stormy scenes, also dispatched an armament from Leghorn, to wrest his native island of Corsica from the dominion of the English. Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to the fact that Napoleon never manifested any special attachment for the obscure island of his birth, beautifully says, "He was like the young lion, who, while he is scattering the herds and destroying the hunters, thinks little of the forest cave in which he first saw the light."

But at St. Helena Napoleon said, and few will read his remarks without emotion, "What recollections of childhood crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied with political subjects, or with the insults of my jailer upon this rock! I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. It seems to me always, in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world, with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, in our old house at Ajaccio. You, Montholon, remember its beautiful situation. You have often despoiled it of its finest bunches of grapes, when you ran off with Pauline to satisfy your childish appetite. Happy hours! The natal soil has infinite charms. Memory embellishes it with all its attractions, even to the very odor of the ground, which one can so realize to the senses, as to be able, with the eyes shut, to tell the spot first trodden by the foot of childhood. I still remember with emotion the most minute details of a journey in which I accompanied Paoli. More than five hundred of us, young persons of the first families in the island, formed his guard of honor. I felt proud of walking by his side, and he appeared to take pleasure in pointing out to me, with paternal affection, the passes of our mountains which had been witnesses of the heroic struggle of our coun-

trymen for independence. The impression made upon me still vibrates in my heart.

"Come, place your hand," said he to Montholon, "upon my bosom! See how it beats!" "And it was true," Montholon remarks; "his heart did beat with such rapidity as would have excited my astonishment, had I not been acquainted with his organization, and with the kind of electric commotion which his thoughts communicated to his whole being." "It is like the sound of a church bell," continued Napoleon. "There is none upon this rock. I am no longer accustomed to hear it. But the tones of a bell never fall upon my ear without awakening within me the emotions of childhood. The Angelus bell transported me back to pensive yet pleasant memories, when, in the midst of earnest thoughts, and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sounds under the shady woods of St. Cloud; and often have I been supposed to have been revolving the plan of a campaign or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly absorbed in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth. Religion is, in fact, the dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity! What a power would it still have, did its ministers comprehend their mission!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTURE OF MANTUA.

Napoleon at Verona—Rebuke of Vaubois' Division—The intercepted Messenger—The Storm of the Elements and of War—The Retreat—Battle of Arcola—Devotion of Napoleon's Generals—Letter to the Widow of Muiron—The Miniature—Message to the Pope—Madame De Staël—Napoleon's Frugality—Threat of Alvinzi, and Retort of Napoleon—Rivoli—The Capitulation—Napoleon's Delicacy toward Wurmser—The Papal States humbled—The Image at Loretto—Prince Pignatelli—Terror of Pius VI.—Singular Moderation of the Conqueror.

EARLY in November the Austrians commenced their march. The cold winds of winter were sweeping through the defiles of the Tyrol, and the summits of the mountains were white with snow; but it was impossible to postpone operations; for, unless Wurmser were immediately relieved, Mantua must fall, and with it would fall all hopes of Austrian dominion in Italy. The hardy old soldier had killed all his horses, and salted them down for provisions; but even that coarse fare was nearly exhausted, and he had succeeded in sending word to Alvinzi that he could not possibly hold out more than six weeks longer.

Napoleon, the moment he heard that the Austrians were on the move, hastened to the head-quarters of the army at Verona. He had stationed General Vaubois, with twelve thousand men, a few miles north of Trent, in a narrow defile among the mountains, to watch the Austrians, and to arrest their first advances. Vaubois and his division, overwhelmed by numbers, retreated, and thus vastly magnified the power of the army. The moment Napoleon received the disastrous intelligence, he hastened, with such troops as he could collect, like the sweep of the wind, to rally the retreating forces,

and check the progress of the enemy. And here he signally displayed that thorough knowledge of human nature, which enabled him so effectually to control and to inspire his army. Deeming it necessary, in the peril which then surrounded him, that every man should be a hero, and that every regiment should be nerved by the determination to conquer or to die, he resolved to make a severe example of those whose panic had proved so nearly fatal to the army. Like a whirlwind, surrounded by his staff, he swept into the camp, and ordered immediately the troops to be collected in a circle around him. He sat upon his horse, and every eye was fixed upon the pale, wan, and wasted features of their young and adored general. With a stern and saddened voice he exclaimed, "Soldiers! I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers! Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, '*They are no longer of the army of Italy.*'"

The influence of these words upon those impassioned men, proud of their renown and proud of their leader, was almost inconceivable. The terrible rebuke fell upon them like a thunder-bolt. Tears trickled down the cheeks of these battered veterans. Many of them actually groaned aloud in their anguish. The laws of discipline could not restrain the grief which burst from their ranks. They broke their array, crowded around the general, exclaiming, "We have been misrepresented; the enemy were three to our one; try us once more; place us in the post of danger, and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy!"

Napoleon relented, and spoke kindly to them, promising to afford them an early opportunity to retrieve their reputation. In the next battle he placed them in the van. Contending against fearful odds, they accomplished all that mortal valor could accomplish, rolling back upon the Austrians the tide of victory. Such was the discipline of Napoleon. He needed no blood-stained lash to scar the naked backs of his men. He ruled over mind. His empire was in the soul. "My soldiers," said he, "are my children." The effect of this rebuke was incalculable. There was not an officer or a soldier in the army who was not moved by it. It came exactly at the right moment, when it was necessary that every man in the army should be inspired with absolute desperation of valor.

Alvinzi sent a peasant across the country to carry dispatches to Wurmser in the beleaguered city. The information of approaching relief was written upon very thin paper, in a minute hand, and inclosed in a ball of wax, not much larger than a pea. The spy was intercepted. He was seen to swallow the ball. The stomach was compelled to surrender its trust, and Napoleon became acquainted with Alvinzi's plan of operation. He left ten thousand men around the walls of Mantua to continue the blockade, and assembled the rest of his army, consisting only of fifteen thousand, in the vicinity of Verona. The whole valley of the Adige was now swarming with the Austrian battalions. At night the wide horizon seemed illuminated with the blaze of their camp-fires. The Austrians, conscious of their vast superiority in numbers, were hastening to envelop the French. Already forty thousand men were circling around the little band of fifteen thousand who were rallied under the eagles of France.

The Austrians, wary in consequence of their past defeats, moved with the utmost caution, taking possession of the most commanding positions. Napoleon, with sleepless vigilance, watched for some exposed point, but in vain. The soldiers understood the true posture of affairs, and began to feel disheartened, for their situation was apparently desperate. The peril of the army was so great, that even the sick and the wounded in the hospitals at Milan, Pavia, and Lodi voluntarily left their beds, and hastened, emaciated with suffering, and many of them with their wounds still bleeding, to resume their station in the ranks. The soldiers were deeply moved by this affecting spectacle, so indicative of their fearful peril, and of the devotion of their comrades to the interests of the army. Napoleon resolved to give battle immediately, before the Austrians should accumulate in still greater numbers.

A dark, cold winter's storm was deluging the ground with rain as Napoleon roused his troops from the drenched sods upon which they were slumbering. The morning had not yet dawned through the surecharged clouds, and the freezing wind, like a tornado, swept the bleak hills. It was an awful hour in which to go forth to encounter mutilation and death. The enterprise was desperate. Fifteen thousand Frenchmen, with phrensyed violence, were to hurl themselves upon the serried ranks of forty thousand foes. The horrid carnage soon began. The roar of the battle, the shout of onset, and the shriek of the dying, mingled, in midnight gloom, with the appalling rush and wail of the tempest. The ground was so saturated with rain, that it was almost impossible for the French to drag their cannon through the miry ruts. As the darkness of night passed, and the dismal light of a stormy day was spread around them, the rain changed to snow, and the struggling French were smothered and blinded by the storm of sleet whirled furiously into their faces. Through the livelong day this terrific battle of man and of the elements raged unabated. When night came, the exhausted soldiers, drenched with rain and benumbed with cold, threw themselves upon the blood-stained snow in the midst of the dying and of the dead. Neither party claimed the victory, and neither acknowledged defeat.

No pen can describe, nor can imagination conceive, the horrors of the dark and wailing night of storm and sleet which ensued. Through the long hours the groans of the wounded, scattered over many miles swept by the battle, blended in mournful unison with the wailings of the tempest. Two thousand of Napoleon's little band were left dead upon the field, and a still larger number of Austrian corpses were covered with the winding-sheet of snow. Many a blood-stained drift indicated the long and agonizing struggle of the wounded ere the motionlessness of death consummated the dreadful tragedy. It is hard to die even in the curtained chambers of our beiled houses, with sympathizing friends administering every possible alleviation. Cold must have been those pillows of snow, and unspeakably dreadful the solitude of those death-scenes, on the bleak hillsides and in the muddy ravines, where thousands of the young, the hopeful, the sanguine, in horrid mutilation, struggled through the long hours of the tempestuous night in the agonies of dissolution. Many of these young men were from the first families in Austria and in France, and had been accustomed to every indulgence. Far from mother, sister, brother, drenched with rain, covered with the drifting snow, alone—

all alone with the midnight darkness and the storm—they writhed and moaned through lingering hours of agony.

The Austrian forces still were accumulating, and the next day Napoleon retired within the walls of Verona. It was the first time he had seemed to retreat before his foes. His star began to wane. The soldiers were silent and dejected. An ignominious retreat, after all their victories, or a still more ignominious surrender to the Austrians, appeared their only alternative. Night again came. The storm had passed away. The moon rose clear and cold over the frozen hills. Suddenly the order was proclaimed, in the early darkness, for the whole army, in silence and celerity, to be upon the march. Grief sat upon every countenance. The western gates of the city, looking toward France, were thrown open. The rumbling of the artillery wheels and the sullen tramp of the dejected soldiers fell heavily upon the night air. Not a word was spoken. Rapidly the army emerged from the gates, crossed the river, and pressed along the road toward France, leaving their foes slumbering behind them, unconscious of their flight.

The depression of the soldiers, thus compelled at last, as they supposed, to retreat, was extreme. Suddenly, and to the perplexity of all, Napoleon wheeled his columns into another road, which followed down the valley of the Adige. No one could imagine whither he was leading them. He hastened along the banks of the river, in most rapid march, about fourteen miles, and, just at midnight, recrossed the stream, and came upon the rear of the Austrian army. Here the soldiers found a vast morass, many miles in extent, traversed by several narrow causeways. In these immense marshes, superiority in number was of little avail, as the heads of the columns only could meet. The plan of Napoleon instantly flashed upon the minds of the intelligent French soldiers. They appreciated at once the advantage he had thus skillfully secured for them. Shouts of joy ran through the ranks. Their previous dejection was succeeded by corresponding elation.

It was midnight. Far and wide along the horizon blazed the fires of the Austrian camps, while the French were in utter darkness. Napoleon, emaciated with care and toil, and silent in intensity of thought, as calm and unperturbed as the clear, cold, serene winter's night, stood upon an eminence, observing the position, and estimating the strength of his foes. He had but thirteen thousand troops. Forty thousand Austrians, crowding the hillsides with their vast array, were maneuvering to envelop and to crush him. But now indescribable enthusiasm animated the French army. They no longer doubted of their success. Every man felt confident that the *Little Corporal* was leading them again to a glorious victory.

In the centre of these wide-spreading morasses was the village of Arcola, approached only by narrow dikes, and protected by a stream crossed by a small wooden bridge. A strong division of the Austrian army was stationed here. It was of the first importance that this position should be taken from the enemy. Before the break of day, the solid columns of Napoleon were moving along the narrow passages, and the fierce strife commenced. The soldiers, with loud shouts, rushed upon the bridge. In an instant the whole head of the column was swept away by a volcanic burst of fire. Napoleon sprung from his horse, seized a standard, and shouted, "Conquerors of Lodi,

follow your general!" He rushed at the head of the column, leading his impetuous troops through a hurricane of balls and bullets, till he arrived at the centre of the bridge.

Here the tempest of fire was so dreadful that all were thrown into confusion. Clouds of smoke enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness. The soldiers recoiled, and, trampling over the dead and dying in wild disorder, retreated. The tall grenadiers seized the fragile and wasted form of Napoleon in their arms as if he had been a child, and, regardless of their own danger, dragged him from the mouth of this terrible battery. But in the tumult they were forced over the dike, and Napoleon was plunged into the morass, and was left almost smothered in the mire. The Austrians were already between Napoleon and his column, when the anxious soldiers perceived, in the midst of the darkness and the tumult, that their beloved chief was missing. The wild cry arose, "Forward to save your general!" Every heart thrilled at this cry. The whole column instantly turned, and, regardless of death, inspired by love for their general, rushed impetuously, irresistibly upon the bridge. Napoleon was extricated, and Arcola was taken.

As soon as the morning dawned, Alvinzi perceived that Verona was evacuated, and in astonishment he heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns reverberating over the marshes which surrounded Arcola. He feared the genius



THE MARSHES OF ARCOLA.

of his adversary, and his whole army was immediatly in motion. All day long the battle raged on those narrow causeways, the heads of the columns rushing against each other with indescribable fury, and the dead and the dying filling the morass. The terrible rebuke which had been inflicted upon the division of Vaubois still rung in the ears of the French troops, and every officer and every man resolved to prove that *he* belonged to the army of Italy. Said Augereau, as he rushed into the mouth of a perfect volcano of flame and fire, "Napoleon may break my sword over my dead body, but he

shall never cashier *me* in the presence of my troops." Napoleon was every where, exposed to every danger, now struggling through the dead and the dying on foot, heading the impetuous charge, now galloping over the dikes, with the balls from the Austrian batteries plowing the ground around him. Wherever his voice was heard and his eye fell, tenfold enthusiasm inspired his men. Lannes, though severely wounded, had hastened from the hospital at Milan to aid the army in this terrible emergency. He received three wounds in endeavoring to protect Napoleon, and never left his side till the battle was closed.

Muiron, another of those gallant spirits, bound to Napoleon by those mysterious ties of affection which this strange man inspired, seeing a bomb-shell about to explode, threw himself between it and Napoleon, saving the life of his beloved general by the sacrifice of his own. The darkness of night separated the combatants for a few hours, but before the dawn of the morning, the murderous assault was renewed, and continued with unabated violence through the whole ensuing day. The French veterans charged with the bayonet, and hurled the Austrians with prodigious slaughter into the marsh. Another night came and went. The gray light of another cold winter's morning appeared faintly in the east, when the soldiers sprang again from their freezing, marshy beds, and, in the dense clouds of vapor and of smoke which had settled down over the morass, with the fury of blood-hounds rushed again to the assault. In the midst of this terrible conflict, a cannon-ball fearfully mangled the horse upon which Napoleon was riding. The powerful animal, frantic with pain and terror, became perfectly unmanageable. Seizing the bit in his teeth, he rushed through the storm of bullets directly into the midst of the Austrian ranks. He then, in the agonies of death, plunged into the morass and expired. Napoleon was left struggling in the swamp, up to his neck in the mire. Being perfectly helpless; he was expecting every moment either to sink and disappear in that inglorious grave, or that some Austrian dragoon would sabre his head from his body, or with a bullet pierce his brain.

Enveloped in clouds of smoke, in the midst of the dismay and the uproar of the terrific scene, he chanced to evade observation until his own troops, regardless of every peril, forced their way to his rescue. Napoleon escaped with but a few slight wounds. Through the long day the tide of war continued to ebb and flow upon these narrow dikes. Napoleon now carefully counted the number of prisoners taken, and estimated the amount of the slain. Computing thus that the enemy did not outnumber him by more than a third, he resolved to march out into the open plain for a decisive conflict. He relied upon the enthusiasm and the confidence of his own troops, and the dejection with which he knew that the Austrians were oppressed. In these impassable morasses it was impossible to operate with the cavalry. Three days of this terrible conflict had now passed. In the horrible carnage of these days, Napoleon had lost eight thousand men, and he estimated that the Austrians could not have lost less, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, than twenty thousand. Both armies were utterly exhausted, and those hours of dejection and lassitude had ensued in which every one wished that the battle was at an end.

It was midnight. Napoleon, sleepless and fasting, seemed insensible to exhaustion either of body or of mind. He galloped along the dikes from post to post, with his whole soul engrossed with preparations for the renewal of the conflict. Now he checked his horse to speak in tones of consolation to a wounded soldier, and again, by a few words of kind encouragement, animated an exhausted sentinel. At two o'clock in the morning, the whole army, with the ranks sadly thinned, was again roused and ranged in battle array. It was a cold, damp morning, and the weary and half-famished soldiers shivered in their lines. A dense, oppressive fog covered the flooded marsh, and added to the gloom of the night. Napoleon ordered fifty of the guards to struggle with their horses through the swamp, and conceal themselves in the rear of the enemy. With incredible difficulty, most of them succeeded in accomplishing this object. Each dragoon had a trumpet.

Napoleon commenced a furious attack along the whole Austrian front. When the fire was the hottest, at an appointed signal, the mounted guards sounded with their trumpets loudly the charge, and with perfect desperation plunged into the ranks of the enemy. The Austrians, in the darkness and confusion of the night, supposing that Murat,* with his whole body of cavalry, was thundering down upon their rear, in dismay broke and fled. With demoniacal energy, the French troops pursued the victory, and before that day's sun went down, the proud army of Alvinzi, now utterly routed, and having lost nearly thirty thousand men, marking its path with a trail of blood, was retreating into the mountains of Austria. Napoleon, with streaming banners and exultant music, marched triumphantly back into Verona by the eastern gates, directly opposite those from which, three days before, he had emerged. He was received by the inhabitants with the utmost enthusiasm and astonishment. Even the enemies of Napoleon so greatly admired the heroism and the genius of this wonderful achievement, that they added their applause to that of his friends. This was the fourth Austrian army which Napoleon had overthrown in less than eight months, and each of them more than twice as numerous as his own. In Napoleon's dispatches to the Directory, as usual silent concerning himself, and magnanimously attributing the victory to the heroism of the troops, he says, "Never was a field of battle more valiantly disputed than the conflict at Arcola. I have scarcely any generals left. Their bravery and their patriotic enthusiasm are without example."

In the midst of all these cares, he found time to write a letter of sympathy to the widow of the brave Muiron. "You," he writes, "have lost a husband who was dear to you, and I am bereft of a friend to whom I have been long and sincerely attached; but our country has suffered more than us both, in being deprived of an officer so pre-eminently distinguished for his talents and dauntless bravery. If it lies within the scope of my ability to yield assistance to yourself or your infant, I beseech you to reckon upon my utmost exertions."

* Joachim Murat subsequently married Caroline, the youngest sister of Napoleon, and became Marshal of France, and finally King of Sicily. After the fall of Napoleon, he lost his throne, and was shot by command of the King of Naples. "Murat," said Napoleon, "was one of the most brilliant men I ever saw upon a field of battle. It was really a magnificent spectacle to see him heading the cavalry in a charge."

It is affecting to record, that in a few weeks the woe-stricken widow gave birth to a lifeless babe, and she and her little one sank into an untimely grave together. The woes of war extend far and wide beyond the blood-stained field of battle. Twenty thousand men perished around the marshes of Arcola; and after the thunders of the strife had ceased, and the groans of the dying were hushed in death, in twenty thousand distant homes, far away on the plains of France, or in the peaceful glens of Austria, the agony of that field of blood was renewed as the tidings reached them, and a wail burst forth from crushed and lacerated hearts, which might almost have drowned the roar of that deadly strife.

How Napoleon could have found time, in the midst of such terrific scenes, for the delicate attentions of friendship, it is difficult to conceive. Yet to a stranger he wrote, announcing the death of a nephew, in the following affecting terms: "He fell with glory and in the face of the enemy, without suffering a moment of pain. Where is the man who would not envy such a death? Who would not gladly accept the choice of thus escaping from the vicissitudes of an unsatisfying world? Who has not often regretted that he has not been thus withdrawn from the calumny, the envy, and all the odious passions which seem the almost exclusive directors of the conduct of mankind?" It was in this pensive strain that Napoleon wrote, when a young man of twenty-seven, and in the midst of a series of the most brilliant victories which mortal man had ever achieved.

The moment the Austrians broke and fled, while the thunders of the pursuing cannonade were reverberating over the plains, Napoleon seized a pen, and wrote to his faithful Josephine with that impetuous energy in which "sentences were crowded into words, and words into letters." The courier was dispatched, at the top of his speed, with the following lines, which Josephine with no little difficulty deciphered. She deemed them worth the study.

"My adored Josephine! at length I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honor are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten. Soon Mantua will be ours. Then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affection. I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. Should your heart grow cold toward me, you will be indeed cruel and unjust. But I am sure that you will always continue my faithful friend, as I shall ever continue your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which love, sentiment, and sympathy have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses."

A vein of superstition pervaded the mind of this extraordinary man. He felt that he was the child of destiny—that he was led by an arm more powerful than his own, and that an unseen guide was conducting him along his perilous and bewildering pathway. He regarded life as of little value, and contemplated death without any dread. "I am," said he, "the creature of circumstances. I do but go where events point out the way. I do not give myself any uneasiness about death. When a man's time is come, he must go." "Are you a Predestinarian?" inquired O'Meara. "As much so," Napoleon replied, "as the Turks are. I have been always so. When destiny

wills, it must be obeyed. I will relate an example. At the siege of Toulon I observed an officer very careful of himself, instead of exhibiting an example of courage to animate his men. 'Mr. Officer,' said I, 'come out and observe the effect of your shot. You know not whether your guns are well pointed or not.' Very reluctantly he came outside of the parapet, to the place where I was standing. Wishing to expose as little of his body as possible, he stooped down, and partially sheltered himself behind the parapet, and looked under my arm. Just then a shot came close to me, and low down, which knocked him to pieces. Now if this man had stood upright, he would have been safe, as the ball would have passed between us without hurting either."

Maria Louisa, upon her marriage with Napoleon, was greatly surprised to find that no sentinels slept at the door of his chamber; that the doors even were not locked; and that there were no guns or pistols in the room where they slept. "Why," said she, "you do not take half so many precautions as my father does." "I am too much of a Fatalist," he replied, "to take any precautions against assassination." O'Meara, at St. Helena, at one time urged him to take some medicine. He declined, and calmly raising his eyes to heaven, said, "That which is written is written. Our days are numbered." Strange and inconsistent as it may seem, there is a form which the doctrine of Predestination assumes in the human mind, which arouses one to an intensity of exertion which nothing else could inspire. Napoleon felt that he was destined to the most exalted achievements. Therefore he consecrated himself, through days of toil and nights of sleeplessness, to the most herculean exertions that he might work out his destiny. This sentiment, which inspired Napoleon as a philosopher, animated Calvin as a Christian. Instead of cutting the sinews of exertion, as many persons would suppose it must, it did but strain those sinews to their utmost tension.

Napoleon had obtained, at the time of his marriage, an exquisite miniature of Josephine. This, in his romantic attachment, he had suspended by a ribbon about his neck, and the cheek of Josephine ever rested upon the pulsations of his heart. Though living in the midst of the most exciting tumults earth has ever witnessed, his pensive and reflective mind was solitary and alone. The miniature of Josephine was his companion, and often during the march, and in the midnight bivouac, he gazed upon it most fondly.

"By what art is it," he once passionately wrote, "that you, my sweet love, have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my mortal existence? It is a magic influence, which will terminate only with my life. My adorable wife! I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. There was a time when I was proud of my courage; when, contemplating the various evils to which we are exposed, I could fix my eyes steadfastly upon every conceivable calamity without alarm or dread. But now the idea that Josephine may be ill, and, above all, the cruel thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, and leaves me not even the courage of despair. Formerly I said to myself, Man can not hurt him who can die without regret. But now to die without being loved by Josephine is torment. My incomparable companion! thou whom Fate has destined to make, along with me, the painful

journey of life ! the day on which I cease to possess thy heart will be to me the day of utter desolation."

On one occasion the glass covering the miniature was found to be broken. Napoleon considered the accident a fearful omen of calamity to the beloved original. He was so oppressed with this presentiment, that a courier was immediately dispatched to bring him tidings from Josephine.

It is not surprising that Napoleon should thus have won in the heart of Josephine the most enthusiastic love. "He is," said she, "the most fascinating of men."

"It is impossible," wrote the Duchess of Abrantes, "to describe the charm of Napoleon's countenance when he smiled. His soul was upon his lips and in his eyes."

"I never," said the Emperor Alexander, "loved any man as I did that man."

"I have known," says the Duke of Vicenza, "nearly all the crowned heads of the present day—all our illustrious contemporaries. I have lived with several of those great historical characters on a footing quite distinct from my diplomatic duties. I have had every opportunity of comparing and judging ; but it is impossible to institute any comparison between Napoleon and any other man. They who say otherwise did not know him."

"Napoleon," says Duroc, "is endowed with a variety of faculties, any one of which would suffice to distinguish a man from the multitude. He is the greatest captain of the age. He is a statesman who directs the whole business of the country, and superintends every branch of the service. He is a sovereign whose ministers are merely his clerks. And yet this Colossus of gigantic proportions can descend to the most trivial details of private life. He can regulate the expenditure of his household as he regulates the finances of the empire."

Notwithstanding Napoleon had now destroyed four Austrian armies, the imperial court was still unsubdued, and still pertinaciously refused to make peace with Republican France. Herculean efforts were immediately made to organize a fifth army to march again upon Napoleon. These exciting scenes kept all Italy in a state of extreme fermentation. Every day the separation between the aristocratic and the Republican party became more marked and rancorous. Austria and England exerted all their arts of diplomacy to arouse the aristocratic governments of Rome, Venice, and Naples to assail Napoleon in the rear, and thus to crush that spirit of republican liberty so rapidly spreading through Italy, and which threatened the speedy overthrow of all their thrones. Napoleon, in self-defense, was compelled to call to his aid the sympathies of the Republican party, and to encourage their ardent aspirations for free government.

And here, again, the candid mind is compelled to pause, and almost to yield its assent to that doctrine of destiny which had obtained so strong a hold upon the mind of Napoleon. How could it be expected that those monarchs, with their thrones, their wealth, their pride, their power, their education, their habits, should have submissively relinquished their exalted inheritance, and have made an unconditional surrender to triumphant democracy. Kings, nobles, priests, and all the millions whose rank and property were suspended upon the perpetuity of those old monarchies, could by no possibility have

been led to such a measure. Unquestionably, many were convinced that the interests of humanity demanded the support of the established governments. They had witnessed the accomplishments of democracy in France—a phren-sied mob sacking the palace, dragging the royal family, through every conceivable insult, to dungeons and a bloody death, burning the chateaus of the nobles, braining upon the pavements, with gory clubs, the most venerable in rank and the most austere in virtue ; dancing in brutal orgies around the dis-severed heads of the most illustrious and lovely ladies of the realm, and dragging their dismembered limbs in derision through the streets. Priests crowded the churches, praying to God to save them from the horrors of democracy. Matrons and maidens trembled in their chambers as they wrought with their own hands the banners of royalty, and with moistened eyes and palpitating hearts they presented them to their defenders.

On the other hand, how could Republican France tamely succumb to her proud and aristocratic enemies ? “Kings,” said a princess of the house of Austria, “should no more regard the murmurs of the people than does the moon the barking of dogs.” How could the triumphant millions of France, who had just overthrown this intolerable despotism, and whose hearts were glowing with aspirations for liberty and equal rights, yield without a struggle all they had attained at such an enormous expense of blood and misery. They turned their eyes hopefully to the United States, where our own Washington and their own La Fayette had fought side by side, and had established liberty gloriously ; and they could not again voluntarily place their necks beneath the yoke of kingly domination. Despotism engenders ignorance and cruelty ; and despotism did but reap the awful harvest of blood and woe, of which, during countless ages of oppression, it had been scattering broadcast the seed.

The enfranchised people could not allow the allied monarchs of Europe to rear again, upon the soil of Republican France, and in the midst of thirty millions of freemen, an execrated and banished dynasty. This was not a warfare of republican angels against aristocratic fiends, or of refined, benevolent, intellectual Loyalists against rancorous, reckless, vulgar Jacobins. It was a warfare of frail and erring man against his fellow—many, both Monarchists and Republicans, perhaps animated by motives as corrupt as can influence the human heart. But it can not be doubted that there were others on each side who were influenced by considerations as pure as can glow in the bosom of humanity.

Napoleon recognized and respected these verities. While he had no scruples respecting his own duty to defend his country from the assaults of the allied kings, he candidly respected his opponents. Frankly he said, “Had I been surrounded by the influences which have environed these gentlemen, I should doubtless have been fighting beneath their banners.”

There is probably not a reader of these pages who, had he been an English or an Austrian noble, would not have fought those battles of the monarchy, upon which his fortune, his power, and his rank were suspended ; and there probably is not a noble upon the banks of the Danube or the Thames, who, had he been a young lawyer, merchant, or artisan, with all his prospects in life depending upon his own merit and exertions, would not have strained

every nerve to hew down those bulwarks of exclusive privileges which the pride and oppression of ages had reared. Such is man, and such his melancholy lot. We would not detract from the wickedness of these wars, deluging Europe with blood and woe; but God alone can award the guilt. We would not conceal that all our sympathies are with the Republicans struggling for their unquestionable rights; but we may also refrain from casting unmerited obloquy upon those who were likewise struggling for every thing dear to them in life.

The Directory, trembling in view of the vast renown Napoleon was acquiring, and not at all relishing the idea of having the direction of affairs thus unceremoniously taken from their hands, sent General Clarke, as an envoy, to Napoleon's head-quarters, to conduct negotiations with the Austrians. Napoleon received him with great external courtesy, but, that there might be no embarrassing misunderstanding between them, informed him in so many words, "If you come here to obey me, I shall always see you with pleasure; if not, the sooner you return to those who sent you, the better." The proud envoy yielded at once to the master-mind, and so completely was he brought under the influence of its strange fascination, that he became a most enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and wrote to the Directory, "It is indispensable that the general-in-chief should conduct all the diplomatic operations in Italy."

While Alvinzi had been preparing his overwhelming host to crush Napoleon, the Pope also, in secret alliance, had been collecting his resources to attack the common foe. It was an act of treachery. Napoleon called Mattei from his fastings and penance in the convent, and commissioned him to go and say to the Pope: "Rome desires war. It shall have war. But first I owe it to humanity to make a final effort to recall the Pope to reason. My army is strong; I have but to will it, and the temporal power of the Pope is destroyed. Still, France permits me to listen to words of peace. War, so cruel for all, has terrible results for the vanquished. I am anxious to close this struggle by peace. War has for me now neither danger nor glory."

The Pope, however, believing that Austria would still crush Napoleon, met these menaces with defiance. Napoleon, conscious that he could not then march upon Rome, devoted all his energies to prepare for the onset of the Austrians, while he kept a vigilant eye upon his enemies in the south. Some he overawed. Others, by a change of government, he transformed into fast friends. Four weeks passed rapidly away, and another vast Austrian army was crowding down from the north with gigantic steps to relieve Mantua, now in the last stage of starvation. Wurmser had succeeded in sending a spy through the French lines, conveying the message to Alvinzi that, unless relieved, he could not possibly hold out many days longer.

Josephine had now come, at Napoleon's request, to reside at the headquarters of the army, that she might be near her husband. Napoleon had received her with the most tender affection, and his exhausted frame was reinvigorated by her soothing cares. He had no tendencies to gallantry, which provoked Madame de Staël once to remark to him, "It is reported that you are not very partial to the ladies." "I am very fond of my wife, Madame," was his laconic reply. Napoleon had not a high appreciation of the female

character in general, and yet he highly valued the humanizing and refining influence of polished female society.

"The English," said he, "appear to prefer the bottle to the society of their ladies; as is exemplified by dismissing the ladies from the table, and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate themselves. Were I in England, I should certainly leave the table with the ladies. You do not treat them with sufficient regard. If your object is to converse instead of to drink, why not allow them to be present. Surely, conversation is never so lively or so witty as when ladies take a part in it. Were I an English woman, I should feel very discontented at being turned out by the men, to wait for two or three hours while they were guzzling their wine. In France, society is nothing unless ladies are present. They are the life of conversation."

At one time Josephine was defending her sex from some remarks which he had made respecting their frivolity and insincerity. "Ah! my dear Josephine," he replied, "they are all nothing compared with you."

Notwithstanding the boundless wealth at Napoleon's disposal, when Josephine arrived at the head-quarters of the army, he lived in a very simple and frugal manner. Though many of his generals were rolling in voluptuousness, he indulged himself in no ostentation in dress or equipage. The only relaxation he sought was to spend an occasional hour in the society of Josephine. In the midst of the movements of these formidable armies, and just before a decisive battle, it was necessary that she should take her departure to a place of greater safety. As she was bidding her husband adieu, a cart passed by loaded with the mutilated forms of the wounded. The awful spectacle, and the consciousness of the terrible peril of her husband, moved her tender feelings. She threw herself upon his neck and wept most bitterly. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, and said, "Wurmser shall pay dearly for those tears which he causes thee to shed." Napoleon's appearance at this time was deplorable in the extreme. His cheeks were pallid and wan. He was as thin as a skeleton. His bright and burning eye alone indicated that the fire of his soul was unextinguished. The glowing energies of his mind sustained his emaciated and exhausted body. The soldiers took pleasure in contrasting his mighty genius and his world-wide renown, with his effeminate stature and his wasted and enfeebled frame.

In allusion to the wonderful tranquillity of mind which Napoleon retained in the midst of his harassments, disasters, and perils, he remarked, "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along."

Early in January, Alvinzi descended toward Mantua from the mountains of Austria. It was the fifth army which the Imperial Court had sent for the destruction of the Republicans. The Tyrol was in the hands of the French. Napoleon, to prevent the peasants from rising in guerrilla bands, issued a decree that every Tyrolese taken in arms should be shot as a brigand. Alvinzi replied, that for every peasant shot he would hang a French prisoner of war. Napoleon rejoined, that for every French prisoner thus slain he would gibbet an Austrian officer, commencing with Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his hands. A little reflection taught both generals that it was not best to

add to the inevitable horrors of war by the execution of these sanguinary threats. With the utmost vigilance, Napoleon, with his army gathered around him in the vicinity of Mantua, was watching the movements of his formidable enemy, uncertain respecting his line of march, or upon what points the terrible onset was to fall.

The 12th of January, 1797, was a dark, stormy winter's day. The sleet, swept by the gale over the bleak mountains, covered the earth with an icy mantle. The swollen streams, clogged with ice, roared through the ravines. As the sun went down, a clear belt of cloudless sky appeared brilliant in the west. The storm passed away. The cold north wind blew furiously, and the stars, with unwonted lustre, adorned the wintry night. As the twilight was fading, a courier galloped into the camp with the intelligence that the Austrians had made their appearance in vast numbers upon the plains of Rivoli, and that they were attacking with great fury the advanced post of the French stationed there. At the same time, another courier arrived, informing him that a powerful division of the Austrian army was moving in another direction, to carry relief to Mantua. It was a fearful dilemma.

Should Napoleon wait for these two armies to form a junction and to assail him in front, while the garrison of Mantua, emerging from the walls, should attack him in the rear, his situation would be hopeless. Should he march to attack one army, he must leave the road open for the other to enter Mantua with re-enforcements and relief. But Napoleon lost not one moment in deliberation. Instinctively he decided upon the only course to be pursued. "The French," said the Austrians, "do not march; they fly." With a rapidity of movement which seems almost miraculous, before two o'clock in the morning, Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, stood upon the snow-clad heights overlooking the encampment of his sleeping foes. It was a sublime and an appalling spectacle which burst upon his view. For miles and miles the watch-fires of the mighty host filled the extended plain. The night was clear, cold, and beautiful. Gloomy firs and pines frowned along the sides of the mountains, silvered by the rays of an unclouded moon. The keen eye of Napoleon instantly detected that there were fifty thousand men, in five divisions of ten thousand each, whom he, with thirty thousand, was to encounter upon that plain. He also correctly judged, from the position of the divisions, that the artillery had not arrived, and resolved upon an immediate attack.

At four o'clock in the morning, the Austrians were roused from their slumbers by the rush of Napoleon's battalions, and by the thunders of his artillery. The day of Rivoli! It was a long, long day of blood and woe. The tide of victory ebbed and flowed. Again and again Napoleon seemed ruined. Night came, and the genius of Napoleon had again triumphed. The whole plain was covered with the dead and the dying. The Austrians, in wild terror, were flying before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry, while from every eminence cannon-balls were plunged into the dense ranks of the fugitives. The genius of this stern warrior never appeared more terrible than in the unsparing energy with which he rained down his blows upon a defeated army. Napoleon had three horses shot under him during the day. "The

Austrians," said he, "maneuvered admirably, and failed only because they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes."

An event occurred in the very hottest of the battle which singularly illustrates Napoleon's wonderful presence of mind. The Austrians had completely enveloped him, cutting off his retreat, and attacking him in front, flanks, and rear; the destruction of the army seemed inevitable. Napoleon, to gain time, instantly sent a flag of truce to Alvinzi, proposing a suspension of arms for half an hour, to attend to some propositions to be made in consequence of dispatches just received from Paris. The Austrian general fell into the snare. The roar of battle ceased, and the bloodstained combatants rested upon their guns. Junot repaired to the Austrian head-quarters, and kept Alvinzi busy for half an hour in discussing the terms of accommodation. In the mean time, Napoleon had re-arranged his army to repel these numerous attacks. As was to be expected, no terms could be agreed upon, and immediately the murderous onset was renewed.

The scene displayed at the close of this battle was awful in the extreme. The fugitive army, horse, foot, cannon, baggage-wagons, and ammunition-carts, struggled along in inextricable confusion through the narrow passes, while a plunging fire from the French batteries produced frightful havoc in the crowd. The occasional explosion of an ammunition-wagon under this terrific fire opened in the dense mass a gap like the crater of a volcano, scattering far and wide over the field the mangled limbs of the dead. The battle of Rivoli Napoleon ever regarded as one of the most dreadful battles he ever fought, and one of the most signal victories he ever won.

Leaving a few troops to pursue and harass the fugitives, Napoleon, that very night, with the mass of his army, turned to arrest the Austrian division of twenty thousand men under Provera, hastening to the re-enforcement of Mantua. He had already marched all of one night, and fought all of the ensuing day. He allowed his utterly exhausted troops a few hours for sleep, but closed not his own eyes. He still considered the peril of his army so great as to demand the utmost vigilance. So intense was his solicitude, that he passed the hours of the night, while the rest were sleeping, in walking about the outposts.

The hour of midnight had hardly passed before the whole army was again in motion. The dawn of the morning found them pressing on with all possible speed, hoping to arrive at Mantua before the Austrian force should have effected an entrance into the beleaguered city. All the day long they hurried on their way, and just as the sun was setting they heard the roar of the conflict around the ramparts of Mantua. Provera was attacking the French in their intrenchments upon one side. The brave old Wurmser was marching from the city to attack them upon the other. An hour might have settled the unequal conflict. Suddenly Napoleon, like a thunderbolt, plunged into the midst of the foe. Provera's band was scattered like chaff before the whirlwind. Wurmser and his half-starved men were driven back to their fortress and their prison. Thus terminated this signal campaign of *three days*, during which the Austrians lost twenty-five thousand prisoners, twenty-five standards, sixty pieces of cannon, and six thousand men in killed and wounded. The Austrian army was again destroyed, and the French re-

maintained in undisputed possession of Italy. Such achievements filled the world with astonishment. Military men of all lands have regarded these brilliant operations of Napoleon as the most extraordinary which history has recorded.

Wurmser's situation was now hopeless, and no resource was left him but to capitulate. One half of his once numerous garrison were in the hospital. The horses which had been killed and salted down were all consumed. Famine was now staring the garrison in the face. Wurmser sent an aid-de-camp to the tent of Serrurier to propose terms of capitulation. Napoleon was sitting in a corner of the tent unobserved, wrapped in his cloak. The aid, with the artifice usual on such occasions, expatiated on the powerful means of resistance Wurmser still enjoyed, and the large stores of provisions still in the magazine. Napoleon, without making himself known, listened to the conversation, taking no part in it. At last he approached the table, silently took the paper containing Wurmser's propositions, and, to the astonishment of the aid, wrote upon the margin his answer to all the terms suggested. "There," said he, "are the conditions which I grant to your marshal. If he had provisions but for a fortnight and could talk of surrender, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation. As he sends you, he must be reduced to extremity. I respect his age, his valor, his misfortunes. Carry to him the terms which I grant. Whether he leaves the place to-morrow, in a month, or in six months, he shall have neither better nor worse conditions. He may stay as long as his sense of honor demands."

The aid now perceived that he was in the presence of Napoleon. Glancing his eye over the terms of capitulation, he was surprised at the liberality of the victor, and, seeing that dissimulation was of no further avail, he confessed that Wurmser had provisions but for three days. The brave old marshal was deeply moved with gratitude in acknowledging the generosity with which he was treated by his young adversary. Wurmser was entirely in his power, and must have surrendered at discretion. Yet Napoleon, to spare the feelings of his foe, allowed him to march out of the place with all his staff, and to retire unmolested to Austria. He even granted him two hundred horse and five hundred men, to be chosen by himself, and six pieces of cannon, to render his departure less humiliating. Wurmser most gratefully accepted this magnanimous offer, and, to prove his gratitude, informed Napoleon of a plan laid in the Papal States for poisoning him, and thus undoubtedly saved his life. The remainder of the garrison, twenty thousand strong, surrendered their arms, and were retained as prisoners of war. Fifteen standards, a bridge equipage, and about five hundred pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the victor.

On the following morning, the Austrian army, emaciated, humiliated, and dejected, defiled from the gates of Mantua to throw down their arms at the feet of the triumphant Republicans. But on this occasion also, Napoleon displayed that magnanimity and delicacy of mind which accorded so well with the heroism of his character and the grandeur of his achievements. Few young men, twenty-seven years of age, at the termination of so terrific a campaign, would have deprived themselves of the pleasure of seeing the veteran Austrian marshal and his proud array pass vanquished before him.

But on the morning of that day Napoleon mounted his horse, and, heading a division of his army, disappeared from the ground and marched for the Papal States. He left Serrurier to receive the sword of Wurmser. He would not add to the mortification of the vanquished general by being present in the hour of his humiliation. Delicacy so rare and so noble attracted the attention of all Europe. This magnanimous and dignified conduct extorted reluctant admiration even from the bitterest enemies of the young Republican general.

The Directory, unable to appreciate such nobility of spirit, were dissatisfied with the liberal terms which had been granted Wurmser. Napoleon treated their remonstrances with scorn, and simply replied, "I have granted the Austrian general such terms as, in my judgment, were due to a brave and honorable enemy, and to the dignity of the French Republic."

The Austrians were now driven out of Italy. Napoleon commenced the campaign with thirty thousand men. He received, during the progress of these destructive battles, twenty-five thousand recruits. Thus, in ten months, Napoleon, with fifty-five thousand men, had conquered five armies under veteran generals, and composed of more than two hundred thousand highly disciplined Austrian troops. He had taken one hundred thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded thirty-five thousand men. These were great victories, and "a great victory," said the Duke of Wellington, nobly, "is the most awful thing in the world excepting a great defeat."

Napoleon now prepared to march boldly upon Vienna itself, and to compel the emperor, in his own palace, to make peace with insulted France. Such an idea he had not conceived at the commencement of the campaign; circumstances, however, or, as Napoleon would say, *his destiny*, led him on. But first it was necessary to turn aside to humble the Pope, who had been threatening Napoleon's rear with an army of forty thousand men, but who was now in utter consternation in view of the hopeless defeat of the Austrians. Napoleon issued the following proclamation: "The French army is about to enter the Pope's territories. It will protect religion and the people. The French soldier carries in one hand the bayonet as the guarantee of victory; in the other, the olive branch, a symbol of peace and a pledge of protection. Woe to those who shall provoke the vengeance of this army. To the inhabitants of every town and village, peace, protection, and security are offered."

All the spiritual machinery of the Papal Church had been put into requisition to rouse the people to phrensy. The tocsin had been tolled in every village, forty hours' prayer offered, indulgences promised, and even miracles employed to inspire the populace with delirious energy. Napoleon took with him but four thousand five hundred French soldiers, aided by four thousand Italian recruits. He first encountered the enemy, seven thousand strong, under Cardinal Busca, intrenched upon the banks of the Senio. It was in the evening twilight of a pleasant spring day when the French approached the river. The ecclesiastic, but little accustomed to the weapons of secular warfare, sent a flag of truce, who very pompously presented himself before Napoleon, and declared, in the name of the cardinal-in-chief, that if the French continued to advance he should certainly fire upon them. The

terrible menace was reported through the French lines, and was received with perfect peals of merriment. Napoleon replied that he should be extremely sorry to expose himself to the cardinal's fire, and that therefore, as the army was very much fatigued, with the cardinal's leave it would take up its quarters for the night.

In the darkness, a division of the French army was sent across the stream by a ford, to cut off the retreat of the Papal troops, and in the morning the bloody conflict of an hour left nearly every man dead upon the field or a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon. Pressing rapidly on, the French arrived the same day at Faenza. The gates were shut, the ramparts manned with cannon, and the multitude, in fanatical enthusiasm, exasperated the French soldiers with every species of exulting defiance. The gates were instantly battered down, and the French rushed into the city. They loudly clamored for permission to pillage. "The case," said they, "is the same as that of Pavia." "No!" replied Napoleon; "at Pavia, the people, after having taken an oath of obedience, revolted, and attempted to murder our soldiers, who were their guests. These people are deceived, and must be subdued by kindness." All the prisoners taken here, and in the battle of the Senio, were assembled in a large garden of one of the convents of Faenza. Napoleon had been represented to them as a monster of atheism, cruelty, and crime. They were in a perfect paroxysm of terror, not doubting that they were gathered there to be shot. Upon the approach of Napoleon, they fell upon their knees, with loud cries for mercy. He addressed them in Italian, and in those tones of kindness which seemed to have a magic power over the human heart.

"I am the friend," said he, "of all the people of Italy. I come among you for your good. You are all free. Return to the bosom of your families, and tell them that the French are the friends of religion and of order, and of all the poor and the oppressed." From the garden he went to the refectory of the convent, where the captured officers were assembled. Familiarly he conversed with them a long time, as with friends and equals. He explained to them his motives and his wishes; spoke of the liberty of Italy, of the abuses of the pontifical government, of its gross violation of the spirit of the Gospel, and of the blood which must be vainly expended in the attempt to resist such a victorious and well-disciplined army as he had at his disposal. He gave them all permission to return to their homes, and simply requested them, as the price of his clemency, to make known to the community the sentiments with which he was animated. These men now became as enthusiastic in their admiration of Napoleon as they had previously been exasperated against him. They dispersed through the cities and villages of Italy, never weary in eulogizing the magnanimity of their conqueror.

He soon met another army of the Romans at Ancona. He cautiously surrounded them, and took them all prisoners without injuring a man, and then, by a few of his convincing words, sent them through the country as missionaries, proclaiming his clemency and the benevolence of the commander-in-chief of the Republican army. Ancona was so situated as to be one of the most important ports of the Adriatic. Its harbor, however, was in such a neglected condition, that not even a frigate could enter. He immediately decided what ought to be done to fortify the place and to improve

the port. The great works which he consequently afterward executed at Ancona will remain a perpetual memorial of his foresight and genius. The largest three-decker can now ride in its harbor with perfect safety.

At Loretto there was an image of the Virgin, which the Church represented as of celestial origin, and which, to the great edification of the populace, seemed miraculously to shed tears in view of the perils of the Papacy. Napoleon sent for the sacred image, exposed the deception by which, through the instrumentality of a string of glass beads, tears appeared to flow, and imprisoned the priests for deluding the people with trickery, which tended to bring all religion into contempt.

The Papal States were full of the exiled French priests. The Directory enjoined it upon Napoleon to drive them out of the country. These unhappy men were in a state of despair. Long inured to Jacobin fury, they supposed that death was now their inevitable doom. One of the fraternity, weary of years of exile, and frantic in view of his supposed impending fate, presented himself to Napoleon, announced himself as an emigrant priest, and implored that his doom of death might be immediately executed. The bewildered man thought it the delirium of a dream when Napoleon, addressing him in terms of courtesy and of heartfelt sympathy, assured him that he and all his friends should be protected from harm. He issued a proclamation enjoining it upon the army to regard these unfortunate men as countrymen and as brothers, and to treat them with all possible kindness. The versatile troops instantly imbibed the humane spirit of their beloved chief. This led to a number of very affecting scenes. Many of the soldiers recognized their former pastors, and these unhappy exiles, long accustomed to scorn and insult, wept with gratitude in being again addressed in terms of respect and affection.

Napoleon was censured for this clemency. "How is it possible," he wrote to the Directory, "not to pity these unhappy men? They weep on seeing us." The French emigrant priests were quite a burden upon the convents in Italy, where they had taken refuge, and the Italian priests were quite ready, upon the arrival of the French army, to drive them away, on the pretext that, by harboring the emigrants, they should draw down upon themselves the vengeance of the Republican army. Napoleon issued a decree commanding the convents to receive them, and to furnish them with every thing necessary for their support and comfort. In that singular vein of latent humor which pervaded his nature, he enjoined that the French priests should make remuneration for this hospitality in prayers and masses at the regular market-price. He found the Jews in Ancona suffering under the most intolerable oppression, and immediately released them from all their disabilities.

The court of Naples, hoping to intimidate Napoleon from advancing upon the holy city, and not venturing openly to draw the sword against him, sent a minister to his camp, to act in the capacity of a spy. This envoy, Prince Pignatelli, assuming an air of great mystery and confidential kindness, showed Napoleon a letter from the Queen of Naples, proposing to send an army of thirty thousand men to protect the Pontiff. "I thank you," said Napoleon, "for this proof of your confidence, and will repay you in the same way." Opening the port-folio of papers relating to Naples, he exhibited to him a copy

of a dispatch, in which the contemplated movement was not only anticipated, but provision made, in case it should be attempted, for marching an army of twenty-five thousand men to take possession of the capital, and compel the royal family to seek refuge in Sicily. An extraordinary courier was dispatched in the night to inform the queen of the manner in which the insinuation had been received. Nothing more was heard of the Neapolitan interference.

Napoleon was now within three days' march of Rome. Consternation reigned in the Vatican. Embassadors were hastily sent to Napoleon's headquarters at Tolentino to implore the clemency of the conqueror. The horses were already harnessed to the state carriages, and Pope Pius the Sixth was just descending the stairs for flight, when a messenger arrived from Napoleon informing the Pope that he need apprehend no personal violence—that Napoleon was contending only for peace.

The Directory, exasperated by the unrelenting hostility and treachery of the Pope, enjoined it upon Napoleon to enter into no negotiations with him, but immediately to deprive him of all temporal power. Napoleon, however, understood fanatical human nature too well to attempt such a revolution. Disregarding the wishes of the government at home, he treated the Pope with that gentlemanly deference and respect which was due to his exalted rank as a temporal and a spiritual prince. The treaty of Tolentino was soon concluded. Its simple terms were, peace with France, the acknowledgment of the Cispadane Republic, and a renewed promise that the stipulations of the preceding armistice should be faithfully performed. Even the Pope could not refrain from expressions of gratitude in view of the moderation of his victor. Napoleon insisted for a long time upon the suppression of the Inquisition; but, out of complaisance to the Pope, who earnestly entreated that it might not be suppressed, assuring Napoleon that it no longer was what it had been, but that it was now rather a tribunal of police than of religious opinion, Napoleon desisted from pressing the article. All this was achieved in nine days. Napoleon now returned to Mantua, and prepared for his bold march upon Vienna.

Notwithstanding the singular moderation displayed by Napoleon in these victories, the most atrocious libels respecting his conduct were circulated by his foes throughout Europe. To exasperate the Catholics, he was reported to have seized the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus to have dragged him about the room. One day Napoleon was reading one of these virulent libels, describing him as a perfect monster of licentiousness, blood-thirstiness, and crime. At times he shrugged his shoulders, and again laughed heartily, but did not betray the least sign of anger. To one who expressed surprise at this, he said,

“It is the truth only which gives offense. Every body knows that I was not by nature inclined to debauchery, and, moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs allowed me no time for such vices. Still, persons will be found who will believe these things. But how can that be helped? If it should enter any one's head to put in print that I had grown hairy and walked on four paws, there are people who would believe it, and who would say that God had punished me as he did Nebuchadnezzar. And what could I do? There is no remedy in such cases.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH UPON VIENNA.

Humane Advice to Venice—Honor to Virgil—Proclamation—Prince Charles—Tagliamento—Stratagem—Enthusiasm of the Soldiers—Battle of Tarwis—Retreat of the Archduke.—Refusal of Napoleon's Overtures for Peace—Consternation in Vienna—Negotiations for Peace—Revolt of Venice—Venetian Envoys—Napoleon Conqueror of Italy—Valteline—Power of Napoleon.

MANTUA had now fallen. The Austrians were driven from Italy. The Pope, with the humility of a child, had implored the clemency of the conqueror. Still, Austria refused to make peace with Republican France, and, with indomitable perseverance, gathered her resources for another conflict. Napoleon resolved to march directly upon Vienna. His object was peace, not conquest. In no other possible way could peace be attained. It was a bold enterprise. Leaving the whole breadth of Italy between his armies and France, he prepared to cross the rugged summits of the Carnic Alps, and to plunge, with an army of but fifty thousand men, into the very heart of one of the most proud and powerful empires upon the globe, numbering twenty millions of inhabitants. Napoleon wished to make an ally of Venice. To her government he said, "Your whole territory is imbued with revolutionary principles. One single word from me will excite a blaze of insurrection through all your provinces. Ally yourself with France, make a few modifications in your government, such as are indispensable for the welfare of the people, and we will pacify public opinion and will sustain your authority." Advice more prudent and humane could not have been given.

The haughty aristocracy of Venice refused the alliance, raised an army of sixty thousand men, ready at any moment to fall upon Napoleon's rear, and demanded neutrality. "Be neutral, then," said Napoleon; "but remember, if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance. I march upon Vienna. Conduct which could be forgiven were I in Italy, will be unpardonable when I am in Austria. The hour that witnesses the treachery of Venice shall terminate her independence."

Mantua was the birth-place of Virgil. During centuries of wealth and luxurious ease, neither Italy nor Austria had found time to rear any monument in honor of the illustrious Mantuan bard; but hardly had the cannon of Napoleon ceased to resound around the beleaguered city, and the smoke of the conflict had hardly passed away, ere the young conqueror, ever more interested in the refinements of peace than in the desolations of war, in the midst of the din of arms, and contending against the intrigues of hostile nations, reared a mausoleum and arranged a gorgeous festival in honor of the immortal poet. Thus he endeavored to shed renown upon intellectual greatness, and to rouse the degenerate Italians to appreciate and to emulate the glory of their fathers. From these congenial pursuits of peace he again

turned, with undiminished energy, to pursue the unrelenting assailants of his country.

Leaving ten thousand men in garrison to watch the neutrality of the Italian governments, Napoleon, early in March, removed his head-quarters to Bassano. He then issued to his troops the following martial proclamation, which, like bugle-notes of defiance, reverberated over the hostile and astonished monarchies of Europe.

“Soldiers! the campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this, you have sent six millions of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum with three hundred master-pieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe. The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic, opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the republic in its birth, the Austrian emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace, we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose property you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation.”

The Archduke Charles, brother of the king, was now intrusted with the command of the Austrian army. His character can not be better described than in the language of his magnanimous antagonist. “Prince Charles,” said Napoleon, “is a man whose conduct can never attract blame. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to that of gold. More than all, he is a good man, and that includes every thing when said of a prince.”

Early in March, Prince Charles, a young man of about Napoleon’s age, who had already obtained renown upon the Rhine, was in command of an army of fifty thousand men, stationed upon the banks of the Piave. From different parts of the empire, forty thousand men were on the march to join him. This would give him ninety thousand troops to array against the French. Napoleon, with the recruits which he had obtained from France and Italy, had now a force of fifty thousand men with which to undertake this apparently desperate enterprise. The eyes of all Europe were upon the two combatants. It was the almost universal sentiment that, intoxicated with success, Napoleon was rushing to irretrievable ruin. But Napoleon never allowed enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. His plans were deeply laid, and all the combinations of chance were carefully calculated.

The storms of winter were still howling around the snow-clad summits of the Alps, and it was not thought possible that thus early in the season he would attempt the passage of so formidable a barrier. A dreadful tempest of wind and rain swept earth and sky when Napoleon gave the order to march. The troops, with their accustomed celerity, reached the banks of the Piave. The Austrians, astonished at the sudden apparition of the French in the midst

of the elemental warfare, and unprepared to resist them, hastily retired some forty miles to the eastern banks of the Tagliamento. Napoleon closely followed the retreating foe. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th of March, the French army arrived upon the banks of the river. Here they found a wide stream, rippling over a gravelly bed, with difficulty fordable. The imperial troops, in magnificent array, were drawn up upon an extended plain on the opposite shore. Parks of artillery were arranged to sweep with grape-shot the whole surface of the water. In long lines the infantry, with bristling bayonets, and prepared to rain down upon their foes a storm of bullets, presented apparently an invincible front. Upon the two wings of this imposing army, vast squadrons of cavalry awaited the moment, with restless steeds, when they might charge upon the foe, should he effect a landing.

The French army had been marching all night over miry roads and through mountain defiles. With the gloom of the night the storm had passed away, and the cloudless sun of a warm spring morning dawned upon the valley as the French troops arrived upon the banks of the river. Their clothes were torn, and drenched with rain, and soiled with mud. And yet it was an imposing array, as forty thousand men, with plumes and banners, and proud steeds, and the music of a hundred bands, marched down, in that bright sunshine, upon the verdant meadows which skirted the Tagliamento. But it was a fearful barrier which presented itself before them. The rapid river, the vast masses of the enemy in their strong intrenchments, the frowning batteries, whose guns were loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot to sweep the advancing ranks, the well-fed war-horses in countless numbers, prancing for the charge, apparently presented an obstacle which no human energy could surmount.

Napoleon, seeing the ample preparations made to oppose him, ordered his troops to withdraw beyond the reach of the enemies' fire, and to prepare for breakfast. As by magic, the martial array was at once transformed into a peaceful picnic scene. Arms were laid aside. The soldiers threw themselves upon the green grass, just sprouting in the valley, beneath the rays of the sun of early spring. Fires were kindled, kettles boiling, knapsacks opened, and groups, in carelessness and joviality, gathered around fragments of bread and meat.

The Archduke Charles, seeing that Napoleon declined the attempt to pass the river until he had refreshed his exhausted troops, withdrew his forces also into the rear, to their encampments. When all was quiet, and the Austrians were thrown completely off their guard, suddenly the trumpets sounded the preconcerted signal. The French troops, disciplined to prompt movements, sprang to arms, instantly formed in battle array, plunged into the stream, and, before the Austrians had recovered from their astonishment, were half across the river.

This movement was executed with such inconceivable rapidity as to excite the admiration as well as the consternation of their enemies. With the precision and beauty of the parade ground, the several divisions of the army gained the opposite shore. The Austrians rallied as speedily as possible; but it was too late. A terrible battle ensued. Napoleon was victor at every point. The imperial army, with their ranks sadly thinned, and leaving the

ground gory with the blood of the slain, retreated in confusion, to await the arrival of the re-enforcements coming to their aid. Napoleon pressed upon



THE PASSAGE OF THE TAGLIAMENTO.

their rear, every hour attacking them, and not allowing them one moment to recover from their panic.

The Austrian troops, thus suddenly and unexpectedly defeated, were thrown into the extreme of dejection. The exultant French, convinced of the absolute invincibility of their beloved chief, ambitiously sought out points of peril and adventures of desperation, and with shouts of laughter, and jokes, and making the welkin ring with songs of liberty, plunged into the densest masses of the foes. The different divisions of the army vied with each other in their endeavor to perform feats of the most romantic valor, and in the display of the most perfect contempt of life. In every fortress, at every mountain pass, upon every rapid stream, the Austrians made a stand to arrest the march of the conqueror; but with the footsteps of a giant Napoleon crowded upon them, pouring an incessant storm of destruction upon their fugitive ranks. He drove the Austrians to the foot of the mountains. He pursued them up the steep acclivities. He charged the tempests of wind and smothering snow with the sound of the trumpet, and his troops exulted in waging war with combined man and the elements. Soon both pursuers and pursued stood upon the summit of the Carnic Alps. They were in the region of almost perpetual snow. The vast glaciers, which seemed memorials of eternity, spread bleak and cold around them. The clouds floated beneath their feet. The eagle wheeled and screamed as he soared over the sombre firs and pines far below on the mountain sides.

Here the Austrians made a desperate stand. On the storm-washed crags of granite, behind fields of ice and drifts of snow which the French cavalry could not traverse, they sought to intrench themselves against their tireless pursuer. To retreat down the long and narrow defiles of the mountains,

with the French in hot pursuit behind, hurling upon them every missile of destruction, bullets and balls, and craggy fragments of the cliffs, was a calamity to be avoided at every hazard. Upon the summit of Mount Tarwis the battle decisive of this fearful question was to be fought. It was an appropriate arena for the fell deeds of war. Wintry winds swept the bleak and icy eminence, and a clear, cold, cloudless sky canopied the two armies, as, with fiend-like ferocity, they hurled themselves upon each other. The thunder of artillery reverberated above the clouds. The shout of onset and the shrieks of the wounded were heard upon eminences which even the wing of the eagle had rarely attained. Squadrons of cavalry fell upon fields of ice, and men and horses were precipitated into fathomless depths below. The snow-drifts of Mount Tarwis were soon crimsoned with blood, and the warm current from human hearts congealed with the eternal glaciers, and there, embalmed in ice, it long and mournfully testified of man's inhumanity to man.

The Archduke Charles, having exhausted his last reserve, was compelled to retreat. Many of the soldiers threw away their arms, and escaped over the crags of the mountains; thousands were taken prisoners; multitudes were left dead upon the ice, and half buried in the drifts of snow. But Charles, brave and energetic, still kept the mass of his army together, and with great skill conducted his precipitate retreat. With merciless vigor the French troops pursued, pouring down upon the retreating masses a storm of bullets, and rolling over the precipitous sides of the mountains huge rocks, which swept away whole companies at once. The bleeding, breathless fugitives at last arrived in the valley below. Napoleon followed close in their rear. The Alps were now passed. The French were in Austria. They heard a new language. The scenery, the houses, the customs of the inhabitants, all testified that they were no longer in Italy. They had, with unparalleled audacity, entered the very heart of the Austrian empire, and with unflinching resolution were marching upon the capital of twenty millions of people, behind whose ramparts, strengthened by the labor of ages, Maria Theresa had bidden defiance to the invading Turk.

Twenty days had now passed since the opening of the campaign, and the Austrians were already driven over the Alps, and, having lost a fourth of their numbers in the various conflicts which had occurred, dispirited by disaster, were retreating to intrench themselves for a final struggle within the walls of Vienna. Napoleon, with forty-five thousand men flushed with victory, was rapidly descending the fertile streams which flow into the Danube.

Under these triumphant circumstances, Napoleon showed his humanity, and his earnest desire for peace, in dictating the following letter, so characteristic of his strong and glowing intellect. It was addressed to his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles.

"General-in-chief. Brave soldiers, while they make war, desire peace. Has not this war already continued six years? Have we not slain enough of our fellow-men? Have we not inflicted a sufficiency of woes upon suffering humanity? It demands repose upon all sides. Europe, which took up arms against the French Republic, has laid them aside. Your nation alone remains hostile, and blood is about to flow more copiously than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced with sinister omens. Whatever may be its

issue, many thousand men, on the one side and the other, must perish; and after all, we must come to an accommodation, for every thing has an end, not even excepting the passion of hatred. You, general, who by birth approach so near the throne, and are above all the little passions which too often influence ministers and governments, are you resolved to deserve the title of benefactor of humanity, and of the real savior of Austria? Do not imagine that I deny the possibility of saving Austria by the force of arms. But even in such an event your country will not be the less ravaged. As for myself, if the overture which I have the honor to make shall be the means of saving a single life, I shall be more proud of the civic crown which I shall be conscious of having deserved, than of all the melancholy glory which military success can confer."

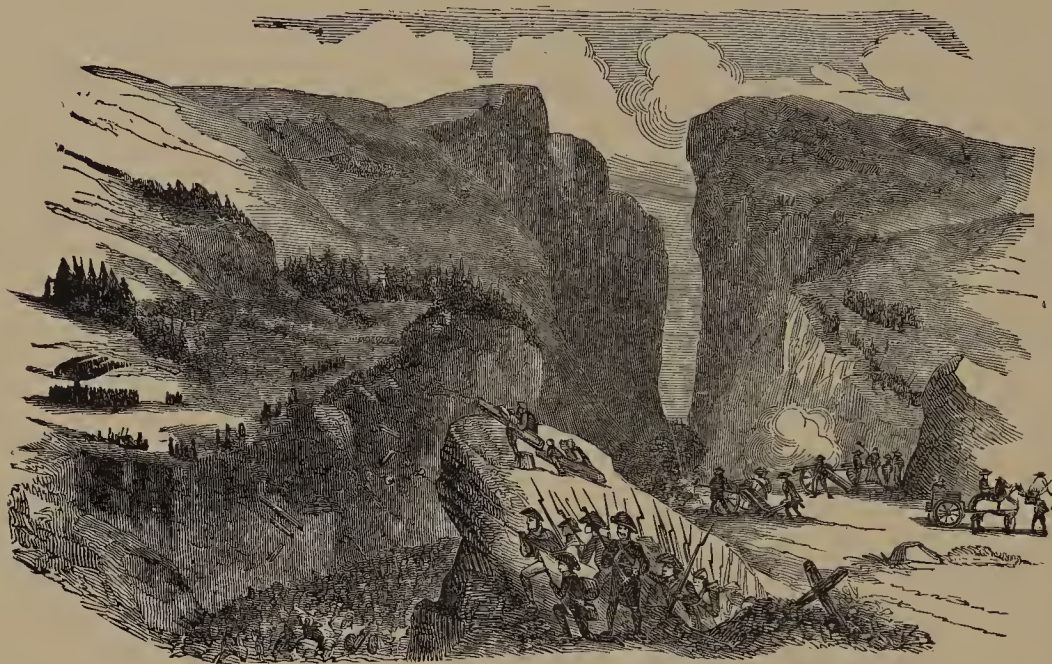
To these magnanimous overtures the archduke replied: "In the duty assigned to me there is no power either to scrutinize the causes or to terminate the duration of the war; I am not invested with any authority in that respect, and therefore can not enter into any negotiation for peace."

In this interesting correspondence, Napoleon, the plebeian general, speaks with the dignity and the authority of a sovereign—with a natural, unaffected tone of command, as if accustomed from infancy to homage and empire. The brother of the king is compelled to look upward to the pinnacle upon which transcendent abilities have placed his antagonist. The conquering Napoleon pleads for peace; but Austria hates republican liberty even more than war. Upon the rejection of these proposals, the thunders of Napoleon's artillery were again heard, and over the hills and through the valleys, onward he rushed with his impetuous troops, allowing his foe no repose.

At every mountain gorge, at every rapid river, the Austrians stood, and were slain. Each walled town was the scene of a sanguinary conflict, and the Austrians were often driven in the wildest confusion through the streets, trampled by the hoofs of the pursuing squadrons. At last they approached another mountain range, called the Stipian Alps. Here, at the frightful gorge of Neumarkt, a defile so gloomy and terrific that even the peaceful tourist can not pass through it unawed, the Archduke Charles again made a desperate effort to arrest his pursuers. It was of no avail. Blood flowed in torrents; thousands were slain. The Austrians, encumbered with baggage-wagons and artillery, choked the narrow passages, and a scene of indescribable horror ensued. The French cavalry made destructive charges upon the dense masses. Cannon-balls plowed their way through the confused ranks, and the Austrian rear and the French van struggled hand to hand in the blood-red gorge. But the Austrians were swept along like withered leaves before the mountain gales. Napoleon was now at Leoben. From the eminences around the city, with the telescope, the distant spires of Vienna could be discerned. Here the victorious general halted for a day, to collect his scattered forces. The archduke hurried along the great road to the capital, with the fragments of his army, striving to concentrate all the strength of the empire within those venerable and hitherto impregnable fortifications.

All was consternation in Vienna. The king, dukes, nobles, fled like deer before approaching hounds, seeking refuge in the distant wilds of Hungary.

The Danube was covered with boats, conveying the riches of the city and the terrified families out of the reach of danger. Among the illustrious fugitives was Maria Louisa, then a child but six years of age, flying from that dreaded Napoleon whose bride she afterward became. All the military re-



THE GORGE OF NEUMARKT.

sources of Austria were immediately called into requisition; the fortifications were repaired; the militia organized and drilled; and in the extremity of mortification and despair, all the energies of the empire were roused for final resistance. Charles, to gain time, sent a flag of truce, requesting a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours. Napoleon, too wary to be caught in a trap which he had recently sprung upon his foes, replied that moments were precious, and that they might fight and negotiate at the same time. Napoleon also issued to the Austrian people one of his glowing proclamations, which he caused to be circulated all over the region he had overrun. He assured the *people* that he was their friend; that he was fighting, not for conquest, but for peace; that the Austrian government, bribed by British gold, was waging an unjust war against France; that the *people* of Austria should find in him a protector, who would respect their religion, and defend them in all their rights. His deeds were in accordance with his words. The French soldiers, inspired by the example of their beloved chief, treated the unarmed Austrians as friends, and nothing was taken from them without ample remuneration.

The people of Austria now began to clamor loudly for peace. The Archduke Charles, seeing the desperate posture of affairs, earnestly urged it upon his brother, the emperor, declaring that the empire could no longer be saved by arms. Embassadors were immediately dispatched from the imperial court, authorized to settle the basis of peace. They implored a suspension of arms for five days, to settle the preliminaries. Napoleon nobly replied, "In the present posture of our military affairs, a suspension of hostilities must be very

seriously adverse to the interests of the French army. But if, by such a sacrifice, that peace, which is so desirable and so essential to the happiness of the people, can be secured, I shall not regret consenting to your desires."

A garden in the vicinity of Leoben was declared neutral ground, and here, in the midst of the bivouacs of the French army, the negotiations were conducted. The Austrian commissioners, in the treaty which they proposed, had set down as the first article that the Emperor recognized the French Republic.

"Strike that out," said Napoleon, proudly. "The Republic is like the sun; none but the blind can fail to see it. We are our own masters, and shall establish any government we prefer." This exclamation was not merely a burst of romantic enthusiasm, but it was dictated by a deep insight into the probabilities of the future. "If one day the French people," he afterward remarked, "should wish to create a monarchy, the Emperor might object that he had recognized a republic."

Both parties being now desirous of terminating the war, the preliminaries were soon settled. Napoleon, as if he were already the Emperor of France, waited not for the plenipotentiaries from Paris, but signed the treaty in his own name. He thus placed himself upon an equal footing with the Emperor of Austria. The equality was unhesitatingly recognized by the imperial government. In the settlement of the difficulties between these two majestic powers, neither of them manifested much regard for the minor states. Napoleon allowed Austria to take under her protection many of the states of Venice, for Venice had proved treacherous to her professed neutrality, and merited no protection from his hands.

Napoleon, having thus conquered peace, turned to lay the rod upon trem-



MAP OF VENICE.

bling Venice. Richly did Venice deserve his chastising blows. In those days when rail-roads and telegraphs were unknown, the transmission of intelligence was slow. The little army of Napoleon had traversed weary leagues of mountains and vales, and, having passed beyond the snow-clad summits of the Alps, were lost to Italian observation, far away upon the tributaries of the Danube. Rumor, with her thousand voices, filled the air. It was reported that Napoleon was defeated—that he was a captive—that his army was destroyed. The Venetian oligarchy, proud, cowardly, and revengeful, now raised the cry, "Death to the French!" The priests incited the peasants to phrensy. They attacked unarmed Frenchmen in the streets, and murdered them. They assailed the troops in garrison with overwhelming numbers. The infuriated populace even burst into the hospitals, and poniarded the wounded and the dying in their beds.

Napoleon, who was by no means distinguished for meekness and long-suffering, turned sternly to inflict upon them punishment which should long be remembered. The haughty oligarchy was thrown into a paroxysm of terror when it was announced that Napoleon was victor instead of vanquished, and that, having humbled the pride of Austria, he was now returning, with an indignant and triumphant army burning for vengeance. The Venetian Senate, bewildered with fright, dispatched agents to deprecate his wrath. Napoleon, with a pale and marble face, received them. Without uttering a word, he listened to their awkward attempts at an apology, heard their humble submission, and even endured in silence their offer of millions of gold to purchase his pardon. Then, in tones of firmness, which sent paleness to their cheeks and palpitation to their hearts, he exclaimed,



THE VENETIAN ENVOYS.

"If you could proffer me the treasures of Peru, could you strew your whole country with gold, it would not atone for the blood which has been treacher-

ously spilled. You have murdered my children. The lion of St. Mark* must lick the dust. Go."

The Venetians, in their terror, sent enormous sums to Paris, and succeeded in bribing the Directory, ever open to such appeals. Orders were accordingly transmitted to Napoleon to spare the ancient Senate and aristocracy of Venice; but Napoleon, who despised the Directory, and who was probably already dreaming of its overthrow, conscious that he possessed powers which they could not shake, paid no attention to their orders. He marched resistlessly into the dominions of the Doge. The thunders of Napoleon's cannon were reverberating across the lagoons which surround the Queen of the Adriatic. The Doge, pallid with consternation, assembled the Grand Council, and proposed the surrender of their institutions to Napoleon, to be remodeled according to his pleasure. While they were deliberating, the uproar of insurrection was heard in the streets. The aristocrats and the Republicans fell furiously upon each other. The discharge of fire-arms was heard under the very windows of the council-house. Opposing shouts of "Liberty forever!" and "Long live St. Mark!" resounded through the streets. The city was threatened with fire and pillage.

Amid this horrible confusion, three thousand French soldiers crossed the lagoons in boats and entered the city. They were received with loud and long shouts of welcome by the populace, hungering for Republican liberty. Resistance was hopeless. An unconditional surrender was made to Napoleon, and thus fell one of the most execrable tyrannies this world has ever known. The course Napoleon then pursued was so magnanimous as to extort praise from his bitterest foes. He immediately threw open the prison doors to all who were suffering for political opinions. He pardoned all offenses against himself. He abolished aristocracy, and established a popular government, which should fairly represent all classes of the community. The public debt was regarded as sacred, and even the pensions continued to the poor nobles. It was a glorious reform for the Venetian nation; it was a terrible downfall for the Venetian aristocracy. The banner of the new Republic now floated from the windows of the palace, and as it waved exultingly in the breeze, it was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations by the people, who had been trampled under the foot of oppression for fifteen hundred years.

All Italy was now virtually at the feet of Napoleon. Not a year had yet elapsed since he, a nameless young man of twenty-six years of age, with thirty thousand ragged and half-starved troops, had crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, hoping to surprise his powerful foes. He had now traversed the whole extent of Italy, compelled all its hostile states to respect Republican France, and had humbled the Emperor of Austria as emperor had rarely been humbled before. The Italians, recognizing him as a countryman, and proud of his world-wide renown, regarded him, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. His popularity was boundless. Wherever he appeared, the most enthusiastic acclamations welcomed him. Bonfires blazed upon every hill in honor of his movements. The bells rang their merriest peals wherever

* The armorial bearing of Venice.

he appeared. Long lines of maidens strewed roses in his path. The reverberations of artillery and the huzzas of the populace saluted his footsteps. Europe was at peace; and Napoleon was the great pacificator. For this object, he had contended against the most formidable coalitions. He had sheathed his victorious sword the very moment his enemies were willing to retire from the strife.

Still, the position of Napoleon required the most consummate firmness and wisdom. All the states of Italy—Piedmont, Genoa, Naples, the States of the Church, Parma, Tuscany—were agitated with the intense desire for liberty. Napoleon was unwilling to encourage insurrection. He could not lend his arms to oppose those who were struggling for popular rights.

In Genoa, the patriots rose. The haughty aristocracy fell, in revenge, upon the French who chanced to be in the territory. Napoleon was thus compelled to interfere. The Genoese aristocracy were forced to abdicate, and the patriot party, as in Venice, assumed the government; but the Genoese democracy began now, in their turn, to trample upon the rights of their former oppressors. The revolutionary scenes which had disgraced Paris began to be re-enacted in the streets of Genoa. They excluded the priests and the nobles from participating in the government, as the nobles and priests had formerly excluded them. Acts of lawless violence passed unpunished. The religion of the Catholic priests was treated with derision. Napoleon, earnestly and eloquently, thus urged upon them a more humane policy.

“I will respond, citizens, to the confidence you have reposed in me. It is not enough that you refrain from hostility to religion. You should do nothing which can cause inquietude to tender consciences. To exclude the nobles from any public office is an act of extreme injustice. You thus repeat the wrong which you condemn in them. Why are the people of Genoa so changed? Their first impulses of fraternal kindness have been succeeded by fear and terror. Remember that the priests were the first who rallied around the tree of liberty. They first told you that the morality of the Gospel is democratic. Men have taken advantage of the faults, perhaps of the crimes of individual priests, to unite against Christianity. You have proscribed without discrimination. When a state becomes accustomed to condemn without hearing, to applaud a discourse because it is impassioned; when exaggeration and madness are called virtue, moderation and equity designated as crimes, that state is near its ruin. Believe me, I shall consider *that* one of the happiest moments of my life in which I hear that the people of Genoa are united among themselves and live happily.”

This advice, thus given to Genoa, was intended to react upon France, for the Directory then had under discussion a motion for banishing all the nobles from the republic. The voice of Napoleon was thus delicately and efficiently introduced into the debate, and the extreme and terrible measure was at once abandoned.

Napoleon performed another act at this time which drew down upon him a very heavy load of obloquy from the despotic governments of Europe, but which must secure the approval of every generous mind. There was a small state in Italy called the Valteline, eighteen miles wide, and fifty-four miles long, containing one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. These unfor-

fortunate people had become subjects to a German state called the Grisons, and, deprived of all political privileges, were ground down by the most humiliating oppression. The inhabitants of the Valteline, catching the spirit of liberty, revolted, and addressed a manifesto to all Europe setting forth their wrongs, and declaring their determination to recover those rights of which they had been defrauded. Both parties sent deputies to Napoleon soliciting his interference, virtually agreeing to abide by his decision. Napoleon, to promote conciliation and peace, proposed that the Valtelines should remain with the Grisons as one people, and that the Grisons should confer upon them equal political privileges with themselves. Counsel more moderate and judicious could not have been given; but the proud Grisons, accustomed to trample upon their victims, with scorn refused to share with them the rights of humanity. Napoleon then issued a decree, saying, "*It is not just that one people should be subject to another people.*" Since the Grisons have refused equal rights to the inhabitants of the Valteline, the latter are at liberty to unite themselves with the Cisalpine Republic." This decision was received with bursts of enthusiastic joy by the liberated people, and they were immediately embraced within the borders of the new republic.

The great results we have thus far narrated in this chapter were accomplished in six weeks. In the face of powerful armies, Napoleon had traversed hundreds of miles of territory. He had forded rivers, with the storm of lead and iron falling pitilessly around him. He had crossed the Alps, dragging his artillery through snow three feet in depth, scattered the armies of Austria to the winds, imposed peace upon that proud and powerful empire, recrossed the Alps, laid low the haughty despotism of Venice, established a popular government in the emancipated provinces, and revolutionized Genoa.

Josephine was now with him in the palace of Milan. From every state in Italy couriers were coming and going, deprecating his anger, soliciting his counsel, imploring his protection. The destiny of Europe seemed to be suspended upon his decisions. His power transcended that of all the potentates in Europe. A brilliant court of beautiful ladies surrounded Josephine, and all vied to do homage to the illustrious conqueror. The enthusiastic Italians thronged his gates, and waited for hours to catch a glance of the youthful hero. The feminine delicacy of his physical frame, so disproportionate to his mighty renown, did but add to the enthusiasm which his presence ever inspired. His strong arm had won for France peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The indomitable islanders, protected by the ocean from the march of invading armies, still continued the unrelenting warfare. Wherever her navy could penetrate, she assailed the French, and, as the horrors of war could not reach her shores, she refused to live on any terms of peace with Republican France.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COURT OF MILAN.

Napoleon's tireless Activity—Conference at Campo Formio—The Court of Milan—Happiness of Josephine—Temptations—Jealousy of the Directory—Proclamation—Appearance of the young General—Rastadt—Advice to his Troops—Arrival at Paris—Quiet private Life—Delivery of the Treaty—Reply to the Institute—England pertinaciously refuses Peace—Abuse of Napoleon by the English Press—Uneasiness of the Directory in view of the Popularity of Napoleon.

NAPOLEON now established his residence, or rather his court, at Montebello, a beautiful palace in the vicinity of Milan. His frame was emaciated in the extreme, from the prodigious toils which he had endured, yet he scarcely allowed himself an hour of relaxation. Questions of vast moment, relative to the settlement of political affairs in Italy, were yet to be adjusted, and Napoleon, exhausted as he was in body, devoted the tireless energies of his mind to the work. His labors were now numerous. He was treating with the plenipotentiaries of Austria, organizing the Italian Republic, creating a navy in the Adriatic, and forming the most magnificent projects relative to the Mediterranean. These were the works in which he delighted; constructing canals and roads, improving harbors, erecting bridges, churches, naval and military depôts, calling cities and navies into existence and awaking every where the hum of prosperous industry.

All the states of Italy were imbued with local prejudices and petty jealousies of each other. To break down these jealousies, he endeavored to consolidate the Republicans into one single state, with Milan for the capital. He strove in multiplied ways to rouse martial energy among the effeminate Italians. Conscious that the new republic could not long stand alone in the midst of the surrounding monarchies so hostile to its existence—that it could only be strong by the alliance of France—he conceived the design of a high road, broad, safe, and magnificent, from Paris to Geneva, thence across the Simplon, through the plains of Lombardy to Milan. He was in treaty with the government of Switzerland for the construction of the road through its territories, and had sent engineers to explore the route and make an estimate of the expense. He himself arranged all the details with the greatest precision. He contemplated also, at the same time, with the deepest interest and solicitude, the empire which England had gained on the seas. To cripple the power of this formidable foe, he formed the design of taking possession of the islands of the Mediterranean. "From these different posts," he wrote to the Directory, "we shall command the Mediterranean, we shall keep an eye upon the Ottoman empire, which is crumbling to pieces, and we shall have it in our power to render the dominion of the ocean almost useless to the English. They have possession of the Cape of Good Hope. We can do without it. *Let us occupy Egypt.* We shall be in the direct road for India. It will be easy for us to found there one of the finest colonies in the world. *It is in Egypt that we must attack England.*"

It was in this way that Napoleon *rested* after the toils of the most arduous campaigns mortal man had ever passed through. The Austrians were rapidly recruiting their forces from their vast empire, and now began to throw many difficulties in the way of a final adjustment. The last conference between the negotiating parties was held at Campo Formio, a small village about ten miles east of the Tagliamento. The commissioners were seated at an oblong table, the four Austrian negotiators upon one side, Napoleon by himself upon the other. The Austrians demanded terms to which Napoleon could not accede, threatening, at the same time, that if Napoleon did not accept these terms, the armies of Russia would be united with those of Austria, and France should be compelled to adopt those less favorable. One of the Austrian commissioners concluded an insulting apostrophe by saying, "Austria desires peace, and she will severely condemn the negotiator who sacrifices the interest and repose of his country to military ambition."

Napoleon, cool and collected, sat in silence while these sentiments were uttered. Then rising from the table, he took from the sideboard a beautiful porcelain vase: "Gentlemen," said he, "the truce is broken; war is declared. But remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." With these words, he dashed the vase into frag-



THE CONFERENCE DISSOLVED

ments upon the floor, and, bowing to the astounded negotiators, abruptly withdrew. With his accustomed promptness of action, he instantly dispatched an officer to the archduke, to inform him that hostilities would be recommenced in twenty-four hours, and, entering his carriage, urged his horses at their utmost speed toward the head-quarters of the army. One of the conditions of this treaty upon which Napoleon insisted was the release of La Fayette, then imprisoned for his republican sentiments in the dungeons of Olmutz. The Austrian plenipotentiaries were thunderstruck by this decis-

ion, and immediately agreed to the terms which Napoleon demanded. The next day at five o'clock the treaty of Campo Formio was signed.

The terms which Napoleon offered the Austrians in this treaty, though highly advantageous to France, were far more lenient to Austria than that government had any right to expect. The Directory in Paris, anxious to strengthen itself against the monarchical governments of Europe by revolutionizing the whole of Italy, and founding there republican governments, positively forbade Napoleon to make peace with Italy unless the freedom of the republic of Venice was recognized. Napoleon wrote to the Directory that, if they insisted upon that ultimatum, the renewal of the war would be inevitable. The Directory replied, "Austria has long desired to swallow up Italy, and to acquire maritime power. It is the interest of France to prevent both of these designs. It is evident that if the Emperor acquires Venice, with its territorial possessions, he will secure an entrance into the whole of Lombardy. We should be treating as if we had been conquered. What would posterity say of us if we surrender that great city, with its naval arsenals, to the Emperor? The whole question comes to this: Shall we give up Italy to the Austrians? The French government neither can nor will do so. It would prefer all the hazards of war."

Napoleon wished for peace. He could only obtain it by disobeying the orders of his government. The middle of October had now arrived. One morning, at daybreak, he was informed that the mountains were covered with snow. Leaping from his bed, he ran to the window, and saw that the storms of winter had really commenced on the bleak heights. "What! before the middle of October!" he exclaimed; "what a country is this! Well, we must make peace." He shut himself up in his cabinet for an hour, and carefully reviewed the returns of the army. "I can not have," said he to Bourrienne, "more than sixty thousand men in the field. Even if victorious, I must lose twenty thousand in killed and wounded; and how, with forty thousand, can I withstand the whole force of the Austrian monarchy, who will hasten to the relief of Vienna? The armies of the Rhine could not advance to my succor before the middle of November, and before that time arrives the Alps will be impassable from snow. It is all over. I will sign the peace. The government and the lawyers may say what they choose."

This treaty extended France to the Rhine, recognized the Cisalpine Republic, composed of the Cispadane Republic and Lombardy, and allowed the Emperor of Austria to extend his sway over several of the states of Venice. Napoleon was very desirous of securing republican liberty in Venice. Most illustriously did he exhibit his desire for peace in consenting to sacrifice that desire, and to disobey the positive commands of his government, rather than renew the horrors of battle. He did not think it his duty to keep Europe involved in war, that he might secure republican liberty for Venice, when it was very doubtful whether the Venetians were sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves, and when, perhaps, one half of the nation were so ignorant as to prefer despotism. The whole glory of this peace redounds to his honor. His persistence in that demand, which the Directory enjoined, would but have kindled anew the flames of war.

During these discussions at Campo Formio, every possible endeavor was

made which the most delicate ingenuity could devise, to influence Napoleon in his decisions by personal considerations. The wealth of Europe was literally laid at his feet. Millions upon millions in gold were proffered him; but his proud spirit could not thus be tarnished. When some one alluded to the different course pursued by the Directors, he replied, "You are not then aware, citizen, that there is not one of those Directors whom I could not bring, for four thousand dollars, to kiss my boot." The Venetians offered him a present of one million five hundred thousand dollars. He smiled, and declined the offer. The Emperor of Austria, professing the most profound admiration of his heroic character, entreated him to accept a principality, to consist of at least two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, for himself and his heirs. This was indeed an alluring offer. The young general transmitted his thanks to the Emperor for this proof of his good-will, but added, that he could accept of no honors but such as were conferred upon him by the French people, and that he should always be satisfied with whatever they might be disposed to offer.

While at Montebello, transacting the affairs of his victorious army, Josephine presided with most admirable propriety and grace over the gay circle of Milan. Napoleon, who well understood the imposing influence of courtly pomp and splendor, while extremely simple in his personal habiliments, dazzled the eyes of the Milanese with all the pageantry of a court. The destinies of Europe were even then suspended upon his nod. He was tracing out the lines of empire; and dukes, and princes, and kings were soliciting



THE COURT AT MILAN.

his friendship. Josephine, by her surpassing loveliness of person and of character, won universal admiration. Her wonderful tact, her genius, and her amiability vastly strengthened the influence of her husband. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts." She fre-

quently, in after years, reverted to this as the happiest period of her life. To them both it must have been as a bewildering dream.

But a few months before, Josephine was in prison, awaiting her execution, and her children were literally begging bread in the streets. Hardly a year had elapsed since Napoleon, a penniless Corsican soldier, was studying in a garret in Paris, hardly knowing where to obtain a single franc. Now the name of Napoleon was emblazoned through Europe. He had become more powerful than the government of his own country. He was overthrowing and uprearing dynasties. The question of peace or war was suspended upon his lips. The proudest potentates of Europe were ready, at any price, to purchase his favor. Josephine reveled in the exuberance of her dreamlike prosperity and exaltation. Her benevolent heart was gratified with the vast power she now possessed of conferring happiness. She was beloved, adored. She had long cherished the design of visiting this land, so illustrious in the most lofty reminiscences.

Even Italy can hardly present a more delightful excursion than the ride from Milan to the romantic, mountain-embowered lakes of Como and Maggiore. It was a bright and sunny Italian morning, when Napoleon, with his blissful bride, drove along the luxuriant valleys and the vine-clad hillsides to Lake Maggiore. They were accompanied by a numerous and glittering retinue. Here they embarked upon this beautiful sheet of water, in a boat with silken awnings and gay banners, and the rowers beat time to the most voluptuous music. They landed upon Beautiful Island, which, like another Eden, emerges from the bosom of the lake. This became the favorite retreat of Napoleon. Its monastic palace, so sombre in its antique architecture, was in peculiar accordance with that strange melancholy which, with but now and then a ray of sunshine, ever overshadowed his spirit. On one of these occasions, Josephine was standing upon a terrace with several ladies, under a large orange-tree, profusely laden with its golden treasures. As their attention was all absorbed in admiring the beautiful landscape, Napoleon slipped up unperceived, and, by a sudden shake, brought down a shower of the rich fruit upon their heads. Josephine's companions screamed with fright and ran, but she remained unmoved. Napoleon laughed heartily, and said, "Why, Josephine, you stand fire like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied; "am I not the wife of their general?"

Every conceivable temptation was at this time presented to entice Napoleon into habits of licentiousness. Purity was a virtue then and there almost unknown. Some one, speaking of Napoleon's universal talents, compared him with Solomon. "Poh!" exclaimed another, "what do you mean by calling him wiser than Solomon? The Jewish king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, while Napoleon is contented with one wife, and she older than himself." The corruption of those days of infidelity was such, that the ladies were jealous of Josephine's exclusive influence over her illustrious spouse, and they exerted all their powers of fascination to lead him astray. The loftiness of Napoleon's ambition, and those principles instilled so early by a mother's lips as to be almost instincts, were his safeguard. Josephine was exceedingly gratified, some of the ladies said, "insufferably vain," that Napoleon clung so faithfully and confidingly to her. "Truly."

he said, "I have something else to think of than love. No man wins triumphs in that way without forfeiting some palms of glory. I have traced out my plan, and the finest eyes in the world—and there are some very fine eyes here—shall not make me deviate a hair's-breadth from it."

A lady of rank, after wearying him one day with a string of the most fulsome compliments, exclaimed, among other things, "What is life worth, if one can not be General Bonaparte?" Napoleon fixed his eyes coldly upon her, and said, "Madame! one may be a dutiful wife, and the good mother of a family."

The jealousy which the Directory entertained of Napoleon's vast accession of power induced them to fill his court with spies, who watched all his movements and reported his words. Josephine, frank and candid, and a stranger to all artifice, could not easily conceal her knowledge or her thoughts. Napoleon consequently seldom intrusted to her any plans which he was unwilling to have made known. "A secret," he once observed, "is burdensome to Josephine." He was careful that she should not be thus encumbered. He would be indeed a shrewd man who could extort any secret from the bosom of Napoleon. He could impress a marble-like immovableness upon his features, which no scrutiny could penetrate. "I never," said Josephine in subsequent years, "beheld Napoleon for a moment perfectly at ease—not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely a feint to throw the person with whom he converses off his guard, and to draw forth his sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts."

The French government remonstrated bitterly against the surrender of Venice to Austria. Napoleon replied: "It costs nothing for a handful of declaimers to rave about the establishment of *republics* every where. I wish these gentlemen would make a winter campaign. You little know the people of Italy. You are laboring under a great delusion. You suppose that liberty can do great things to a base, cowardly, and superstitious people. You wish me to perform miracles. I have not the art of doing so. Since coming into Italy, I have derived little, if any, support from the love of the Italian people for liberty and equality."

The treaty of peace signed at Campo Formio Napoleon immediately sent to Paris. Though he had disobeyed the positive commands of the Directory in thus making peace, the Directors did not dare to refuse its ratification. The victorious young general was greatly applauded by the people for refusing the glory of a new campaign, in which they doubted not that he would have obtained fresh laurels, that he might secure peace for bleeding Europe. On the 17th of November, Napoleon left Milan for the Congress at Rastadt, to which he was appointed, with plenipotentiary powers. At the moment of leaving, he addressed the following proclamation to the Cisalpine Republic:

"We have given you liberty. Take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny, make only discreet and honorable laws, and cause them to be executed with energy. Favor the diffusion of knowledge, and respect religion. Compose your battalions, not of disreputable men, but of citizens imbued with the principles of the republic, and closely linked with its prosperity. You have need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the free man. Divided and bowed down

by ages of tyranny, you could not alone have achieved your independence. In a few years, if true to yourselves, no nation will be strong enough to wrest liberty from you. Till then the great nation will protect you."

Napoleon, leaving Josephine at Milan, traveled rapidly through Piedmont, intending to proceed by the way of Switzerland to Rastadt. His journey was an uninterrupted scene of triumph. Illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells, the explosions of artillery, the huzzas of the populace, and, above all, the most cordial and warm-hearted acclamations of ladies, accompanied him all the way. The enthusiasm was indescribable.



THE TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY.

Napoleon had no fondness for such displays. He but slightly regarded the applause of the populace.

"It must be delightful," said Bourrienne, "to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration."

"Bah!" Napoleon replied, "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

Traveling with great rapidity, he appeared and vanished like a meteor, ever retaining the same calm, pensive, thoughtful aspect. A person who saw him upon this occasion thus described his appearance: "I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him much like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not, as has been reported, in ill health. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is im

possible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe."

Napoleon did not remain long at Rastadt, for all the questions of great political importance were already settled, and he had no liking for those discussions of minor points which engrossed the attention of the petty German princes who were assembled at that Congress. He accordingly prepared for his departure.* In taking leave of the army, he thus bade adieu to his troops. "Soldiers! I leave you to-morrow. In separating myself from the army, I am consoled with the thought that I shall soon meet you again, and engage with you in new enterprises. Soldiers! when conversing among yourselves of the kings you have vanquished, of the people upon whom you have conferred liberty, of the victories you have won in two campaigns, say, '*In the next two we will accomplish still more.*'"

Napoleon's attention was already eagerly directed to the gorgeous East. These vast kingdoms, enveloped in mystery, presented just the realm for his exuberant imagination to range. It was the theatre, as he eloquently said, "of mighty empires, where all the great revolutions of the earth have arisen, where mind had its birth, and all religions their cradle, and where six hundred millions of men still have their dwelling-place."

Napoleon left Rastadt, and traveling incognito through France, arrived in Paris on the 7th of December, 1797, having been absent but about eighteen months. His arrival had been awaited with the most intense impatience. The enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic capital had been excited to the highest pitch. The whole population were burning with the desire to see the youthful hero whose achievements seemed to surpass the fictions of romance. But Napoleon was nowhere visible. A strange mystery seemed to envelop him. He studiously avoided observation; very seldom made his appearance at any place of public amusement; dressed like the most unobtrusive private citizen, and glided unknown through the crowd, whose enthusi-

* The Congress of Rastadt was opened, for the purpose of concluding peace between France and Germany, December 9, 1797. After a session of more than a year, it was dissolved by the Emperor of Germany, April 7, 1799. The French ambassadors had hardly left the city when they were attacked by a troop of hussars, who seized them, dragged them out of their carriages, slew Bonnier and Robertjot, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the wife of the latter to save her husband, and struck down Jean Debry by sabre blows into a ditch, when he escaped destruction only by feigning himself dead. The assassins seized and carried off the papers of the legation. This atrocious violation of the laws of nations excited universal indignation throughout Europe.—See article "*Rastadt*," *Encyclopædia Americana*.

"Thus the war between the two systems that divided the world was implacable. The republican ministers, ill received at first, then insulted during a year of peace, were at last murdered in a most unworthy manner, and with a ferocity characteristic of savages alone. The law of nations, observed between the most inveterate enemies, was violated only in regard to them."—*Thiers*.

"About this time our plenipotentiaries were massacred at Rastadt, and notwithstanding the indignation expressed by all Frenchmen at that atrocious act, vengeance was still very tardy in overtaking the assassins. The two Councils were the first to render a melancholy tribute of honor to the victims. Who that witnessed that ceremony can ever forget its solemnity? Who can recollect without emotion the religious silence which reigned throughout the hall and tribunes when the vote was put? The president turned toward the curule chair of the victim—on which lay the official costume of the assassinated representative, covered with black crape—bent over it, and pronouncing the names of Robertjot and Bonnier, added, in a voice the tone of which was always thrilling, 'Assassinated at the Congress of Rastadt!' Immediately all the representatives responded, 'May their blood be upon the heads of their murderers.'"—*Duchess of Abrantes*.

asm was roused to the highest pitch to get a sight of the hero. He took a small house in the Rue Chantierine, which street immediately received the name of Rue de la Victoire, in honor of Napoleon. He sought only the society of men of high intellectual and scientific attainments. In this course he displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, and vastly enhanced public curiosity by avoiding its gratification.

The Directory, very jealous of Napoleon's popularity, yet impelled to honor him by the voice of the people, now prepared a triumphal festival for the delivery of the treaty of Campo Formio. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg was arranged and decorated for this gorgeous show. At the further end of the court a large platform was raised, where the five Directors were seated, dressed in the costume of the Roman Senate, at the foot of the altar of their country. Embassadors, ministers, magistrates, and the members of the two councils, were assembled on seats ranged amphitheatrically around. Vast galleries were crowded with all that was illustrious in rank, beauty, and character in the metropolis. Magnificent trophies, composed of the banners taken from the enemy, embellished the court, while the surrounding walls were draped with festoons of tri-colored tapestry. Bands of music filled the air with martial sounds, while the very walls of Paris were shaken by the thunders of exploding artillery, and by the acclamations of the countless thousands who thronged the court.



THE DELIVERY OF THE TREATY.

It was the 10th of December, 1797. A bright sun shone through cloudless skies upon the resplendent scene. Napoleon had been in Paris but five days. Few of the citizens had as yet been favored with a sight of the hero, whom all were impatient to behold. At last a great flourish of trumpets announced his approach. He ascended the platform dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, accompanied by Talleyrand and his aids-de-

camp, all gorgeously dressed, and much taller men than himself, but evidently regarding him with the most profound homage. The contrast was most striking. Every eye was riveted upon Napoleon. The thunder of the cannon was drowned in the still louder thunder of enthusiastic acclamations which simultaneously arose from the whole assemblage. The fountains of human emotion were never more deeply moved. The graceful delicacy of his fragile figure, his remarkably youthful appearance, his pale and wasted cheeks, the classic outline of his finely moulded features, the indescribable air of pensiveness and self-forgetfulness which he ever carried with him, and all associated with his most extraordinary achievements, aroused an intensity of enthusiastic emotion which has perhaps never been surpassed. No one who witnessed the scenes of that day ever forgot them. Talleyrand introduced the hero in a brief and eloquent speech.

"For a moment," said he, in conclusion, "I did feel on his account that disquietude which, in an infant republic, arises from every thing which seems to destroy the equality of the citizens. But I was wrong. Individual grandeur, far from being dangerous to equality, is its highest triumph; and on this occasion every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country. And when I reflect upon all which he has done to shroud from envy that light of glory; on that ancient love of simplicity, which distinguishes him in his favorite studies; his love for the abstract sciences; his admiration for that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from the world; on his well-known contempt for luxury, for pomp, for all that constitutes the pride of ignoble minds, I am convinced that, far from dreading his ambition, we shall one day have occasion to rouse it anew to allure him from the sweets of studious retirement."

Napoleon, apparently quite unmoved by this unbounded applause, and as calm and unembarrassed as if speaking to an under-officer in his tent, thus briefly replied: "Citizens! The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively, for two thousand years, governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the illustrious men whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tomb of their ancestors. I have the honor to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by the Emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free."

The moment Napoleon began to speak, the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. The desire to hear his voice was so intense, that hardly did the audience venture to move a limb or to breathe, while, in tones calm and clear, he addressed them. The moment he ceased speaking, a wild burst of enthusiasm filled the air. The most unimpassioned lost their self-control. Shouts of "Live Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, the pacifi-

cator of Europe, the savior of France !" resounded loud and long. Barras, in the name of the Directory, replied :

"Nature," exclaimed the orator, in his enthusiasm, "has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte ! Go," said he, turning to Napoleon, "crown a life so illustrious by a conquest which the great nation owes to its outraged dignity. Go, and, by the punishment of the cabinet of London, strike terror into the hearts of all who would miscalculate the powers of a free people. Let the conquerors of the Po, the Rhine, and the Tiber march under your banners. The ocean will be proud to bear them. It is a slave, still indignant, who blushes for his fetters. Hardly will the tri-colored standard wave on the bloodstained shores of the Thames ere a unanimous cry will bless your arrival, and that generous nation will receive you as its liberator."

Chenier's famous Hymn to Liberty was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a magnificent orchestra. In the ungovernable enthusiasm of the moment, the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. The blast of trumpets, the peal of martial bands, the thunder of cannon, and the acclamations of the countless multitude, rent the air. Says Thiers, "All heads were overcome with the intoxication. Thus it was that France threw herself into the hands of an extraordinary man. Let us not censure the weakness of our fathers. That glory reaches us only through the clouds of time and adversity, and yet it transports us ! Let us say with *Æschylus*, 'How would it have been had we seen the monster himself?'"

Napoleon's powers of conversation were inimitable. There was a peculiarity in every phrase he uttered which bore the impress of originality and genius. He fascinated every one who approached him. He never spoke of his own achievements, but, in most lucid and dramatic recitals, often portrayed the bravery of the army and the heroic exploits of his generals.

He was now elected a member of the celebrated Institute, a society composed of the most illustrious literary and scientific men in France. He eagerly accepted the invitation, and returned the following answer :

"The suffrages of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honor me. I feel sensible that before I can become their equal I must long be their pupil. The only true conquests—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance. The most honorable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. The real greatness of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist in the acquisition of the whole sum of human knowledge, and in not allowing a single new idea to exist which does not owe its birth to their exertions."

He laid aside entirely the dress of a soldier, and, constantly attending the meetings of the Institute as a philosopher and a scholar, became one of its brightest ornaments. His comprehensive mind enabled him at once to grasp any subject to which he turned his attention. In one hour he would make himself master of the accumulated learning to which others had devoted the labor of years. He immediately, as a literary man, assumed almost as marked a pre-eminence among those distinguished scholars, as he had already acquired as a general on fields of blood. Apparently forgetting the renown he had already attained, with boundless ambition he pressed on to still great-

er achievements, deeming nothing accomplished while any thing remained to be done.

Subsequently he referred to his course at this time, and remarked, "Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing; I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer in the army."

A strong effort was made at this time by the Royalists for the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon, while he despised the inefficient government of the Directory, was by no means willing that the despotic Bourbons should crush the spirit of liberty in France. He was not adverse to a monarchy; but he wished for a monarch who would consult the interests of the *people*, and not merely pamper the luxury and pride of the nobles. He formed the plan and guided the energies which discomfited the Royalists, and sustained the Directors. Thus twice had the strong arm of this young man protected the government. The Directors, in their multiplied perplexities, often urged his presence in their councils, to advise with them on difficult questions. Quiet and reserved, he would take his seat at their table, and by that superiority of tact which ever distinguished him, and by that intellectual pre-eminence which could not be questioned, he assumed a moral position far above them all, and guided those gray-haired diplomatists as a father guides his children. Whenever he entered their presence, he instinctively assumed the supremacy, and it was instinctively recognized.

The altars of religion, overthrown by revolutionary violence, still remained prostrate. The churches were closed, the Sabbath abolished, the sacraments were unknown, the priests were in exile. A whole generation had grown up in France without any knowledge of Christianity. Corruption was universal. A new sect sprang up, called Theophilanthropists, who gleaned, as the basis of their system, some of the moral precepts of the Gospel, divested of the sublime sanctions of Christianity. They soon, however, found that it is not by flowers of rhetoric, and smooth-flowing verses, and poetic rhapsodies upon the beauty of love and charity, of rivulets and skies, that the stern heart of man can be controlled. Leviathan is not so tamed. Man, exposed to temptations which rive his soul, trembling upon the brink of fearful calamities, and glowing with irrepressible desires, can only be allured and overawed when the voice of love and mercy blends with Sinai's thunders. "There was frequently," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "so much truth in the moral virtues which this new sect inculcated, that if the evangelists had not said the same things much better eighteen hundred years before them, one might have been tempted to embrace their opinions."

Napoleon took a correct view of these enthusiasts. "They can accomplish nothing," said he; "they are merely actors." "How!" it was replied, "do you thus stigmatize those whose tenets inculcate universal benevolence and the moral virtues?" "All systems of morality," Napoleon rejoined, "are fine. The Gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to

see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Such enthusiasts are only to be encountered by the weapons of ridicule. All their efforts will prove ineffectual."

Republican France was now at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The English government still waged unrelenting war against the republic, and strained every nerve to rouse the monarchies of Europe again to combine to force a detested dynasty upon the French people. The British navy, in its invincibility, had almost annihilated the commerce of France. In their ocean-guarded isle, safe from the ravages of war themselves, their fleet could extend those ravages to all shores. The Directory raised an army for the invasion of England, and gave to Napoleon the command. Drawing the sword, not of aggression, but of defense, he immediately proceeded to a survey of the French coast opposite to England, and to form his judgment respecting the feasibility of the majestic enterprise. Taking three of his generals in his carriage, he passed eight days in this tour of observation. With great energy and tact, he immediately made himself familiar with every thing which could aid him in coming to a decision. He surveyed the coast, examined the ships and the fortifications, selected the best points for embarkation, and examined until midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen. He made objections, and carefully weighed their answers.

Upon his return to Paris, his friend Bourrienne said to him, "Well, general, what do you think of the enterprise? Is it feasible?" "No!" he promptly replied, shaking his head; "it is too hazardous. I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake the fate of our beautiful France." At the same time that he was making this survey of the coast, with his accustomed energy of mind, he was also studying another plan for resisting the assaults of the British government. The idea of attacking England, by the way of Egypt, in her East Indian acquisitions, had taken full possession of his imagination. He filled his carriage with all the books he could find in the libraries of Paris relating to Egypt. With almost miraculous rapidity, he explored the pages, treasuring up, in his capacious and retentive memory, every idea of importance. Interlineations and comments on the margin of these books, in his own handwriting, testify to the indefatigable energy of his mind.

Napoleon was now almost adored by the Republicans all over Europe as the great champion of popular rights. The people looked to him as their friend and advocate. In England, in particular, there was a large, influential, and increasing party, dissatisfied with the prerogatives of the crown, and with the exclusive privileges of the nobility, who were never weary of proclaiming the praises of this champion of liberty and equality. The brilliance of his intellect, the purity of his morals, the stoical firmness of his self-endurance, his untiring energy, the glowing eloquence of every sentence which fell from his lips, his youth and feminine stature, and his wondrous achievements, all combined to invest him with a fascination such as no mortal man ever exerted before. The command of the army for the invasion of England was now assigned to Napoleon. He became the prominent and dreaded foe of that great empire; and yet the common people, who were to fight the battles, almost to a man loved him. The throne trembled. The nobles were

in consternation. "If we deal fairly and justly with France," Lord Chatham is reported frankly to have avowed, "the English government will not exist for four-and-twenty hours."*

It was necessary to change public sentiment, and to rouse feelings of personal animosity against this powerful antagonist. To render Napoleon unpopular, all the wealth and energies of the government were called into requisition, opening upon him the batteries of ceaseless invective. The English press teemed with the most atrocious and absurd abuse. It is truly amusing, in glancing over the pamphlets of that day, to contemplate the enormity of the vices attributed to him, and their contradictory nature. He was represented as a demon in human form. He was a robber and a miser, plundering the treasuries of nations that he might hoard his countless millions, and he was also a profligate and a spendthrift, squandering upon his lusts the wealth of empires. He was wallowing in licentiousness, his camp a harem of pollution, ridding himself by poison of his concubines as his voracious desires wandered from them; at the same time he was *physically an imbecile*—a monster, whom God in his displeasure had deprived of the passions and the powers of healthy manhood. He was an idol whom the entranced people bowed down before and worshiped with more than Oriental servility. He was also a sanguinary, heartless, merciless butcher, exulting in carnage, grinding the bones of his own wounded soldiers into the dust beneath his chariot-wheels, and finding congenial music for his depraved and malignant spirit in the shrieks of the mangled and the groans of the dying. To Catholic Ireland he was represented as seizing the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus dragging him over the marble floor of his palace. To Protestant England, on the contrary, he was exhibited as in league with the Pope, whom he treated with the utmost adulation, endeavoring to strengthen the despotism of the sword with the energies of superstition.

The philosophical composure with which Napoleon regarded this incessant flow of invective was strikingly grand. "Of all the libels and pamphlets," said Napoleon subsequently, "with which the English ministers have inundated Europe, there is not one which will reach posterity. When I have been asked to cause answers to be written to them, I have uniformly replied, 'My victories and my works of public improvement are the only response which it becomes me to make.' When there shall not be a trace of these libels to be found, the great monuments of utility which I have reared, and the code of laws that I have formed, will descend to the most remote ages, and future historians will avenge the wrongs done me by my contemporaries. There was a time," said he, again, "when all crimes seemed to belong to me of right. Thus I poisoned Hoche;† I strangled Pichegru‡ in his cell; I

* John Pitt, earl of Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman, and elder brother of William Pitt.

† Lazare Hoche, a very distinguished young general, who died very suddenly in the army. "Hoche," said Bonaparte, "was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating."

‡ Charles Pichegru, a celebrated French general, who entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the consular government and restore the Bourbons. He was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. The physicians who met on the occasion asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat. "Pichegru," said Napoleon, "instructed me

caused Kleber* to be assassinated in Egypt; I blew out Desaix's† brains at Marengo; I cut the throats of persons who were confined in prison; I dragged the Pope by the hair of his head, and a hundred similar absurdities. As yet," he again said, "I have not seen one of those libels which is worthy of an answer. Would you have me sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the Quarterly Review? They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice than to write *false, false*, on every page. The only truth I have seen in them is, that I one day met an officer, General Rapp, I believe, on the field of battle, with his face begrimed with smoke and covered with blood, and that I exclaimed, 'Oh, *comme il est beau! Oh, how beautiful the sight!*' This is true enough, and of it they have made a crime. My commendation of the gallantry of a brave soldier is construed into a proof of my delighting in blood."

The revolutionary government were in the habit of celebrating the 21st of January with great public rejoicing, as the anniversary of the execution of the king. They urged Napoleon to honor the festival by his presence, and to take a conspicuous part in the festivities. He peremptorily declined. "This fête," said he, "commemorates a melancholy event—a tragedy, and can be agreeable to but few people. It is proper to celebrate victories, but victims left upon the field of battle are to be lamented. To celebrate the anniversary of a man's death is an act unworthy of a government; it irritates instead of calming; it shakes the foundations of government instead of adding to their strength."

The ministry urged that it was the custom with all nations to celebrate the downfall of tyrants; and that Napoleon's influence over the public mind was so powerful, that his absence would be regarded as indicative of hostility to the government, and would be highly prejudicial to the interests of the republic. At last Napoleon consented to attend as a private member of the Institute, taking no active part in the ceremonies, but merely walking with the members of the class to which he belonged. As soon as the procession entered the Church of St. Sulpice, all eyes were searching for Napoleon. He was soon descried, and every one else was immediately eclipsed. At the close of the ceremony, the air was rent with the shouts, "Long live Napoleon!" The Directory were made exceedingly uneasy by ominous exclamations in the streets, "We will drive away these lawyers, and make the *little corporal* king." These cries wonderfully accelerated the zeal of the Directors in sending Napoleon to Egypt; and most devoutly did they hope that from that distant land he would never return.

in mathematics at Brienne when I was about ten years old. As a general, he was a man of no ordinary talent. After he had united himself with the Bourbons, he sacrificed the lives of upward of twenty thousand of his soldiers by throwing them purposely into the enemy's hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intention."

* General Kleber fell beneath the poniard of an assassin in Egypt, when Napoleon was in Paris.

† General Desaix fell, pierced by a bullet, on the field of Marengo. Napoleon deeply deplored his loss as that of one of his most faithful and devoted friends.



CHAPTER X.

THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

Dreams of Napoleon's Boyhood—Decision respecting England—Egypt—Napoleon's Plea—His grand Preparations—Proclamation to his Soldiers—Advice to the Commissioners at Toulon—Embarkation—Napoleon's Power of Fascination—Surrender of Malta—Preparations for meeting Nelson's Squadron—Disembarkation at Alexandria—Proclamation to the Soldiers.

NAPOLÉON'S Expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. When Napoleon was a school-boy at Brienne, his vivid imagination became enamored of the heroes of antiquity, and ever dwelt in the society of the illustrious men of Greece and Rome. Indulging in solitary walks and pensive musings, at that early age he formed vague and shadowy, but magnificent conceptions of founding an empire in the East, which should outvie in grandeur all that had yet been told in ancient or in modern story. His eye wandered along the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea, as traced upon the map, and followed the path of the majestic floods of the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Ganges, rolling through tribes and nations whose myriad population, dwelling in barbaric pomp and Pagan darkness, invited a conqueror. "The Persians," exclaimed this strange boy, "have blocked up the route of Tamerlane, but I will open another." He, in those early dreams, imagined himself a conqueror, with Alexander's strength, but without Alexander's vice or weakness, spreading the energies of civilization, and of a just and equitable government, over the wild and boundless regions which were lost to European eyes in the obscurity of distance.

When struggling against the armies of Austria upon the plains of Italy, visions of Egypt and the East blended with the smoke and the din of the conflict. In the retreat of the Austrians before his impetuous charges, in the

shout of victory which incessantly filled his ear, swelling ever above the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, Napoleon saw but increasing indications that destiny was pointing out his path toward an Oriental throne.

When the Austrians were driven out of Italy, and the campaign was ended, and Napoleon, at Montebello, was receiving the homage of Europe, his ever-impetuous mind turned with new interest to the object of his early ambition. He often passed hours, during the mild Italian evenings, walking with a few confidential friends in the magnificent park of his palace, conversing with intense enthusiasm upon the illustrious empires which have successively overshadowed those countries and faded away. "Europe," said he, "presents no field for glorious exploits; no great empires or revolutions are to be found but in the East, where there are six hundred millions of men."

Upon his return to Paris, he was deaf to all the acclamations with which he was surrounded. His boundless ambition was such that his past achievements seemed as nothing. The most brilliant visions of Eastern glory were dazzling his mind. "They do not long preserve at Paris," said he, "the remembrance of any thing. If I remain long unemployed, I am undone. The renown of one, in this great Babylon, speedily supplants that of another. If I am seen three times at the opera, I shall no longer be an object of curiosity. I am determined not to remain in Paris. There is nothing here to be accomplished. Every thing here passes away. My glory is declining. This little corner of Europe is too small to supply it. We must go to the East. All the great men of the world have there acquired their celebrity."

When requested to take command of the army of England, and to explore the coast to judge of the feasibility of an attack upon the English in their own island, he said to Bourrienne, "I am perfectly willing to make a tour to the coast. Should the expedition to Britain prove too hazardous, as I much fear that it will, the army of England will become the army of the East, and we will go to Egypt."

He carefully studied the obstacles to be encountered in the invasion of England, and the means at his command to surmount them. In his view, the enterprise was too hazardous to be undertaken, and he urged upon the Directory the Expedition to Egypt. "Once established in Egypt," said he, "the Mediterranean becomes a *French Lake*; we shall found a colony there, unenervated by the curse of slavery, and which will supply the place of St Domingo; we shall open a market for French manufactures through the vast regions of Africa, Arabia, and Syria. All the caravans of the East will meet at Cairo, and the commerce of India must forsake the Cape of Good Hope, and flow through the Red Sea. Marching with an army of sixty thousand men, we can cross the Indus, rouse the oppressed and discontented native population against the English usurpers, and drive the English out of India. We will establish governments which will respect the rights and promote the interests of the people. The multitude will hail us as their deliverers from oppression. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, and the Armenians, will join our standards. We may change the face of the world." Such was the magnificent project which inflamed this ambitious mind.

England, without a shadow of right, had invaded India. Her well-armed

dragoons had ridden, with bloody hoofs, over the timid and naked natives. Cannon, howitzers, and bayonets had been the all-availing arguments with which England had silenced all opposition. English soldiers, with unsheathed swords ever dripping with blood, held in subjection provinces containing uncounted millions of inhabitants. A circuitous route of fifteen thousand miles, around the stormy Cape of Good Hope, conducted the merchant fleets of London and Liverpool to Calcutta and Bombay; and through the same long channel there flooded back upon the maritime isle the wealth of the Indies.

It was the plea of Napoleon that he was not going to make an unjust war upon the unoffending nations of the East, but that he was the ally of the oppressed people, drawing the sword against their common enemy, and that he was striving to emancipate them from their powerful usurpers, and to confer upon them the most precious privileges of freedom. He marched to Egypt, not to desolate, but to ennoble; not to enslave, but to enfranchise; not to enrich himself with the treasures of the East, but to transfer to those shores the opulence and the high civilization of the West. Never was an ambitious conqueror furnished with a more plausible plea. England, as she looks at India and China, must be silent. America, as she listens to the dying wail of the Red Man, driven from the forests of his childhood and the graves of his fathers, can throw no stone. Napoleon surely was not exempt from the infirmities of humanity. But it is not becoming in an English or an American historian to breathe the prayer, "We thank Thee, oh God, that we are not like this Bonaparte!"

Egypt, the memorials of whose former grandeur still attract the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world, after having been buried, during centuries, in darkness and oblivion, is again slowly emerging into light, and is doubtless destined eventually to become one of the greatest centres of industry and of knowledge. The Mediterranean washes its northern shores, opening to its commerce all the opulent cities of Europe. The Red Sea wafts to its fertile valley the wealth of India and of China. The Nile, rolling its vast floods from the unknown interior of Africa, opens a highway for inexhaustible internal commerce with unknown nations and tribes.

The country consists entirely of the lower valley of the Nile, with a front of about one hundred and twenty miles on the Mediterranean. The valley, six hundred miles in length, rapidly diminishes in breadth as it is crowded by the sand of the desert, presenting, a few miles from the mouth of the river, but the average width of about six miles. The soil, fertilized by the annual inundations of the Nile, possesses most extraordinary fertility. These floods are caused by the heavy rains which fall in the mountains of Abyssinia. It never rains in Egypt. Centuries may pass while a shower never falls from the sky. Under the Ptolemies, the population of the country was estimated at twenty millions. But by the terrific energies of despotism, these numbers had dwindled away, and at the time of the French Expedition, Egypt contained but two million five hundred thousand inhabitants.

These were divided into four classes. First came the Copts, about two hundred thousand, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They were in a state of the most abject degradation and slavery. The great body of the

population, two millions in number, were Arabs. They were a wild and semi-barbarous race, restrained from all enterprise and industry by unrelenting despotism. The Turks or Janizaries, two hundred thousand strong, composed a standing army of sensual, merciless, unprincipled usurpers, which kept the trembling population, by the energies of the bastinado, the cimeter, and the bowstring, in most servile subjection. The Mamelukes composed a body of twelve thousand horsemen—proud, powerful, and intolerable oppressors. Each horseman had two servants to perform his menial service. Twenty-four beys, each of whom had five or six hundred Mamelukes under his command, governed this singular body of cavalry. Two principal beys, Ibrahim and Mourad, divided between them the sovereignty of Egypt.

It was the old story of despotism. The millions were ground down into hopeless degradation and poverty to pamper to the luxury and vice of a few haughty masters. Oriental voluptuousness and luxury reigned in the palaces of the beys; beggary and wretchedness deformed the mud hovels of the defrauded and degraded people. It was Napoleon's aim to present himself to the *people* of Egypt as their friend and liberator; to rally them around his standard; to subdue the Mamelukes; to establish a government which should revive all the sciences and the arts of civilized life in Egypt; to acquire a character, by these benefactions, which should emblazon his name throughout the East; and then, with oppressed nations welcoming him as a deliverer, to strike blows upon the British power in India, which should compel the mistress of the seas to acknowledge that upon the land there was an arm which could reach and humble her. It was a design sublime in its magnificence, but it was not the will of God that it should be accomplished.

The Directory, at last overcome by the arguments of Napoleon, and also, through jealousy of his unbounded popularity, being willing to remove him from France, assented to the proposed expedition. It was, however, necessary to preserve the utmost secrecy. Should England be informed of the direction in which the blow was about to fall upon her, she might, with her invincible fleet, intercept the French squadron; she might rouse the Mamelukes to most formidable preparations for resistance, and might thus vastly increase the difficulties of the enterprise. All the deliberations were consequently conducted with closed doors, and the whole plan was enveloped in the most profound mystery.

For the first time in the history of the world, literature, and science, and art formed a conspicuous part of the organization of an army. It was agreed that Napoleon should take forty-six thousand men, a certain number of officers of his own selection, men of science, engineers, geographers, and artisans of all kinds. Napoleon now devoted himself with the most extraordinary energy to the execution of his plans. Order succeeded order with ceaseless rapidity. He seemed to rest not day nor night. He superintended every thing himself, and with the utmost rapidity passed from place to place, corresponding with literary men, conversing with generals, raising money, collecting ships, and accumulating supplies. His comprehensive and indefatigable mind arranged even the minutest particulars.

"I worked all day," said one, in apology for his assigned duty not having been fully performed. "But had you not the night also?" Napoleon replied.

"Now, sir," said he to another, "use dispatch. Remember that the world was created in but six days. Ask me for whatever you please, except *time*; that is the only thing which is beyond my power."

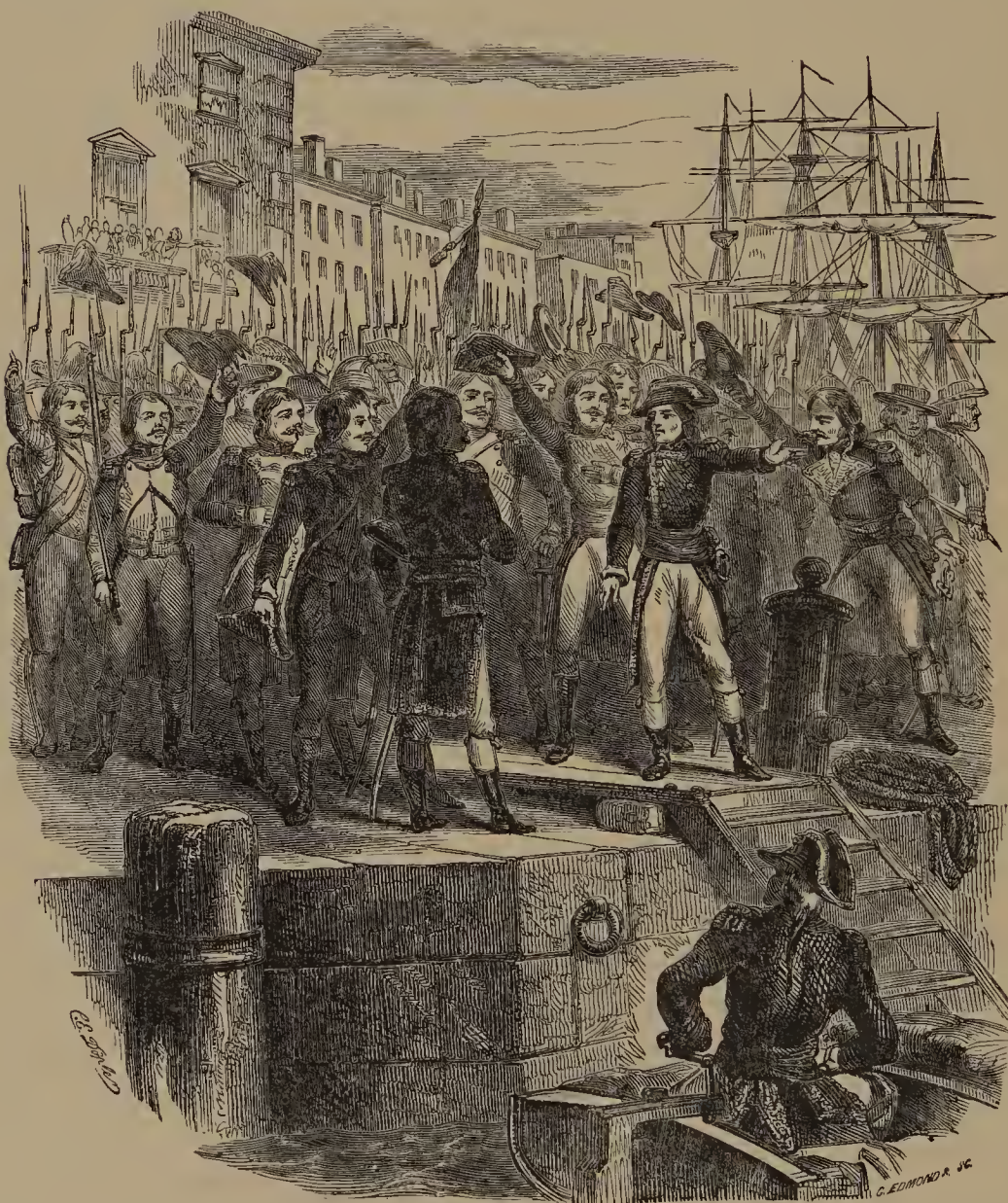
His own energy was thus infused into the hearts of hundreds, and with incredible rapidity the work of preparation went on. He selected four points for the assemblage of convoys and troops: Toulon, Genoa, Ajaccio, and Civita Vecchia. He chartered four hundred vessels of merchantmen in France and Italy as transports for the secret service, and assembled them at the points of departure. He dispatched immediate orders for the divisions of his renowned army of Italy to march to Genoa and Toulon. He collected the best artisans Europe could furnish in all the arts of human industry. He took printing-types of the various languages of the East from the College of the Propaganda at Rome, and a company of printers. He formed a large collection of the most perfect philosophical and mathematical instruments. The most illustrious men, though knowing not where he was about to lead them, were eager to attach themselves to the fortunes of the young general. Preparations for an enterprise upon such a gigantic scale could not be made without attracting the attention of Europe.

Rumor was busy with her countless contradictions. "Where is Napoleon bound?" was the universal inquiry. "He is going," said some, "to the Black Sea"—"to India"—"to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Suez"—"to Ireland"—"to the Thames." Even Kleber supposed that they were bound for England, and, reposing implicit confidence in the invincibility of Napoleon, he said, "Well! if you throw a fire-ship into the Thames, put Kleber on board of her, and you shall see what he will do." The English cabinet was extremely perplexed. They clearly foresaw that a storm was gathering, but knew not in what direction it would break. Extraordinary efforts were made to equip a powerful fleet, which was placed under the command of Lord Nelson, to cruise in the Mediterranean, and watch the movements of the French.

On the 9th of May, 1798, just five months after Napoleon's return to Paris from the Italian campaign, he entered Toulon, having completed all his preparations for the most magnificent enterprise ever contemplated by a mortal. Josephine accompanied him, as he wished to enjoy as long as possible the charms of her society. Passionately as he loved his own glory, his love for Josephine was *almost* equally enthusiastic. A more splendid armament never floated upon the bosom of the ocean than here awaited him, its supreme lord and master. The fleet consisted of thirty ships of the line and frigates, seventy-two brigs and cutters, and four hundred transports. It bore forty-six thousand combatants, and a literary corps of one hundred men, furnished with all the appliances of art, to transport to Asia the science and the arts of Europe, and to bring back, in return, the knowledge gleaned among the monuments of antiquity. The old army of Italy was drawn up in proud array to receive its youthful general, and they greeted him with enthusiastic acclamations. But few even of the officers of the army were aware of its destination. Napoleon inspired his troops with the following proclamation:

"Soldiers! You are one of the wings of the army of England. You have made war in mountains, plains, and cities. It remains to make it on the

ocean. The Roman legions, whom you have often imitated, but not yet equaled, combated Carthage, by turns, on the seas and on the plains of Zama. Victory never deserted their standards, because they never ceased to be brave, patient, and united. Soldiers! The eyes of Europe are upon you. You have great destinies to accomplish, battles to fight, dangers and fatigues to overcome. You are about to do more than you have yet done for the prosperity of your country, the happiness of man, and for your own glory." Thus the magnitude of the enterprise was announced, while at the same time it was left veiled in mystery.



THE EMBARKATION.

Napoleon had, on many occasions, expressed his dislike of the arbitrary course pursued by the Directory. In private, he expressed, in the strongest terms, his horror of Jacobin cruelty and despotism. "The Directors," said he, "can not long retain their position. They know not how to do any thing

for the imagination of the nation." It is said that the Directors, at last, were so much annoyed by his censure, that they seriously contemplated his arrest, and applied to Fouché for that purpose. 'The wily minister of police replied, "Napoleon Bonaparte is not the man to be arrested, neither is Fouché the man who will undertake to arrest him."

When Bourrienne inquired if he were really determined to risk his fate on the Expedition to Egypt, "Yes!" he replied, "if I remain here, it will be necessary for me to overturn this miserable government, and make myself king. But we must not think of that yet. The pear is not yet ripe. I have sounded, but the time has not yet come. I must first dazzle these gentlemen by my exploits." One of his last acts before embarkation was to issue a humane proclamation to the military commission at Toulon, urging a more merciful construction of one of the tyrannical edicts of the Directory against the emigrants. "I exhort you, citizens," said he, "when the law presents at your tribunal old men and females, to declare that, in the midst of war, Frenchmen respect the aged and the women, even of their enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against one incapable of bearing arms is a coward." There was, perhaps, not another man in France who would have dared thus to oppose the sanguinary measures of government. This benevolent interposition met, however, with a response in the hearts of the people, and added a fresh laurel to his brow.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1798, just as the sun was rising over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the fleet got under way. Napoleon, with Eugene, embarked in the *Orient*, an enormous ship of one hundred and twenty guns. It was a brilliant morning, and the unclouded sun perhaps never shone upon a more splendid scene. The magnificent armament extended over a semicircle of not less than eighteen miles. The parting between Napoleon and Josephine is represented as having been tender and affecting in the extreme. She was very anxious to accompany him, but he deemed the perils to which they would be exposed, and the hardships they must necessarily endure, far too formidable for a lady to encounter. Josephine stood upon a balcony, with her eyes blinded with tears, as she waved



THE DISTANT ALPS.

her adieux to Napoleon, and watched the receding fleet till the lessening sails disappeared beneath the distant horizon. The squadron sailed first to Genoa, thence to Ajaccio, and thence to Civita Vecchia, to join the convoys collected in those ports. The signal was then given for the whole fleet to bear away, as rapidly as possible, for Malta.

In coasting along the shores of Italy, Napoleon, from the deck of the Orient, descried, far away in the distant horizon, the snow-capped summits of the Alps. He called for a telescope, and gazed long and earnestly upon the scene of his early achievements. "I can not," said he, "behold without emotion the land of Italy. These mountains command the plains where I have so often led the French to victory. Now I am bound to the East. With the same troops victory is still secure."

All were fascinated by the striking originality, animation, and eloquence of his conversation. Deeply read in all that is illustrious in the past, every island, every bay, every promontory, every headland, recalled the heroic deeds of antiquity. In pleasant weather, Napoleon passed nearly all the time upon deck, surrounded by a group never weary of listening to the freshness and the poetic vigor of his remarks. Upon all subjects he was alike at home, and the most distinguished philosophers, in their several branches of science, were amazed at the instinctive comprehensiveness with which every subject seemed to be familiar to his mind. He was never depressed and never mirthful. A calm and thoughtful energy inspired every moment. From all the ships, the officers and distinguished men were in turn invited to dine with him. He displayed wonderful tact in drawing them out in conversation, forming with unerring skill an estimate of character, and thus preparing himself for the selection of suitable agents in all the emergencies which were to be encountered.

In nothing was the genius of Napoleon more conspicuous than in the lightning-like rapidity with which he detected any vein of genius in another. Not a moment of time was lost. Intellectual conversation, or reading, or philosophical discussion, caused the hours to fly on swiftest wing. Napoleon always, even in his most hurried campaigns, took a compact library with him. When driving in his carriage from post to post of the army, he improved the moments in garnering up that knowledge for the accumulation of which he ever manifested such an insatiable desire. *Words* were with him nothing, *ideas* every thing. He devoured biography, history, philosophy, treatises upon political economy and upon all the sciences. His contempt for works of fiction—the whole class of novels and romances—amounted almost to indignation. He could never endure to see one reading such a book, or to have such a volume in his presence. Once, when Emperor, in passing through the saloons of his palace, he found one of the maids of honor with a novel in her hands. He took it from her, gave her a severe lecture for wasting her time in such frivolous reading, and cast the volume into the flames. When he had a few moments for diversion, he not unfrequently employed them in looking over a book of logarithms, in which he always found recreation.

At the dinner-table some important subject of discussion was ever proposed. For the small talk and indelicacies which wine engenders Napoleon

had no taste, and his presence alone was sufficient to hold all such themes in abeyance. He was a young man of but twenty-eight years of age, but his pre-eminence over all the forty-six thousand who composed that majestic armament was so conspicuous, that no one dreamed of questioning it. Without arrogance, without haughtiness, he was fully conscious of his own superiority, and received unembarrassed the marks of homage which ever surrounded him. The questions for discussion, relating to history, mythology, and science, were always proposed by Napoleon. "Are the planets inhabited?" "What is the age of the world?" "Will the earth be destroyed by fire or water?" "What are the comparative merits of Christianity and Moslemism?" Such were some of the questions which interested the mind of this young general.

From the crowded state of the vessels, and the numbers on board unaccustomed to nautical maneuvers, it not unfrequently happened that some one fell overboard. Napoleon could look with perfect composure upon the carnage of the field of battle, and order movements, without the tremor of a nerve, which he knew must consign thousands to a bloody death. But when, by such an accidental event, life was periled, his sympathies were aroused to the highest degree, and he could not rest until the person was extricated. He always liberally rewarded those who displayed unusual courage and zeal in effecting a rescue. One dark night a noise was heard as of a man falling overboard. The whole ship's company, consisting of two thousand men, as the cry of alarm spread from stem to stern, was instantly in commotion. Napoleon immediately ascended to the deck. The ship was put about; boats were lowered, and, after much agitation and search, it was discovered that the whole stir was occasioned by the slipping of a quarter of beef from a noose at the bulwark. Napoleon ordered that the recompense for signal exertions should be more liberal than usual. "It might have been a man," he said, "and the zeal and courage now displayed have not been less than would have been required in that event."

On the morning of the 16th of June, after a voyage of twenty-seven days, the white cliffs of Malta, and the magnificent fortifications of that celebrated island, nearly a thousand miles from Toulon, emerged from the horizon, glittering with dazzling brilliance in the rays of the rising sun. By a secret understanding with the Knights of Malta, Napoleon had prepared the way for the capitulation of the island before leaving France. The Knights, conscious of their inability to maintain independence, preferred to be the subjects of France rather than of any other power. "I captured Malta," said Napoleon, "while at Mantua." The reduction by force of that almost impregnable fortress would have required a long siege, and a vast expenditure of treasure and of life. A few cannon-shot were exchanged, that there might be a show of resistance, when the island was surrendered, and the tri-colored flag waved proudly over those bastions which, in former years, had bid defiance to the whole power of the all-conquering Turk.

The generals of the French army were amazed as they contemplated the grandeur and the strength of these works, upon which had been expended the science, the toil, and the wealth of ages. "It is well," said General Caffarelli to Napoleon, "that there was some one within to open the gates to

us. We should have had more trouble in making our way through if the place had been empty." The Knights of Malta, living upon the renown acquired by their order in by-gone ages, and reveling in luxury and magnifi-



cence, were very willing to receive the gold of Napoleon, and palaces in the fertile plains of Italy and France, in exchange for turrets and towers, bastions and ramparts of solid rock. The harbor is one of the most safe and commodious in the world. It embraced, without the slightest embarrassment, the whole majestic armament, and allowed the magnificent Orient to float, with abundance of water, at the quay.

Napoleon immediately devoted his mind, with its accustomed activity, to securing and organizing the new colony. The innumerable batteries were immediately armed, and three thousand men were left in defense of the place. All the Turkish prisoners found in the galleys were set at liberty, treated with the greatest kindness, and scattered through the fleet, that their friendship might be won, and that they might exert a moral influence in favor of the French upon the Mohammedan population of the East. With as much facility as if he had devoted a long life to the practical duties of a statesman, Napoleon arranged the municipal system of the island; and having accomplished all this in less than a week, he again weighed anchor, and directed his course toward Egypt. Many of the Knights of Malta followed the victorious general, and with profound homage accepted appointments in his army.

The whole French squadron, hourly anticipating collision with the English fleet, were ever ready for battle. Though Napoleon did not turn from his great object to seek the English, he felt no apprehension in view of meeting the enemy. Upon every ship of the line he had put five hundred picked men, who were daily exercised in working the guns. He had enjoined upon the whole fleet that, in case of an encounter, every ship was to have but one single aim, that of closing immediately with a ship of the enemy, and boarding her with the utmost desperation. Nelson, finding that the French had left their harbors, eagerly but unavailingly searched for them. He was entirely at a loss respecting their destination, and knew not in what direction to sail. It was not yet known, even on board the French ships, but to a few individuals, whither the fleet was bound. Gradually, however, as the vast squadron drew nearer the African shore, the secret began to transpire. Mirth and gayety prevailed. All were watching with eagerness to catch a first glimpse of the continent of Africa. In the evenings, Napoleon assembled in the capacious cabins of the *Orient* the men of science and general officers, and then commenced the learned discussions of the Institute of Egypt. One night the two fleets were within fifteen miles of each other, so near that the signal-guns of Nelson's squadron were heard by the French. The night, however, was dark and foggy, and the two fleets passed without collision.*

On the morning of the 1st of July, after a passage of forty-two days, the low and sandy shores of Egypt, about two thousand miles from France, were discerned, extending along the distant horizon as far as the eye could reach.

* The spirit with which Lord Nelson was actuated may be seen in the following declarations, taken from Southey's "Eulogy."

"There are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king. And thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." "Down, down with the French, is my constant prayer." "*Down, down with the French*, ought to be written in the council-room of every country in the world. *For all must be a republic*, if the Emperor" (of Austria) "does not act with expedition and vigor." "There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down." "My principle is to assist in driving the French to the devil." To the Duke of Clarence he wrote, "To serve my king and to destroy the French, I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring. And if one of these militate against it, I go back, and obey the great order and object, to down, down with the damned French villains. My blood boils at the name of Frenchman!" How noble does the spirit of Napoleon appear when contrasted with that of his enemies!

As with a gentle breeze they drew nearer the land, the minarets of Alexandria, the Needle of Cleopatra, and Pompey's Pillar, rose above the sand hills, exciting in the minds of the enthusiastic French the most romantic dreams of Oriental grandeur. The fleet approached a bay at a little distance from the harbor of Alexandria, and dropped anchor about three miles from the shore. But two days before, Nelson had visited that very spot in quest of the French, and, not finding them there, had sailed for the mouth of the Hellespont.

The evening had now arrived, and the breeze had increased to almost a gale. Notwithstanding the peril of disembarkation in such a surf, Napoleon decided that not a moment was to be lost. The landing immediately com-



THE DISEMBARKATION.

menced, and was continued with the utmost expedition through the whole night. Many boats were swamped, and some lives lost, but, unintimidated

by such disasters, the landing was continued with unabated zeal. The transfer of the horses from the ships to the shore presented a very curious spectacle. They were hoisted out of the ships and lowered into the sea with simply a halter about their necks, where they swam in great numbers around the vessels, not knowing which way to go. Six were caught by their halters, and towed by a boat toward the shore. The rest, by instinct, followed them. As other horses were lowered into the sea from all the ships, they joined the column hastening toward the land, and thus soon there was a dense and wide column of swimming horses, extending from the ships to the beach. As fast as they reached the shore, they were caught, saddled, and delivered to their riders. Toward morning the wind abated, and before the blazing sun rose over the sands of the desert, a proud army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery was marshaled upon the dreary waste, awaiting the commands of its general.

In the midst of the disembarkation, a sail appeared in the distant horizon. It was supposed to be an English ship. "Oh, Fortune!" exclaimed Napoleon, "dost thou forsake me now? I ask of thee but a short respite." The strange sail proved to be a French frigate rejoining the fleet. While the disembarkation was still going on, Napoleon advanced with three thousand men, whom he had hastily formed in battle array upon the beach, to Alexandria, which was at but a few miles distance, that he might surprise the place before the Turks had time to prepare for a defense. No man ever better understood the value of time. His remarkable saying to the pupils of a school which he once visited, "*My young friends! every hour of time is a chance of misfortune for future life,*" formed the rule of his own conduct.

Just before disembarking, Napoleon had issued the following proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers! You are about to undertake a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilization of the world. You will inflict upon England the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death-blow. The people with whom we are about to live are Mohammedans. Their first article of faith is, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.' Contradict them not. Treat them as you have treated the Italians and the Jews. Show the same regard to their muftis and imaums as you have shown to the bishops and rabbis. Manifest for the ceremonies of the Koran the same respect you have shown to the convents and the synagogues, to the religion of Moses and that of Jesus Christ. All religions were protected by the legions of Rome. You will find here customs greatly at variance with those of Europe. Accustom yourselves to respect them. Women are not treated here as with us; but in every country he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few, while it dishonors an army, destroys its resources, and makes enemies of those whom it is the interest of all to attach as friends."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARCH TO CAIRO.

Sentiments of the Turks toward Napoleon—Proclamation to the Egyptians—Napoleon's Views on Religion—Labors in Alexandria—Order to Brueys—March across the Desert—Mameluke Horsemen—Joy of the Army on seeing the Nile—Repulse of the Mamelukes—Arab Sheik—Cairo—Charge of Mourad Bey—Entrance into Cairo—Love of the Egyptians—Battle of the Nile—Touching Letter to Madame Brueys.

THE first gray of the morning had not yet dawned, when Napoleon, at the head of his enthusiastic columns, marched upon the city which bore the name and which had witnessed the achievements of Alexander. It was his aim, by the fearlessness and the impetuosity of his first assault, to impress the Turks with the idea of the invincibility of the French. The Mamelukes, hastily collected upon the ramparts of the city, received the foe with discharges of musketry and artillery, and with shouts of defiance. The French, aided by their ladders, poured over the walls like an inundation, sweeping every thing before them. The conflict was short, and the tri-colored flag waved triumphantly over the city of Alexandria. The Turkish prisoners from Malta, who had become fascinated by the magnificence of Napoleon, as all were fascinated who approached that extraordinary man, dispersed themselves through the city, and exerted a powerful influence in securing the friendship of the people for their invaders.

The army, imbibing the politic sentiments of their general, refrained from all acts of lawless violence, and amazed the enslaved populace by their justice, mercy, and generosity. The people were immediately liberated from the most grinding and intolerable despotism; just and equal laws were established; and Arab and Copt soon began, lost in wonder, to speak the praises of Napoleon. He was a strange conqueror for the East; liberating and blessing, not enslaving and robbing the vanquished. Their women were respected, their property was uninjured, their persons protected from violence, and their interests in every way promoted. A brighter day never dawned upon Egypt than the day in which Napoleon placed his foot upon her soil. The accomplishment of his plans, so far as human vision can discern, would have been one of the greatest of possible blessings to the East. Again Napoleon issued one of those glowing proclamations which are as characteristic of his genius as were the battles which he fought:

"People of Egypt! You will be told by our enemies that I am come to destroy your religion. Believe them not. Tell them that I am come to restore your rights, punish your usurpers, and revive the true worship of Mohammed. Tell them that I venerate, more than do the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Koran. Tell them that all men are equal in the sight of God; that wisdom, talents, and virtue alone constitute the difference between them. And what are the virtues which distinguish the Mamelukes, that entitle them to appropriate all the enjoyments of life to themselves? If Egypt

is their farm, let them show their lease from God by which they hold it. Is there a fine estate? it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there a beautiful slave, a fine horse, a good house? all belong to the Mamelukes. But God is just and merciful, and He hath ordained that the empire of the Mamelukes shall come to an end. Thrice happy those who shall side with us; they shall prosper in their fortune and their rank. Happy they who shall be neutral; they will have time to become acquainted with us, and will range themselves upon our side. But woe, threefold woe to those who shall arm for the Mamelukes and fight against us. For them there will be no hope; they shall perish!"

"You witlings of Paris," wrote one of the officers of the army, "will laugh outright at the Mohammedan proclamation of Napoleon. He, however, is proof against all your raillery, and the proclamation itself has produced the most surprising effect. The Arabs, natural enemies of the Mamelukes, sent us back, as soon as they had read it, thirty of our people whom they had made prisoners, with an offer of their services against the Mamelukes."

It was an interesting peculiarity in the character of Napoleon, that he respected all religions as necessities of the human mind. He never allowed himself to speak in contemptuous terms even of the grossest absurdities of religious fanaticism. Christianity was presented to him only as exhibited by the Papal Church. He professed the most profound admiration of the doctrines and the moral precepts of the Gospel, and often expressed the wish that he could be a devout believer; but he could not receive, as from God, all that Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests claimed as divine. In the spiritual power of the Pope he recognized an agent of tremendous efficiency. As such, he sincerely respected it, treated it with deference, and sought its alliance. He endeavored to gain control over every influence which could sway the human heart. So of the Mohammedans; he regarded their religion as an element of majestic power, and wished to avail himself of it. While the philosophers and generals around him regarded all forms of religion with contempt, he, influenced by a far higher philosophy, regarded all with veneration.

Since the Revolution, there had been no sort of worship in France. The idea even of a God had been almost entirely obliterated from the public mind. The French soldiers were mere animals, with many noble as well as depraved instincts. At the command of their beloved chieftain, they were as ready to embrace a religion as to storm a battery. Napoleon was accused of hypocrisy for pursuing this course in Egypt. "I never," said he, subsequently, "followed any of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine or was circumcised. I said merely that we were friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected their prophet; which was true. I respect him now."*

* "Among the innumerable calumnies spent on Bonaparte, it was said, and long believed by many, that he had no religion. Scott, and other writers of his life, published as a fact that he embraced Islamism, which was a mere fabrication. He did no more in Egypt than respectfully attend at the religious exercises of the Mussulmans, which gratified them and tranquillized the country, whose creed it was as much his duty as his policy to tolerate. He was penetrated with the importance of religion, reverently convinced of the existence and providence of God, and in that belief not only religious, but of the Roman Catholic religion. The great body of the French people

Napoleon remained in Alexandria but six days. During this time, he devoted himself, with a zeal and energy which elicited universal admiration, to the organization of equitable laws, the regulation of police, and the development of the resources of the country. The very hour of their establishment in the city, artisans, and artists, and engineers all were busy, and the life and enterprise of the West were infused into the sepulchral streets of Alexandria.

Preparations were immediately made for improving the harbor, repairing the fortifications, erecting mills, establishing manufactories, founding schools, exploring antiquities; and the government of the country was placed in the hands of the prominent inhabitants, who were interested to promote the wise and humane policy of Napoleon. Since that day, half a century of degradation, ignorance, poverty, oppression, and wretchedness has passed over Egypt.

Had Napoleon succeeded in his designs, it is probable that Egypt would now have been a civilized and a prosperous land, enriched by the commerce of the East and the West; with villas of elegance and refinement embellishing the meadows and headlands of the Nile, and steamers, freighted with the luxuries of all lands, plowing her majestic waves. The shores of the Red Sea, now so silent and lonely, would have echoed with the hum of happy industry, and fleets would have been launched from her forests, and thriving towns and opulent cities would have sprung up, where the roving Bedouin now meets but desolation and gloom. It is true that, in the mysterious providence of God, all these hopes might have been disappointed; but it is certain that, while Napoleon remained in Egypt, the whole country received an impulse unknown for centuries before; and human wisdom can not devise a better plan than he proposed, for arousing the enterprise, and stimulating the industry, and developing the resources of the land.

About thirty of the French troops fell in the attack upon Alexandria. Napoleon, with his prompt conceptions of the sublime, caused them to be buried at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, and had their names engraven upon that monument, whose renown has grown venerable through countless ages. The whole army assisted at the imposing ceremony of their interment. Enthusiasm spread through the ranks. The French soldiers, bewildered by the meteor glare of glory, and deeming their departed comrades now immortalized, envied their fate. Never did conqueror better understand than Napoleon what springs to touch, to rouse the latent energies of human nature.

Leaving three thousand men in Alexandria, under the command of General Kleber, who had been wounded in the assault, Napoleon set out, with

being inflexible Roman Catholics, he could not inculcate any change so obnoxious as Protestantism without distracting the country. All he could do was to favor liberality and establish toleration. He therefore restored, but reformed Catholicity; separating, as far as was prudent, spiritual from temporal, and healing the angry divisions which the republic left in the Church. That great result, with its powerful tendency to European peace, quelling religious discord, the cause of so much calamity, it was one of the first acts of his government successfully to bring about. But Italy, almost a French province, and Spain, a neighboring, close ally, were entirely Roman Catholic, like the large majority of France. The concordat arranged with the Pope was, therefore, all that was peaceably practicable; and even to that many of the military were opposed, and the Republicans." —*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 161, 162.

the rest of his army, to cross the desert to Cairo. The fleet was not in a place of safety, and Napoleon gave emphatic orders to Admiral Brueys to remove the ships, immediately after landing the army, from the Bay of Aboukir, where it was anchored, into the harbor of Alexandria; or, if the large ships could not enter that port, to proceed, without any delay, to the island of Corfu. The neglect, on the part of the Admiral, promptly to execute these orders, upon which Napoleon had placed great stress, led to a disaster which proved fatal to the expedition.

Napoleon dispatched a large flotilla, laden with provisions, artillery, ammunition, and baggage, to sail along the shore of the Mediterranean to the western branch of the Nile, called the Rosetta mouth, and ascend the river to a point where the army, having marched across the desert, would meet it. The flotilla and the army would then keep company, ascending the Nile, some fifty miles, to Cairo. The army had a desert of sixty miles to cross. It was dreary and inhospitable in the extreme. A blazing sun glared fiercely down upon the glowing sands. Not a tree or a blade of grass cheered the eye. Not a rivulet trickled across their hot and sandy path. A few wells of brackish water were scattered along the trackless course pursued by the caravans, but even these the Arabs had filled up or poisoned.

Early on the morning of the 6th of July, the army commenced its march over the apparently boundless plain of shifting sands. No living creature met the eye but a few Arab horsemen, who occasionally appeared and disappeared at the horizon, and who, concealing themselves behind the sand-hills, immediately murdered any stragglers who wandered from the ranks, or from sickness or exhaustion loitered behind. Four days of inconceivable suffering were occupied in crossing the desert. The soldiers, accustomed to the luxuriance, beauty, and abundance of the valleys of Italy, were plunged into the most abject depression. Even the officers found their firmness giving way, and Lannes and Murat, in paroxysms of despair, dashed their hats upon the sand, and trampled them under foot. Many fell and perished on the long and dreary route. But the dense columns toiled on, hour after hour, weary, and hungry, and faint, and thirsty, the hot sun blazing down upon their unsheltered heads, and the yielding sands burning their blistered feet. At the commencement of the enterprise, Napoleon had promised to each of his soldiers seven acres of land. As they looked around upon this dreary and boundless ocean of sand, they spoke jocularly of his moderation in promising them but *seven acres*. "The young rogue," said they, "might have safely offered us as much as we chose to take. We certainly should not have abused his good-nature."

Nothing can show more strikingly the singular control which Napoleon had obtained over his army than the fact that, under these circumstances, no one murmured against him. He toiled along on foot at the head of the column, sharing the fatigue of the most humble soldiers. Like them, he threw himself upon the sands at night, with the sand for his pillow, and, secreting no luxuries for himself, he ate the coarse beans which afforded the only food for the army. He was ever the last to fold his cloak around him for the night, and the first to spring from the ground in the morning. The soldiers bitterly cursed the government who had sent them to that land of



THE MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT.

barrenness and desolation. Seeing the men of science stopping to examine the antiquities, they accused them of being the authors of the expedition, and revenged themselves with witticisms. But no one uttered a word against Napoleon. His presence overawed all. He seemed to be insensible to hunger, thirst, or fatigue. It was observed that, while all others were drenched with perspiration, not a drop of moisture oozed from his brow.

Through all the hours of this dreary march, not a word or a gesture escaped him which indicated the slightest embarrassment or inquietude. One day he approached a group of discontented officers, and said to them, in tones of firmness which at once brought them to their senses, "You are holding mutinous language! Beware! It is not your being six feet high which will save you from being shot in a couple of hours."

In the midst of the desert, when gloom and despondency had taken possession of all hearts, unbounded joy was excited by the appearance of a lake of crystal water but a few miles before them, with villages and palm-trees beautifully reflected in its clear and glassy depths. The parched and panting troops rushed eagerly on to plunge into the delicious waves. Hour after hour passed, and they approached no nearer the elysium before them. Dreadful was their disappointment when they found that it was all an illusion, and that they were pursuing the *mirage* of the dry and dusty desert. At one time Napoleon, with one or two of his officers, wandered a little distance from the main body of his army. A troop of Arab horsemen, concealed by some sand-hills, watched his movements, but for some unknown reason, when he was entirely in their power, did not harm him. Napoleon soon perceived his peril, and escaped unmolested. Upon his return to the

troops, peacefully smiling, he said, "It is not written on high that I am to perish by the hands of the Arabs."

As the army drew near the Nile, the Mameluke horsemen increased in numbers, and in the frequency and the recklessness of their attacks. Their appearance, and the impetuosity of their onset, was most imposing. Each one was mounted on a fleet Arabian steed, and was armed with pistol, sabre, carbine, and blunderbuss. The carbine was a short gun, which threw a small bullet with great precision. The blunderbuss was also a short gun, with a large bore, capable of holding a number of balls, and of doing execution without exact aim. These fierce warriors, accustomed to the saddle almost from infancy, presented an array indescribably brilliant, as, with gay turbans, and waving plumes, and gaudy banners, and gold-spangled robes, in meteoric splendor, with the swiftness of the wind, they burst from behind the sand-hills. Charging like the rush of a tornado, they rent the air with their hideous yells, and discharged their carbines while in full career, and halted, wheeled, and retreated with a precision and celerity which amazed even the most accomplished horsemen of the army of Italy.

The extended sandy plains were exactly adapted to the maneuvers of these flying herds. The least motion or the slightest breath of wind raised a cloud of dust, blinding, choking, and smothering the French, but apparently presenting no annoyance either to the Arab rider or to his horse. If a weary straggler loitered a few steps behind the toiling column, or if any soldiers ventured to leave the ranks in pursuit of the Mamelukes in their bold attacks, certain and instant death was encountered. A wild troop, enveloped in clouds of dust, like spirits from another world, dashed upon them, cut down the adventurers with their keen Damascus blades, and disappeared in the desert almost before a musket could be leveled at them.

After five days of inconceivable suffering, the long-wished-for Nile was seen, glittering through the sand-hills of the desert, and bordered by a fringe of the richest luxuriance. The scene burst upon the view of the panting soldiers like a vision of enchantment. Shouts of joy burst from the ranks. All discipline and order were instantly forgotten. The whole army of thirty thousand men, with horses and camels, rushed forward, a tumultuous throng, and plunged, in the delirium of excitement, into the waves. They luxuriated, with indescribable delight, in the cool and refreshing stream. They rolled over and over in the water, shouting and frolicking in wild joy. Reckless of consequences, they drank and drank again, as if they never could be satiated with the delicious beverage.

In the midst of this scene of turbulent and almost phrensied exultation, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, the trampling of hoofs was heard, and a body of nearly a thousand Mameluke horsemen, on fleet Arabian chargers, came sweeping down upon them with fiendlike velocity, their sabres flashing in the sunlight, and rending the air with their hideous yells. The drums beat the alarm, the trumpets sounded, and the veteran soldiers, drilled to the most perfect mechanical precision, instantly formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, to meet the foe. In a moment the assault, like a tornado, fell upon them. But it was a tornado striking a rock. Not a line wavered. A palisade of bristling bayonets met the breasts of the

horses, and they recoiled from the shock. A volcanic burst of fire, from artillery and musketry, rolled hundreds of steeds and riders together in the dust. The survivors, wheeling their unchecked chargers, disappeared with the same meteoric rapidity with which they had approached.

The flotilla now appeared in sight, having arrived at the destined spot at the precise hour designated by Napoleon. This was not accident. It was the result of that wonderful power of mind and extent of information which had enabled Napoleon perfectly to understand the difficulties of the two routes, and to give his orders in such a way that they could be and would be obeyed. It was remarked by Napoleon's generals that, during a week's residence in Egypt, he acquired apparently as perfect an acquaintance with the country as if it had been his native land.

The whole moral aspect of the army was now changed with the change in the aspect of the country. The versatile troops forgot their sufferings, and, rejoicing in abundance, danced and sang beneath the refreshing shade of sycamores and palm-trees. The fields were waving with luxuriant harvests. Pigeons were abundant. The most delicious water-melons were brought to the camp in inexhaustible profusion; but the villages were poor and squalid, and the houses mere hovels of mud. The execrations in which the soldiers had indulged in the desert now gave place to jokes and glee. For seven days they marched resolutely forward along the banks of the Nile, admiring the fertility of the country, and despising the poverty and degradation of the inhabitants. They declared that there was no such place as Cairo, but that the "Little Corporal" had suffered himself to be transported, *like a good boy*, to that miserable land, in search of a city even more unsubstantial than the mirage of the desert.

On the march, Napoleon stopped at the house of an Arab sheik. The interior presented a revolting scene of squalidness and misery. The proprietor was, however, reported to be rich. Napoleon treated the old man with great kindness, and asked, through an interpreter, why he lived in such utter destitution of all the comforts of life, assuring him that an unreserved answer should expose him to no inconvenience. He replied, "Some years ago I repaired and furnished my dwelling. Information of this was carried to Cairo, and having been thus proved to be wealthy, a large sum of money was demanded from me by the Mamelukes, and the bastinado was inflicted until I paid it. Look at my feet, which bear witness to what I endured. From that time I have reduced myself to the barest necessities, and no longer seek to repair any thing." The poor old man was lamed for life, in consequence of the mutilation which his feet received from the terrible infliction. Such was the tyranny of the Mamelukes. The Egyptians, in abject slavery to their proud oppressors, were compelled to surrender their wives, their children, and even their own persons, to the absolute will of the despots who ruled them.

Numerous bands of Mameluke horsemen, the most formidable body of cavalry in the world, were continually hovering about the army, watching for points of exposure, and it was necessary to be constantly prepared for an attack. Nothing could have been more effective than the disposition which Napoleon made of his troops to meet this novel mode of warfare. He form-

ed his army into five squares. The sides of each square were composed of ranks six men deep. The artillery were placed at the angles. Within the square were grenadier companies in platoons to support the points of attack. The generals, the scientific corps, and the baggage were in the centre. These squares were moving masses. When on the march, all faced in one direction, the two sides marching in flank. When charged, they immediately halted and fronted on every side—the outermost rank kneeling, that those behind might shoot over their heads; the whole body thus presenting a living fortress of bristling bayonets.

When they were to carry a position, the three front ranks were to detach themselves from the square, and to form a column of attack. The other three ranks were to remain in the rear, still forming the square, ready to rally the column. These flaming citadels of fire set at defiance all the power of the Arab horsemen. The attacks of the enemy soon became a subject of merriment to the soldiers. The scientific men, or *savans*, as they were called, had been supplied with asses to transport their persons and philosophical apparatus. As soon as the body of Mamelukes was seen in the distance, the order was given, with military precision, "*Form square, savans and asses in the centre.*" This order was echoed from rank to rank with peals of laughter. The soldiers amused themselves with calling the asses *demi-savans*. Though the soldiers thus enjoyed their jokes, they cherished the highest respect for many of these savans, who in scenes of battle had manifested the utmost intrepidity. After a march of seven days, during which time they had many bloody skirmishes with the enemy, the army approached Cairo.

Mourad Bey had there assembled the greater part of his Mamelukes, nearly ten thousand in number, for a decisive battle. These proud and powerful horsemen were supported by twenty-four thousand foot-soldiers, strongly intrenched. Cairo is on the eastern bank of the Nile. Napoleon was marching along the western shore. On the morning of the 21st of July, Napoleon, conscious that he was near the city, set his army in motion before the break of day. Just as the sun was rising in those cloudless skies, the soldiers beheld the lofty minarets of the city upon their left, gilded by its rays, and upon the right, upon the borders of the desert, the gigantic pyramids rising like mountains upon an apparently boundless plain.

The whole army instinctively halted, and gazed, awe-stricken, upon those monuments of antiquity. The face of Napoleon beamed with enthusiasm. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, as he rode along the ranks, "from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." The ardor of the soldiers was aroused to the highest pitch. Animated by the clangor of martial bands and the gleam of flaunting banners, they advanced with impetuous steps to meet their foes. The whole plain before them, at the base of the pyramids, was filled with armed men. The glittering weapons of ten thousand horsemen, in the utmost splendor of barbaric chivalry, brilliant with plumes and arms of burnished steel and gold, presented an array inconceivably imposing. Undismayed, the French troops, marshaled in five invincible squares, pressed on. There was no other alternative. Napoleon must march upon those intrenchments, behind which twenty-four thousand men were stationed

with powerful artillery and musketry to sweep his ranks, and a formidable body of ten thousand horsemen, on fleet and powerful Arabian steeds, awaiting the onset, and ready to seize upon the slightest indications of confusion to plunge, with the fury which fatalism can inspire, upon his bleeding and mangled squares.

It must have been with Napoleon a moment of intense anxiety. But as



he sat upon his horse, in the centre of one of the squares, and carefully examined, with his telescope, the disposition of the enemy, no one could discern the least trace of uneasiness. His gaze was long and intense. The keenness of his scrutiny detected that the enemy's guns were not mounted upon carriages, and that they could not, therefore, be turned from the direction in which

they were placed. No other officer, though many of them had equally good glasses, made this important discovery. He immediately, by a lateral movement, guided his army to the right, toward the pyramids, that his squares might be out of the range of the guns, and that he might attack the enemy in flank. The moment Mourad Bey perceived this evolution, he divined its object, and, with great military sagacity, resolved instantly to charge.

"You shall now see us," said the proud Bey, "cut up those dogs like gourds!"

It was, indeed, a fearful spectacle. Ten thousand horsemen, magnificently dressed, with the fleetest steeds in the world, urging their horses, with bloody spurs, to the most impetuous and furious onset, rending the heavens with their cries, and causing the very earth to tremble beneath the thunder of iron feet, came down upon the adamantine host. Nothing was ever seen in war more furious than this charge. Ten thousand horsemen form an enormous mass. Those longest inured to danger felt that it was an awful moment. It seemed impossible to resist such a living avalanche. The most profound silence reigned through the ranks, interrupted only by the word of command. The nerves of excitement being roused to the utmost tension, every order was executed with most marvelous rapidity and precision. The soldiers held their breath, and, with bristling bayonets, stood shoulder to shoulder to receive the shock.

The moment the Mamelukes arrived within gunshot, the artillery at the angles plowed their ranks, and platoons of musketry, volley after volley, in uninterrupted discharge, swept into their faces a pitiless tempest of destruction. Horses and riders, struck by the balls, rolled over each other by hundreds on the sand. They were trampled and crushed by the iron

hoofs of the thousands of frantic steeds, enveloped in dust and smoke, composing the vast and impetuous squadrons. But the squares stood as firm as the pyramids at whose base they fought. Not one was broken; not one wavered. The daring Mamelukes, in the phrensy of their rage and disappoint-



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

ment, threw away their lives with the utmost recklessness. They wheeled their horses round, and reined them back upon the ranks, that they might kick their way into those terrible fortresses of living men. Rendered furious by their inability to break the ranks, they hurled their pistols and carbines at the heads of the French. The wounded crawled along the ground, and with their cimeters cut at the legs of their indomitable foes. They displayed superhuman bravery, the only virtue which the Mamelukes possessed.

But an incessant and merciless fire from Napoleon's well-trained battalions continually thinned their ranks, and at last the Mamelukes, in the wild-

est disorder, broke and fled. The infantry in the intrenched camp, witnessing the utter discomfiture of the mounted troops, whom they had considered invincible, and seeing such incessant and volcanic sheets of flame bursting from the impenetrable squares, caught the panic, and joined the flight. Napoleon now, in his turn, charged with the utmost impetuosity. A scene of indescribable confusion and horror ensued. The extended plain was crowded with fugitives—footmen and horsemen, bewildered with terror, seeking escape from their terrible foes. Thousands plunged into the river, and endeavored to escape by swimming to the opposite shore. But a shower of bullets, like hail-stones, fell upon them, and the waves of the Nile were crimsoned with their blood. Others sought the desert, a wild and rabble rout.

The victors, with their accustomed celerity, pursued, pitilessly pouring into the dense masses of their flying foes the most terrible discharges of artillery and musketry. The rout was complete—the carnage awful. The sun had hardly reached the meridian before the whole embattled host had disappeared, and the plain, as far as the eye could extend, was strewn with the dying and the dead. The camp, with all its Oriental wealth, fell into the hands of the victors, and the soldiers enriched themselves with its profusion of splendid shawls, magnificent weapons, Arabian horses, and purses filled with gold. The Mamelukes were accustomed to lavish great wealth in the decoration of their persons, and to carry with them large sums of money. The gold and the trappings found upon the body of each Mameluke were worth from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars. Besides those who were slain upon the field, more than a thousand of these formidable horsemen were drowned in the Nile. For many days the soldiers employed themselves in fishing up the rich booty, and the French camp was filled with all abundance. This most sanguinary battle cost the French scarcely one hundred men in killed and wounded. More than ten thousand of the enemy perished. Napoleon gazed with admiration upon the bravery which these proud horsemen displayed. “Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry,” said he, “I should have reckoned myself master of the world.”

After the battle, Napoleon, now the undisputed conqueror of Egypt, quartered himself for the night in the country palace of Mourad Bey. The apartments of this voluptuous abode were embellished with all the appurtenances of Oriental luxury. The officers were struck with surprise in viewing the multitude of cushions and divans covered with the finest damasks and silks, and ornamented with golden fringe. Egypt was beggared to minister to the sensual indulgence of these haughty despots. Much of the night was passed in exploring this singular mansion. The garden was extensive and exceedingly magnificent. Innumerable vines were laden with the richest grapes. The vintage was soon gathered by the thousands of soldiers who filled the alleys and loitered in the arbors. Pots of preserves, of confectionery, and of sweetmeats of every kind, were quickly devoured by an army of mouths. The thousands of little elegancies which Europe, Asia, and Africa had contributed to minister to the voluptuous splendors of the regal mansion, were speedily transferred to the knapsacks of the soldiers.

The “Battle of the Pyramids,” as Napoleon characteristically designated

it, sent a thrill of terror, far and wide, into the interior of Asia and Africa. These proud, merciless, licentious oppressors were execrated by the timid Egyptians, but they were deemed invincible. In an hour they had vanished, like the mist, before the genius of Napoleon.

The caravans which came to Cairo circulated through the vast regions of the interior, with all the embellishments of Oriental exaggeration, glowing accounts of the destruction of those terrible squadrons, which had so long tyrannized over Egypt, and the fame of whose military prowess had caused the most distant tribes to tremble. The name of Napoleon became suddenly as renowned in Asia and Africa as it had previously become in Europe. But twenty-one days had elapsed since he placed his foot upon the sands at Alexandria, and now he was sovereign of Egypt. The Egyptians also welcomed him as a friend and a liberator. The sheets of flame which incessantly burst from the French ranks so deeply impressed their imaginations, that they gave to Napoleon the Oriental appellation of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire.

The wives of the Mamelukes had all remained in Cairo. Napoleon treated them with the utmost consideration. He sent Eugene to the wife of Mourad Bey, to assure her of his protection. He preserved all her property for her, and granted her several requests which she made to him. Thus he endeavored, as far as possible, to mitigate the inevitable sufferings of war. The lady was so grateful for these attentions, that she entertained Eugene with all possible honors, and presented him, upon his departure, with a valuable diamond ring.

Cairo contained three hundred thousand inhabitants. Its population was degraded, inhuman, and ferocious. The capital was in a state of terrible agitation, for the path of Oriental conquerors is ever marked with brutality, flames, and blood. Napoleon immediately dispatched a detachment of his army into the city to restore tranquillity, and to protect persons and property from the fury of the populace. The next day but one, with great pomp and splendor, at the head of his victorious army, he entered Cairo, and took possession of the palace of Mourad Bey. With extraordinary intelligence and activity, he immediately consecrated all his energies to promote the highest interests of the country he had conquered.

Nothing escaped his observation. He directed his attention to the mosques, the harems, the condition of the women, the civil and religious institutions, the state of agriculture, the arts and sciences—to every thing which could influence the elevation and prosperity of the country. He visited the most influential of the Arab inhabitants, assured them of his friendship, of his respect for their religion, of his determination to protect their rights, and of his earnest desire to restore to Egypt its pristine glory. He disclaimed all sovereignty over Egypt, but organized a government to be administered by the people themselves. He succeeded perfectly in winning their confidence and admiration. He immediately established a Congress, composed of the most distinguished citizens of Cairo, for the creation of laws and the administration of justice, and established similar assemblies in all the provinces, which were to send deputies to the General Congress at Cairo. He organized the celebrated Institute of Egypt, to diffuse among the people the light and the

sciences of Europe. Some of the members were employed in making an accurate description and a perfect map of Egypt; others were to study the productions of the country, that its resources might be energetically and economically developed; others were to explore the ruins, thus to shed new light upon history; others were to study the social condition of the inhabitants, and propose plans for the promotion of their welfare, by the means of manufactures, canals, roads, mills, works upon the Nile, and improvements in agriculture.

Among the various questions proposed to the Institute by Napoleon, the following may be mentioned as illustrative of his enlarged designs. Ascertain the best construction for wind and water mills; find a substitute for the hop, which does not grow in Egypt, for the making of beer; select sites adapted to the cultivation of the vine; seek the best means of procuring water for the citadel of Cairo; select spots for wells in different parts of the desert; inquire into the means of clarifying and cooling the waters of the Nile; devise some useful application of the rubbish with which the city of Cairo, and all the ancient towns of Egypt, are encumbered; find materials for the manufacture of gunpowder. It is almost incredible that the Egyptians were not acquainted with wind-mills, wheel-barrows, or even hand-saws, until they were introduced by Napoleon. Engineers, draughtsmen, and men of science immediately dispersed themselves throughout all the provinces of Egypt. Flour, as fine as could be obtained in Paris, was ground in mills at Alexandria, Rosetta, Damietta, and Cairo. By the erection of public ovens, bread became abundant. Hospitals were established, with a bed for each patient. Saltpetre and gunpowder mills were erected. A foundry was constructed with reverberating furnaces. Large shops were built for locksmiths, armorers, joiners, cart-wrights, carpenters, and rope-makers. Silver goblets and services of plate were manufactured. A French and Arabic printing-press was set at work. Inconceivable activity was infused into every branch of industry. The genius of Napoleon, never weary, inspired all and guided all.

It was indeed a bright day which, after centuries of inaction and gloom, had thus suddenly dawned upon Egypt. The route was surveyed, and the expense estimated of two ship-canal, one connecting the waters of the Red Sea with the Nile at Cairo; the other uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, across the Isthmus of Suez. Five millions of dollars and two years of labor would have executed both of these magnificent enterprises, and would have caused a new era to have dawned upon three continents. It is impossible not to deplore those events which have thus consigned anew these fertile regions to beggary and to barbarism. The accomplishment of these majestic plans might have transferred to the Nile and the Euphrates those energies now so transplendent upon the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio. "It is incredible," says Talleyrand, "how much Napoleon was able to achieve. He could effect more than any man, yes, more than any four men whom I have ever known. His genius was inconceivable. Nothing could exceed his energy, his imagination, his spirit, his capacity for work, his ease of accomplishment. He was clearly the most extraordinary man that I ever saw, and I believe the most extraordinary man that has lived in

our age, or for many ages." All the energies of Napoleon's soul were engrossed by these enterprises of grandeur and utility. Dissipation could present no aspect to allure him. "I have no passion," said he, "for women or gaming. I am entirely a political being."

The Arabs were lost in astonishment that a conqueror who wielded the thunderbolt could be so disinterested and merciful. Such generosity and self-denial was never before heard of in the East. They could in no way account for it. Their females were protected from insult; their persons and property were saved. Thirty thousand Europeans were toiling for the comfort and improvement of the Egyptians. They called Napoleon the worthy son of the prophet, the favorite of Allah. They even introduced his praises into their Litany, and chanted in the mosques, "Who is he that hath saved the favorite of Victory from the dangers of the sea, and from the rage of his enemies? Who is he that hath led the brave men of the West safe and unharmed to the banks of the Nile? It is Allah! the great Allah! The Mamelukes put their trust in horses; they draw forth their infantry in battle array; but the favorite of Victory hath destroyed the footmen and the horsemen of the Mamelukes. As the vapors which rise in the morning are scattered by the rays of the sun, so hath the army of the Mamelukes been scattered by the brave men of the West; for the brave men of the West are as the apple of the eye to the great Allah."

Napoleon, to ingratiate himself with the people, and to become better acquainted with their character, attended their religious worship, and all their national festivals. Though he left the administration of justice in the hands of the sheiks, he enjoined and enforced scrupulous impartiality in their decisions. The robbers of the desert, who for centuries had devastated the frontiers with impunity, he repulsed with a vigorous hand, and under his energetic sway life and property became as safe in Egypt as in England or in France. The French soldiers became very popular with the native Egyptians, and might be seen in the houses, socially smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their domestic labors, and playing with their children.

One day Napoleon, in his palace, was giving audience to a numerous assemblage of sheiks and other distinguished men. Information was brought to him that some robbers from the desert had slain a poor friendless peasant, and carried off his flocks.

"Take three hundred horsemen and two hundred camels," said Napoleon, immediately, to an officer of his staff, "and pursue these robbers until they are captured and the outrage is avenged."

"Was the poor wretch your cousin," exclaimed one of the sheiks, contemptuously, "that you are in such a rage at his death?"

"He was more," Napoleon replied, sublimely; "he was one whose safety Providence had intrusted to my care."

"Wonderful!" rejoined the sheik; "you speak like one inspired of the Almighty."

More than one assassin was dispatched by the Turkish authorities to murder Napoleon; but the Egyptians, with filial love, watched over him, gave him timely notice of the design, and effectually aided him in defeating it.

In the midst of this extraordinary prosperity, a reverse, sudden, terrible,

and irreparable, befell the French army. Admiral Brueys, devotedly attached to Napoleon, and anxious to ascertain that he had obtained a foothold in the country before leaving him to his fate, delayed withdrawing his fleet, as Napoleon had expressly enjoined, from the Bay of Aboukir, to place it in a position of safety. The second day after entering Cairo, Napoleon received dispatches from Admiral Brueys by which he learned that the squadron was in the Bay of Aboukir, exposed to the attacks of the enemy. He



was amazed at the intelligence, and immediately dispatched a messenger, to proceed with the utmost haste, and inform the admiral of his great disapprobation, and to warn him to take the fleet, without an hour's delay, either into the harbor of Alexandria, where it would be safe, or to make for

Corfu. The messenger was assassinated on the way by a party of Arabs. He could not, however, have reached Aboukir before the destruction of the fleet. In the mean time, Lord Nelson learned that the French had landed in Egypt. He immediately turned in that direction to seek their squadron.

At six o'clock in the evening of the first of August, but ten days after the battle of the Pyramids, the British fleet majestically entered the Bay of Aboukir, and closed upon their victims. The French squadron, consisting of thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, was anchored in a semicircle, in a line corresponding with the curve of the shore. The plan of attack adopted by Nelson possessed the simplicity and originality of genius, and from the first moment victory was almost certain. As soon as Nelson perceived the situation of the French fleet, he resolved to double, with his whole force, on half of that of his enemy, pursuing the same system of tactics by sea which Napoleon had found so successful on the land. He ordered his fleet to take its station half on the outer, and half on the inner side of one end of the French line. Thus each French ship was placed between the fire of two of those of the English. The remainder of the French fleet, being at anchor to the leeward, could not easily advance to the relief of their doomed friends.

Admiral Brueys supposed that he was anchored so near the shore that the English could not pass inside of his line; but Nelson promptly decided that where there was room for the enemy to swing, there must be room for his ships to float. "If we succeed, what will the world say?" exclaimed one of Nelson's captains, with transport, as he was made acquainted with the plan of attack. "There is no if in the case," Nelson replied; "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

The French fought with the energies of despair. For fifteen hours the unequal contest lasted. Dark night came on. The Bay of Aboukir resembled one wide flaming volcano, enveloped in the densest folds of sulphureous smoke. The ocean never witnessed a conflict more sanguinary and dreadful. About eleven o'clock, the Orient took fire. The smoke from the enormous burning mass ascended like an immense black balloon, when suddenly the flames, flashing through them, illumined the whole horizon with awful brilliance. At length its magazine, containing hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so tremendous as to shake every ship to its centre. So awfully did this explosion rise above the incessant roar of the battle, that simultaneously, on both sides, the firing ceased, and a silence as of the grave ensued. But immediately the murderous conflict was resumed. Death and destruction, in the midst of the congenial gloom of night, held high carnival in the bay. Thousands of Arabs lined the shore, gazing with astonishment and terror upon the awful spectacle. Without intermission, that dreadful conflict continued through the night and during the morning, and until high noon of the ensuing day, when the firing gradually ceased, for the French fleet was destroyed. Four ships only escaped, and sailed for Malta. The English ships were too much shattered to attempt to pursue the fugitives.

Admiral Brueys was wounded early in the action. He would not leave the quarter-deck. "An admiral," said he, "should die giving orders." A cannon-ball struck him, and but the fragments of his body could be found. Nelson was also severely wounded on the head. When carried to the cockpit, drenched in blood, he nobly refused, though in imminent danger of bleeding to death, to have his wounds dressed till the wounded seamen, who had been brought in before him, were attended to. "I will take my turn with my brave fellows," said he. Fully believing that his wound was mortal, he called for the chaplain, and requested him to deliver his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. When the surgeon came, in due time, to inspect his wound, it was found that it was only superficial.

All of the transports and small craft which had conveyed Napoleon's army to Egypt were in the harbor of Alexandria, safe from attack, as Nelson had no frigates with which to cross the bar. For leagues the shore was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and with the mangled bodies of the dead. The bay was also filled with floating corpses, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to sink them. The majestic armament, which but four weeks before had sailed from Toulon, was thus utterly overthrown. The loss of the English was but about one thousand. Of the French, five thousand perished, and three thousand were made prisoners.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson made signal for the crew, in every ship, to be assembled for prayers. The stillness of the Sabbath instantly pervaded the whole squadron, while thanksgivings were offered to God for the signal victory. So strange is the heart of man. England was desolating the whole civilized world with war, to compel the French people to renounce republicanism, and establish a monarchy. And in the bloody hour when the Bay of Aboukir was covered with the thousands of the mutilated dead, whom her strong arm had destroyed, she, with unquestioned sin-

cerity, offered to God the tribute of thanksgiving and praise ; and from the churches and the firesides of England, tens of thousands of pious hearts breathed the fervent prayer of gratitude to God for the great victory of Aboukir.

Such was the famous *Battle of the Nile*, as it has since been called. It was a signal conquest. It was a magnificent triumph of British arms ; but a victory apparently more fatal to the great interests of humanity was, perhaps, never gained. It was the death-blow to reviving Egypt. It extinguished in midnight gloom the light of civilization and science which had just been enkindled on those dreary shores. Merciless oppression again tightened its iron grasp upon Asia and Africa, and already, as the consequence, has another half century of crime, cruelty, and outrage blighted that doomed land.

Napoleon at once saw that all his hopes were blasted. The blow was utterly irreparable. He was cut off from Europe. He could receive no supplies. He could not return. Egypt was his prison. Yet he received the news of this terrible disaster with imperturbable equanimity. Not a word or gesture was permitted to escape him which indicated the slightest discouragement. With unabated zeal, he pursued his plans, and soon succeeded in causing the soldiers to forget the disaster. He wrote to Kleber, "We must die in this country, or get out of it as great as the ancients. This will oblige us to do greater things than we intended. We must hold ourselves in readiness. We will at least bequeath to Egypt a heritage of greatness." "Yes!" Kleber replied, "we must do great things. I am preparing my faculties."

The exultation among the crowned heads in Europe, in view of this great monarchical victory, was unbounded. England immediately created Nelson Baron of the Nile, and conferred a pension of ten thousand dollars a year, to be continued to his two immediate successors. The Grand Seignior, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Sardinia, the King of Naples, and the East India Company, made him magnificent presents. Despotism upon the Continent, which had received such heavy blows from Napoleon, began to rejoice and to revive. The newly-emancipated people, struggling into the life of liberty, were disheartened. Exultant England formed new combinations of banded kings, to replace the Bourbons on their throne, and to crush the spirit of popular liberty and equality, which had obtained such a foothold in France. All monarchical Europe rejoiced ; all republican Europe mourned.*

The day of Aboukir was indeed a disastrous day to France. Napoleon, with his intimate friends, did not conceal his conviction of the magnitude of the calamity. He appeared occasionally, for a moment, lost in painful reverie, and was heard, two or three times, to exclaim, in indescribable tones of emotion, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done?" But hardly an hour elapsed after he had received the dreadful tidings ere he entirely recovered his accustomed fortitude and presence of mind, and he soon succeeded in al-

* The tidings of this victory sent a wave of unutterable exultation through all the aristocratic courts of Europe. Lady Hamilton thus writes of its effects upon the infamous Queen of Naples : "It is not possible to describe her transports. She wept, she kissed her husband, her children, walked frantically about the room, burst into tears again, and again embraced every person near her, exclaiming, 'O brave Nelson ! O God ! bless and protect our brave deliverer. O Nelson ! Nelson ! what do we not owe you ? O conqueror ! savior of Italy ! oh that my swollen heart could now tell him personally what we owe him !'"

laying the despair of the soldiers. He saw, at a glance, all the consequences of this irreparable loss; and it speaks well for his heart that, in the midst of a disappointment so terrible, he could have forgotten his own grief in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of his friend. A heartless man could never have penned so touching an epistle as the following, addressed to Madame Brueys, the widow of the man who had been unintentionally the cause of apparently the greatest calamity which could have befallen him.

“Your husband has been killed by a cannon-ball while combating on his quarter-deck. He died, without suffering, the death the most easy and the most envied by the brave. I feel warmly for your grief. The moment which separates us from the object which we love is terrible; we feel isolated on the earth; we almost experience the convulsions of the last agony; the faculties of the soul are annihilated; its connection with the earth is preserved only through the medium of a painful dream, which disturbs every thing. We feel, in such a situation, that there is nothing which yet binds us to life; that it were far better to die. But when, after such just and unavoidable throes, we press our children to our hearts, tears and more tender sentiments arise, and life becomes bearable for their sakes. Yes, Madame! they will open the fountains of your heart. You will watch their childhood, educate their youth. You will speak to them of their father, of your present grief, and of the loss which they and the republic have sustained in his death. After having resumed the interests in life by the chord of maternal love, you

will perhaps feel some consolation from the friendship and warm interest which I shall ever take in the widow of my friend.”

The French soldiers, with the versatility of disposition which has ever characterized the light-hearted nation, finding all possibility of a return to France cut off, soon regained their wonted gaiety, and with zeal engaged in all the plans of Napoleon for the improvement of the country, which it now appeared that, for many years, must be their home.



STUDYING THE RUINS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

Government of Desaix—Excursion to the Red Sea—Combination against Napoleon—Insurrection in Cairo—The Dromedary Regiment—Terrible Sufferings—El Arish—Dilemma—Joy of the Soldiers at Rain—Jaffa—Council of War—Statement of Bourrienne—March upon Acre—Letter to Achmet—Plague—Charge upon the Band of Kleber—Arrival of Napoleon—Tempting Offer of Sir Sydney Smith—The Bomb-shell.

THOUGH, after the Battle of the Pyramids, Napoleon was the undisputed master of Egypt, still much was to be accomplished in pursuing the desperate remnants of the Mamelukes, and in preparing to resist the overwhelming forces which it was to be expected that England and Turkey would send against him. Mourad Bey had retreated, with a few thousand of his horsemen, into Upper Egypt. Napoleon dispatched General Desaix, with two thousand men, to pursue him. After several terribly bloody conflicts, Desaix took possession of all of Upper Egypt, as far as the cataracts. Imbibing the humane and politic sentiments of Napoleon, he became widely renowned and beloved for his justice and his clemency. A large party of scientific men accompanied the military division, examining every object of interest, and taking accurate drawings of those sphinxes, obelisks, temples, and sepulchral monuments which, in solitary grandeur, have withstood the ravages of four thousand years. To the present hour, the Egyptians remember with affection the mild and merciful, yet efficient government of Desaix. They were never weary with contrasting it with the despotism of the Turks.

In the mean time, Napoleon, in person, made an expedition to Suez, to inspect the proposed route of a canal to connect the waters of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. (With indefatigable activity of mind, he gave orders for the construction of new works to fortify the harbor of Suez, and commenced the formation of an infant marine.) One day, with quite a retinue, he made an excursion to that identical point of the Red Sea which, as tradition reports, the children of Israel crossed three thousand years ago. The tide was out, and he passed over to the Asiatic shore upon extended flats. Various objects of interest engrossed his attention until late in the afternoon, when he commenced his return. The twilight faded away, and darkness came rapidly on. The party lost their path, and, as they were wandering, bewildered, among the sands, the rapidly returning tide surrounded them. The darkness of the night increased, and the horses floundered deeper and deeper in the rising waves. The water reached the girths of the saddles, and dashed upon the feet of the riders, and destruction seemed inevitable.

From this perilous position, Napoleon extricated himself by that presence of mind and promptness of decision which seemed never to fail him. It was an awful hour and an awful scene; and yet, amid the darkness and the rising waves of apparently a shoreless ocean, the spirit of Napoleon was as

unperturbed as if he were reposing in slippered ease upon his sofa. He collected his escort around him in concentric circles, each horseman facing outward, and ranged in several rows. He then ordered them to advance,



THE ESCAPE FROM THE RED SEA.

each in a straight line. When the horse of the leader of one of these columns lost his foothold, and began to swim, the column drew back, and followed in the direction of another column which had not yet lost the firm ground. The radii, thrown out in every direction, were in this way successively withdrawn, till all were following in the direction of one column which had a stable footing. Thus escape was effected. The horses did not reach the shore until midnight, when they were wading breast-deep in the swelling waves. The tide rises on that part of the coast to the height of twenty-two feet. "Had I perished in that manner, like Pharaoh," said Napoleon, "it would have furnished all the preachers in Christendom with a magnificent text against me."

England, animated in the highest degree by the great victory of Aboukir, now redoubled her exertions to concentrate all the armies of Europe upon republican France. Napoleon had been very solicitous to avoid a rupture with the Grand Seignior at Constantinople. The Mamelukes who had revolted against his authority had soothed the pride of the Ottoman Porte, and purchased peace by paying tribute. Napoleon proposed to continue the tribute, that the revenues of the Turkish empire might not be diminished by the transfer of the sovereignty of Egypt from the oppressive Mamelukes to better hands. The Sultan was not sorry to see the Mamelukes punished, but he looked with much jealousy upon the movements of a victorious European army so near his throne.

The destruction of the French fleet deprived Napoleon of his ascendancy in the Levant, and gave the preponderance to England. The agents of the British government succeeded in rousing Turkey to arms, to recover a province which the Mamelukes had wrested from her, before Napoleon took it

from the Mamelukes. Russia also, with her barbaric legions, was roused, by the eloquence of England, to rush upon the French Republic in this day of disaster. Her troops crowded down from the north to ally themselves with the turbaned Turk for the extermination of the French in Egypt. Old enmities were forgotten, as Christians and Mussulmans grasped hands in friendship, unmindful of all other animosities in their common hatred and dread of republicanism.

The Russian fleet crowded down from the Black Sea, through the Bosphorus, to the Golden Horn, where, amid the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the hundreds of thousands who throng the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari, it was received into the embrace of the Turkish squadron. It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle as, beneath the unclouded splendor of a September sun, this majestic armament swept through the beautiful scenery of the Hellespont. The shores of Europe and Asia, separated by this classic strait, were lined with admiring spectators, as the crescent and the cross, in friendly blending, fluttered together in the breeze. The combined squadron emerged into the Mediterranean, to co-operate with the victorious fleet of England, which was now the undisputed mistress of the sea. Religious animosities the most inveterate, and national antipathies the most violent, were reconciled by the pressure of a still stronger hostility to those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overthrow the despotism both of the Sultan and the Czar.

The Grand Seignior had assembled an army of twenty thousand men at Rhodes. They were to be conveyed by the combined fleet to the shores of Egypt, and were there to effect a landing under cover of its guns. Another vast army was assembled in Syria, to march down upon the French by way of the desert, and attack them simultaneously with the forces sent by the fleet. England and the emissaries of the Bourbons, with vast sums of money accumulated from the European monarchies, were actively co-operating upon the Syrian coast, by landing munitions of war, and by supplying able military engineers. The British government was also accumulating a vast army in India, to be conveyed by transports up the Red Sea, and to fall upon the French in their rear. England also succeeded in forming a new coalition with Austria, Sardinia, Naples, and other minor European States, to drive the French out of Italy, and with countless numbers to invade the territory of France. Thus it would be in vain for the Directory to attempt even to send succors to their absent general; and it was not doubted that Napoleon, thus assailed in divers quarters by overpowering numbers, would fall an easy prey to his foes. Thus suddenly and portentously peril frowned upon France from every quarter.

Mourad Bey, animated by this prospect of the overthrow of his victorious enemies, formed a wide-spread conspiracy, embracing all the friends of the Mamelukes and of the Turks. Every Frenchman was doomed to death, as in one hour, all over the land, the conspirators, with cimeter and poniard, should fall upon their unsuspecting foes. In this dark day of accumulating disaster, the genius of Napoleon blazed forth with new and terrible brilliance.

But few troops were at the time in Cairo, for no apprehension of danger was cherished, and the French were scattered over Egypt, engaged in all

plans of utility. At five o'clock on the morning of the 21st of October, Napoleon was awaked from sleep by the announcement that the city was in revolt; that mounted Bedouin Arabs were crowding in at the gates; and that several officers and many soldiers were already assassinated. He ordered an aid immediately to take a number of the Guard and quell the insurrection. But a few moments passed ere one of them returned covered with blood, and informed him that all the rest were slain. It was an hour of fearful peril. Calmly, fearlessly, mercilessly did Napoleon encounter it.

Immediately mounting his horse, accompanied by a body of his faithful Guard, he proceeded to every threatened point. Instantly the presence of Napoleon was felt. A fierce storm of grapeshot, cannon-balls, and bomb-shells swept the streets with unintermitted and terrible destruction. Blood flowed in torrents. The insurgents, in dismay, fled to the most populous quarters of the city. Napoleon followed them with their doom, as calm as destiny. From the windows and the roofs, the insurgents fought with desperation. The buildings were immediately enveloped in flames. They fled into the streets only to be hewn down with sabres and mown down with grapeshot. Multitudes, bleeding and breathless with consternation, sought refuge in the mosques. The mosques were battered down and set on fire, and the wretched inmates perished miserably. The calm yet terrible energy with which Napoleon annihilated "the murderers of the French," sent a thrill of dismay through Egypt.

This language of energetic action was awfully eloquent. It was heard and heeded. It accomplished the purpose for which it was uttered. Neither Turk nor Arab ventured again to raise the dagger against Napoleon. Egypt felt the spell of the mighty conqueror, and stood still while he gathered his strength to encounter England, and Russia, and Turkey in their combined power. "My soldiers," said Napoleon, "are my children." The lives of thirty thousand Frenchmen were in his keeping. Mercy to the barbaric and insurgent Turks would have been counted weakness, and the bones of Napoleon and of his army would soon have whitened the sands of the desert. War is a wholesale system of brutality and carnage. The most revolting, execrable details are essential to its vigorous execution. Bomb-shells can not be thrown affectionately. Charges of cavalry can not be made with a meek and lowly spirit. Red-hot shot, falling into the beleaguered city, will not turn from the cradle of the infant, or from the couch of the dying maiden. These horrible scenes must continue to be enacted till the nations of the earth shall learn war no more.

Early in January, Napoleon received intelligence that the van-guard of the Syrian army, with a formidable artillery train, and vast military stores, which had been furnished from the English ships, had invaded Egypt, on the borders of the great Syrian desert, and had captured El Arish. He immediately resolved to anticipate the movements of his enemies, to cross the desert with the rapidity of the wind, to fall upon the enemy at unawares, and thus to cut up this formidable army before it could be strengthened by the co-operation of the host assembled at Rhodes.

Napoleon intended to rally around his standard the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and all the Christian tribes of Syria, who were anxiously awaiting his

approach, and having established friendly relations with the Ottoman Porte, to march, with an army of a hundred thousand auxiliaries, upon the Indus, and drive the English out of India. As England was the undisputed mistress of the sea, this was the only point where republican France could assail its unrelenting foe. The imagination of Napoleon was lost in contemplating the visions of power and of empire thus rising before him.

For such an enterprise, the ambitious general, with an army of but ten thousand men, commenced his march over the desert, one hundred and fifty miles broad, which separates Africa from Asia. The Pacha of Syria, called Achmet the *Butcher*, from his merciless ferocity, was execrated by the Syrians. Napoleon had received delegations from the Christian tribes entreating him to come for their deliverance from the most intolerable oppression, and assuring him of their readiness to join his standard. The English, to divert the attention of Napoleon from his project upon Syria, commenced the bombardment of Alexandria. He understood the object of the unavailing attack, and treated it with disdain. He raised a regiment of entirely a new kind, called the Dromedary Regiment. Two men, seated back to back, were mounted on each dromedary; and such was the strength and endurance of these animals, that they could thus travel ninety miles without food, water, or rest. This regiment was formed to give chase to the Arab robbers, who, in fierce banditti bands, were the scourge of Egypt. The marauders were held in terror by the destruction with which they were overwhelmed by these swift avengers. Napoleon himself rode upon a dromedary.



THE DROMEDARY REGIMENT.

The conveyance of an army of ten thousand men, with horses and artillery, across such an apparently interminable waste of shifting sand, was attended with inconceivable suffering. To allay the despair of the soldiers, Napoleon, ever calm and unagitated in the contemplation of any catastrophe however dreadful, soon dismounted, and waded through the burning sands by the side of the soldiers, sharing the deprivations and the toils of the humblest

private in the ranks. Five days were occupied in traversing this forlorn waste. Water was carried for the troops in skins. At times, portions of the army, almost perishing with thirst, surrendered themselves to despair. The presence of Napoleon, however, invariably reanimated hope and courage. The soldiers were ashamed to complain when they saw their youthful leader, pale and slender, and with health seriously impaired, toiling along by their side, sharing cheerfully all their privations and fatigues.

The heat of these glowing deserts, beneath the fierce glare of a cloudless sun, was almost intolerable. At one time, when nearly suffocated by the intense heat, while passing by some ruins, a common soldier yielded to Napoleon the fragments of a pillar, in whose refreshing shadow he contrived, for a few moments, to shield his head. "And this," said Napoleon, "was no trifling concession." At another time, a party of the troops got lost among



the sand-hills, and nearly perished. Napoleon took some Arabs on dromedaries, and hastened in pursuit of them. When found, they were nearly dead from thirst, fatigue, and despair. Some of the younger soldiers, in their phrensy, had broken their muskets and thrown them away. The sight of their beloved general revived their hopes, and inspired them with new life. Napoleon informed them that provisions and water were at hand. "But," said he, "if relief had been longer delayed, would that have excused your murmurings and loss of courage? No! soldiers learn to die with honor."

After a march of five days, they arrived before El Arish, one of those small, strongly fortified military towns, deformed by every aspect of poverty and

wretchedness, with which iron despotism has filled the once fertile plains of Syria. El Arish was within the boundaries of Egypt. It had been captured by the Turks, and they had accumulated there immense magazines of military stores. It was the hour of midnight when Napoleon arrived beneath its walls. The Turks, not dreaming that a foe was near, were roused from sleep by the storm of balls and shells shaking the walls and crushing down through the roofs of their dwellings. They sprang to their guns, and, behind the ramparts of stone, fought with their accustomed bravery; but, after a short and bloody conflict, they were compelled to retire, and effected a disorderly retreat.

The garrison in the citadel, consisting of nearly two thousand men, were taken prisoners. Napoleon was not a little embarrassed in deciding what to do with these men. He had but ten thousand soldiers with whom to encounter the whole power of the Ottoman Porte, aided by the fleets of England and Russia. Famine was in his camp, and it was with difficulty that he could obtain daily rations for his troops. He could not keep these prisoners with him. They would eat the bread for which his army was hungering; they would demand a strong guard to keep them from insurrection; and the French army was already so disproportionate to the number of its foes, that not an individual could be spared from active service. They would surely take occasion, in the perilous moments of the day of battle, to rise in revolt, and thus, perhaps, effect the total destruction of the French army. Consequently, to retain them in the camp was an idea not to be entertained for a moment. To disarm them and dismiss them, upon their word of honor no longer to serve against the French, appeared almost equally perilous. There was no sense of honor in the heart of the barbarian Turk. The very idea of keeping faith with infidels they laughed to scorn.

They would immediately join the nearest division of the Turkish army, and thus swell the already multitudinous ranks of the foe, and even if they did not secure the final defeat of Napoleon, they would certainly cost him the lives of many of his soldiers. He could not supply them with food, neither could he spare an escort to conduct them across the desert to Egypt. To shoot them in cold blood was revolting to humanity. Napoleon, however, generously resolved to give them their liberty, taking their pledge that they would no longer serve against him; and, in order to help them keep their word, he sent a division of the army to escort them one day's march toward Bagdad, whither they promised to go. But no sooner had the escort commenced its return to the army, than these men, between one and two thousand in number, turned also, and made a straight path for their feet to the fortress of Jaffa, laughing at the simplicity of their outwitted foe. But Napoleon was not a man to be laughed at. This merriment soon died away in fearful wailings. Here they joined the marshaled hosts of Achmet the Butcher. The bloody pacha armed them anew, and placed them in his foremost ranks, again to pour a shower of bullets upon the little band headed by Napoleon.

El Arish is in Egypt, eighteen miles from the granite pillars which mark the confines of Asia and Africa. Napoleon now continued his march through a dry, barren, and thirsty land. After having traversed a dreary desert of a

hundred and fifty miles, the whole aspect of the country began rapidly to change. The soldiers were delighted to see the wreaths of vapor gathering in the hitherto glowing and cloudless skies. Green and flowery valleys, groves of olive-trees, and wood-covered hills, rose like a vision of enchantment before the eye, so long weary of gazing upon shifting sands and barren rocks. Napoleon often alluded to his passage across the desert, remarking that the scene was ever peculiarly gratifying to his mind. "I never passed the desert," said he, "without experiencing very powerful emotions. It was the image of immensity to my thoughts. It displayed no limits. It had neither beginning nor end. It was an ocean for the foot of man." As they approached the mountains of Syria, clouds began to darken the sky, and when a few drops of rain descended—a phenomenon which they had not witnessed for many months—the joy of the soldiers was exuberant. A murmur of delight ran through the army, and a curious spectacle was presented, as, with shouts of joy and peals of laughter, the soldiers in a body threw back their heads and opened their mouths, to catch the grateful drops upon their dry and thirsty lips.

But when dark night came on, and, with saturated clothing, they threw themselves down in the drenching rain for their night's bivouac, they remembered with pleasure the star-spangled firmament and the dry sands of cloudless, rainless Egypt. The march of a few days brought them to Gaza. Here they encountered another division of the Turkish army. Though headed by the ferocious Achmet himself, the Turks were, in an hour, dispersed before the resistless onset of the French, and all the military stores which had been collected in the place fell into the hands of the conqueror. But perils were now rapidly accumulating around the adventurous band.

England, with her invincible fleet, was landing men and munitions of war, and artillery, and European engineers, to arrest the progress of the audacious and indefatigable victor. The combined squadrons of Turkey and Russia, also, were hovering along the coast, to prevent any possible supplies from being forwarded to Napoleon from Alexandria. Thirty thousand Turks, infantry and horsemen, were marshaled at Damascus. Twenty thousand were at Rhodes. Through all the ravines of Syria, the turbaned Mussulmans, with gleaming sabres, were crowding down to swell the hostile ranks, already sufficiently numerous to render Napoleon's destruction apparently certain. Still unintimidated, Napoleon pressed on, with the utmost celerity, into the midst of his foes. On the 3d of March, twenty-three days after leaving Cairo, he arrived at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. This place, strongly garrisoned, was surrounded by a massive wall flanked by towers. Napoleon had no heavy battering train, for such ponderous machines could not be dragged across the desert. He had ordered some pieces to be forwarded to him from Alexandria, by small vessels which could coast near the shore; but they had been intercepted and taken by the vigilance of the English cruisers.

Not an hour, however, was to be lost. From every point in the circumference of the circle of which his little band was the centre, the foe was hurrying to meet him. The sea was whitened with their fleets, and the tramp of their dense columns shook the land. His only hope was, by rapidity of action to defeat the separate divisions **before** all should unite. With his light

artillery he battered a breach in the walls, and then, to save the effusion of blood, sent a summons to the commander to surrender. The barbarian Turk, regardless of the rules of civilized warfare, cut off the head of the unfortunate messenger, and raised the ghastly, gory trophy upon a pole from one of the towers. This was his bloody gauntlet, his defiance, and threat.

The enraged soldiers, with extraordinary intrepidity, rushed in at the breach and took sanguinary vengeance. The French suffered very severely, and the carnage on both sides was awful. Nothing could restrain the fury of the assailants, enraged at the wanton murder of their comrade. For many hours a scene of horror was exhibited in the streets of Jaffa, which could hardly have been surpassed had the conflict raged between fiends in the world of woe. Earth has never presented a spectacle more horrible than that of a city taken by assault. The vilest and the most abandoned of mankind invariably crowd into the ranks of an army. Imagination shrinks appalled from the contemplation of the rush of ten thousand demons, infuriated and inflamed, into the dwellings of a crowded city.

Napoleon, shocked at the outrages which were perpetrated, sent two of his aids to appease the fury of the soldiers, and to stop the massacre. Proceeding upon this message of mercy, they advanced to a large building where a portion of the garrison had taken refuge. The soldiers were shooting them as they appeared at the windows, battering the doors with cannon-balls, and setting fire to the edifice, that all might be consumed together. The Turks fought with the energies of despair. These were the men who had capitulated at El Arish, and who had violated their parole. They now offered to surrender again, if their lives might be spared. The aids, with much difficulty, rescued them from the rage of the maddened soldiers, and they were conducted, some two thousand in number, as prisoners into the French camp.

Napoleon was walking in front of his tent when he saw the multitude of men approaching. The whole dreadfulness of the dilemma in which he was placed flashed upon him instantaneously. His countenance fell, and in tones of deep grief he exclaimed, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why have they served me thus?" The aids excused themselves for taking them prisoners by pleading that he had ordered them to go and stop the carnage. "Yes!" Napoleon replied, sadly, "as to women, children, and old men, all the peaceful inhabitants, but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?"

A council of war was immediately held in the tent of Napoleon, to decide upon their fate. Long did the council deliberate, and finally it adjourned without coming to any conclusion. The next day the council was again convened. All the generals of division were summoned to attend. For many anxious hours they deliberated, sincerely desirous of discovering any measures by which they might save the lives of the unfortunate prisoners. The murmurs of the French soldiers were loud and threatening. They complained bitterly of having their scanty rations given to the prisoners; of having men again liberated who had already broken their pledge of honor, and had caused the death of many of their comrades.

General Bon represented that the discontent was so deep and general, that, unless something were expeditiously done, a serious revolt in the army was to be apprehended. Still the council adjourned, and the third day arrived without their being able to come to any conclusion favorable to the lives of these unfortunate men. Napoleon watched the ocean with intense solicitude, hoping against hope that some French vessel might appear, to relieve him of the fearful burden; but the evil went on increasing. The murmurs grew louder. The peril of the army was real and imminent, and, by the delay, was already seriously magnified. It was impossible longer to keep the prisoners in the camp. If set at liberty, it was only contributing so many more troops to swell the ranks of Achmet the Butcher, and thus, perhaps, to insure the total discomfiture and destruction of the French army.

The Turks spared no prisoners. All who fell into their hands perished by horrible torture. The council at last unanimously decided that the men must be put to death. Napoleon, with extreme reluctance, signed the fatal order. The melancholy troop, in the silence of despair, were led, firmly fettered, to the sand-hills on the sea-coast, where they were divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry. The dreadful scene was soon over, and they were all silent in death. The pyramid of their bones still remains in the desert, a frightful memorial of the horrors of war.

As this transaction has ever been deemed the darkest blot upon the character of Napoleon, it seems but fair to give his defense in his own words: "I ordered," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot. Among the garrison at Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El Arish, and sent to Bagdad, on their parole not to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted thirty-six miles on their way to Bagdad by a division of my army; but, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, they threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me the lives of many of my brave troops. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately after, we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away on their parole, they would directly have gone to Acre, and have played over, for the second time, the same scene that they had done at Jaffa.

"In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already reduced in number in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independent of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would

Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."

Whatever judgment posterity may pronounce upon this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon. He regarded the transaction as one of the stern necessities of war. The whole system is one of unmitigated horror. Bomb-shells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded. The execrable ferocity of the details of war are essential to the system. To say that Napoleon ought not to have shot these prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have relinquished the contest, to have surrendered himself and his army to the tender mercies of the Turk ; and to allow England, and Austria, and Russia to force back upon the disenthralled French nation the detested reign of the Bourbons. England was bombarding the cities of France, to compel a proud nation to re-enthroned a discarded and hated king. The French, in self-defense, were endeavoring to repel their powerful foe, by marching to India, England's only vulnerable point. Surely the responsibility of this war rests with the assailants, and not with the assailed.

There was a powerful party in the British Parliament and throughout the nation, the friends of reform and of popular liberty, who sympathized entirely with the French in this conflict, and who earnestly protested against a war which they deemed impolitic and unjust ; but the king and the nobles prevailed, and as the French would not meekly submit to their demands, the world was deluged with blood. "Nothing was easier," says Alison, "than to have disarmed the captives and sent them away." The remark is unworthy of the eloquent and distinguished historian. It is simply affirming that France should have yielded the conflict, and submitted to British dictation. It would have been far more in accordance with the spirit of the events to have said, "Nothing was easier than for England to allow France to choose her own form of government." But had this been done, the throne of England's king and the castles of her nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of revolution. Alas for man !

Bourrienne, the rejected secretary of Napoleon, who became the enemy of his former benefactor, and who, as the minister and flatterer of Louis XVIII., recorded with caustic bitterness the career of the great rival of the European kings, thus closes his narrative of this transaction : "I have related the truth—the whole truth. I assisted at all the conferences and deliberations, though, of course, without possessing any deliberative voice. But I must in candor declare that, had I possessed a right of voting, my voice would have been for death. The result of the deliberations, and the circumstances of the army, would have constrained me to this. War, unfortunately, offers instances, by no means rare, in which an immutable law, of all times and common to all nations, has decreed that private interest shall succumb to the paramount good of the public, and that humanity itself shall be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I have a firm conviction that it was ; and this is strengthened by the fact that the opinion of the members of the council was unanimous upon the subject, and that the order was issued upon their decis-

ion. I owe it also to truth to state, that Napoleon yielded only at the last extremity, and was perhaps one of those who witnessed the massacre with the deepest sorrow."

Even Sir Walter Scott, who, unfortunately, allowed his Tory predilections to dim the truth of his unstudied yet classic page, while affirming that "this bloody deed must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon," is constrained to admit, "yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty; for nothing in Bonaparte's history shows the existence of that vice; and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane."

Napoleon now prepared to march upon Acre, the most important military post in Syria. Behind its strong ramparts Achmet the Butcher had gathered all his troops and military stores, determined upon the most desperate resistance. Colonel Philippeaux, an emissary of the Bourbons, and a former schoolmate of Napoleon, contributed all the skill of an accomplished French engineer in arming the fortifications and conducting the defense. Achmet immediately sent intelligence of the approaching attack to Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising in the Levant with an English fleet. He promptly sailed for Acre, with two ships of the line and several smaller vessels, and proudly entered the harbor two days before the French made their appearance, strengthening Achmet with an abundant supply of engineers, artillerymen, and ammunition.

Most unfortunately for Napoleon, Sir Sydney, just before he entered the harbor, captured the flotilla, dispatched from Alexandria with the siege equipage, as it was cautiously creeping around the headlands of Carmel. The whole battering train, amounting to forty-four heavy guns, he immediately mounted upon the ramparts, and manned them with English soldiers. This was an irreparable loss to Napoleon, but with undiminished zeal the besiegers, with very slender means, advanced their works. Napoleon now sent an officer with a letter to Achmet, offering to treat for peace. "Why," said he, in this, "should I deprive an old man, whom I do not know, of a few years of life? What signify a few leagues more, added to the countries I have conquered? Since God has given victory into my hands, I will, like him, be forgiving and merciful, not only toward the people, but toward their rulers also."

The barbarian Turk, regardless of the flag of truce, cut off the head of this messenger, though Napoleon had taken the precaution to send a Turkish prisoner with the flag, and raised the ghastly trophy upon a pole, over his battlements, in savage defiance. The decapitated body he sewed up in a sack, and threw it into the sea. Napoleon then issued a proclamation to the people of Syria: "I am come into Syria," said he, "to drive out the Mamelukes and the army of the Pacha. What right had Achmet to send his troops to attack me in Egypt? He has provoked me to war. I have brought it to him. But it is not on you, inhabitants, that I intend to inflict its horrors. Remain quiet in your homes. Let those who have abandoned them through fear return again; I will grant to every one the property which he possesses. It is my wish that the Cadis continue their functions as usual, and dispense justice; that religion, in particular, be protected and revered, and that the

mosques should continue to be frequented by all faithful Mussulmans. It is from God that all good things come ; it is He who gives the victory. The example of what has occurred at Gaza and Jaffa ought to teach you that, if I am terrible to my enemies, I am kind to my friends, and, above all, benevolent and merciful to the poor."

The plague, that most dreadful scourge of the East, now broke out in the army. It was a new form of danger, and created a fearful panic. The soldiers refused to approach their sick comrades, and even the physicians, terri-



THE PLAGUE HOSPITAL.

fied in view of the fearful contagion, abandoned the sufferers to die unaided. Napoleon immediately entered the hospitals, sat down by the cots of the sick soldiers, took their fevered hands in his own, even pressed their bleeding tumors, and spoke to them words of encouragement and hope. The dying soldiers looked upon their heroic and sympathizing friend with eyes moistened

with gratitude, and blessed him. Their courage was reanimated, and thus they gained new strength to throw off the dreadful disease. "You are right," said a grenadier, upon whom the plague had made such ravages that he could hardly move a limb; "your grenadiers were not made to die in a hospital."

The physicians, shamed by the heroism of Napoleon, returned to their duty. The soldiers, animated by the example of their chief, no longer refused to administer to the wants of their suffering comrades, and thus the progress of the infection in the army was materially arrested. One of the physicians reproached Napoleon for his imprudence in exposing himself to such fearful peril. He coolly replied, "It is but my duty. I am the commander-in-chief!"

Napoleon now pressed the siege of Acre. It was the only fortress in Syria which could stop him. Its subjugation would make him the undisputed master of Syria. Napoleon had already formed an alliance with the Druses and other Christian tribes, who had taken refuge from the extortions of the Turks among the mountains of Lebanon, and they only awaited the capture of Acre to join his standard in a body, and to throw off the intolerable yoke of Moslem despotism. Delegations of their leading men frequently appeared in the tent of Napoleon, and their prayers were fervently ascending for the success of the French arms. That in this conflict Napoleon was contending on the side of human liberty, and the allies for the support of despotism, is undeniable. The Turks were not idle. By vast exertions they had roused the whole Mussulman population to march, in the name of the Prophet, for the destruction of the "Christian dogs." An enormous army was marshaled, and was on its way for the relief of the beleaguered city. Damascus had furnished its thousands. The scattered remnants of the fierce Mamelukes, and the mounted Bedouins of the desert, had congregated, to rush, with resistless numbers, upon their bold antagonist.

Napoleon had been engaged for ten days in an almost incessant assault upon the works of Acre, when the approach of the great Turkish army was announced. It consisted of about thirty thousand troops, twelve thousand of whom were the fiercest and best-trained horsemen in the world. Napoleon had but eight thousand effective men with which to encounter the well-trained army of Europeans and Turks within the walls of Acre, and the numerous host rushing to its rescue. He acted with his usual promptitude. Leaving two thousand men to protect the works and cover the siege, he boldly advanced, with but six thousand men, to encounter the thirty thousand, already exulting in his speedy and sure destruction. Kleber was sent forward with an advance guard of three thousand men. Napoleon followed soon after with three thousand more.

As Kleber, with his little band, defiled from a narrow valley at the foot of Mount Tabor, he entered upon an extended plain. It was early in the morning of the 16th of April. The unclouded sun was just rising over the hills of Palestine, and revealed to his view the whole embattled Turkish host spread out before him. The eye was dazzled with the magnificent spectacle, as proud banners and plumes, and gaudy turbans and glittering steel, and all the barbaric martial pomp of the East, were reflected by the rays of the brill.

iant morning. Twelve thousand horsemen, decorated with the most gorgeous trappings of military show, and mounted on the fleetest Arabian chargers, were prancing and curveting in all directions. A loud and exultant shout of vengeance and joy, rising like the roar of the ocean, burst from the Turkish ranks as soon as they perceived their victims enter the plain. The French, too proud and self-confident to retreat before any superiority in numbers, had barely time to form themselves into one of Napoleon's impregnable squares, when the whole cavalcade of horsemen, with gleaming sabres and hideous yells, and like the sweep of the wind, came rushing down upon them. Every man in the French squares knew that his life depended upon his immobility, and each one stood, shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, like a rock.

It is impossible to drive a horse upon the point of a bayonet. He has an instinct of self-preservation which no power of the spur can overcome. He can be driven to the bayonet's point; but if the bayonet remain firm, he will rear, and plunge, and wheel, in defiance of all the efforts of his rider to force his breast against it. As the immense mass came thundering down upon the square, it was received by volcanic bursts of fire from the French veterans, and horse and rider rolled together in the dust. Chevaux-de-frise of bayonets, presented from every side of this living, flaming citadel, prevented the possibility of piercing the square. For six long hours this little band sustained the dreadful and unequal conflict. The artillery of the enemy plowed their ranks in vain. In vain the horsemen made reiterated charges on every side. The French, by the tremendous fire incessantly pouring from their ranks, soon formed around them a rampart of dead men and horses.

Behind this horrible abattis, they bid stern defiance to the utmost fury of their enemies. Seven long hours passed away, while the battle raged with unabated ferocity. The mid-day sun was now blazing upon the exhausted band. Their ammunition was nearly expended. Notwithstanding the enormous slaughter they had made, their foes seemed undiminished in number. A conflict so unequal could not much longer continue. The French were calling to their aid a noble despair, expecting there to perish, but resolved, to a man, to sell their lives most dearly.

Matters were in this state when, at one o'clock, Napoleon, with three thousand men, arrived on the heights which overlooked the field of battle. The field was covered with a countless multitude, swaying to and fro in the most horrible clamor and confusion. They were canopied with thick volumes of smoke, which almost concealed the combatants from view. Napoleon could only distinguish the French by the regular and unintermitted volleys which issued from their ranks, presenting one steady spot incessantly emitting lightning flashes in the midst of the moving multitude with which it was surrounded. With that instinctive judgment which enabled him, with the rapidity of lightning, to adopt the most important decisions, Napoleon instantly took his resolution. He formed his little band into two squares, and advanced in such a manner as to compose, with the square of Kleber, a triangle, inclosing the Turks. Thus, with unparalleled audacity, with six thousand men he undertook to surround thirty thousand of as fierce and desperate soldiers as the world has ever seen.

Cautiously and silently, the two squares hurried on to the relief of their friends, giving no sign of approach till they were just ready to plunge upon the plain. Suddenly the loud report of a cannon upon the hills startled, with joyful surprise, the weary heroes. They recognized instantly the voice of Napoleon rushing to their rescue. One wild shout of almost delirious joy burst from the ranks, "It is Bonaparte! it is Bonaparte!" That name operated as a talisman upon every heart. Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of those scarred and bleeding veterans, as, disdaining longer to act upon the defensive, they grasped their weapons with nervous energy, and made a desperate onset upon their multitudinous foes. The Turks were assailed by a murderous fire instantaneously discharged from the three points of this triangle. Discouraged by the indomitable resolution with which they had been repulsed, and bewildered by the triple assault, they broke and fled.

The mighty host, like ocean waves, swept across the plain, when suddenly it was encountered by one of the fresh squares, and in reflux surges rolled back in frightful disorder. A scene of horror now ensued utterly unimaginable. The Turks were cut off from retreat in every direction. The enormous mass of infantry, horse, artillery, and baggage was driven in upon itself, in wild and horrible confusion. From the French squares there flashed one incessant sheet of flame. Peal after peal, the artillery thundered in a continuous roar. These thoroughly drilled veterans fired with a rapidity and a precision which seemed to the Turks supernatural. An incessant storm of cannon-balls, grapeshot, and bullets pierced the motley mass, and the bayonets of the French dripped with blood.

Murat was there, with his proud cavalry — Murat, whom Napoleon has described as in battle probably the bravest man in the world. Of majestic frame, dressed in the extreme of military ostentation, and mounted upon the most powerful of Arabian chargers, he towered, proudly eminent, above all his band. With the utmost enthusiasm, he charged into the swollen tide of turbaned heads and flashing cimeters. As his strong horse reared and plunged in the midst of the sabre strokes falling swiftly on every side around him, his white plume, which ever led to victory, gleamed like a banner over the tumultuous throng.

It is almost an inexplicable development of human nature to hear Murat exclaim, "In the hottest of this terrible fight I thought of Christ, and of his transfiguration upon this very spot, two thousand years ago, and the reflection inspired me with tenfold courage and strength." The fiend-like disposition created by these horrible scenes is illustrated by the conduct of a French soldier on this occasion. He was dying of a frightful wound. Still he crawled to a mangled Mameluke, even more feeble than himself, also in the agonies of death, and, seizing him by the throat, tried to strangle him. "How can you," exclaimed a French officer to the human tiger, "in your condition, be guilty of such an act?" "You speak much at your ease," the man replied, "you who are unhurt; but I, who am dying, must reap some enjoyment while I can."

The victory was complete. The Turkish army was not merely conquered — it was destroyed. As that day's sun, veiled in smoke, solemnly descended, like a ball of fire, behind the hills of Lebanon, the whole majestic array,

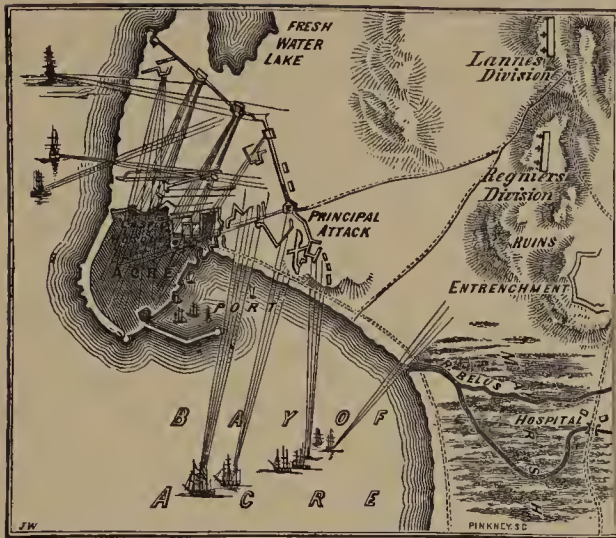
assembled for the invasion of Egypt, and who had boasted that they were "innumerable as the sands of the sea, or as the stars of heaven," had disappeared, to be seen no more. The Turkish camp, with four hundred camels and an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors.

This signal victory was achieved by a small division of Napoleon's army, of but six thousand men, in a pitched battle, on an open field. Such exploits history can not record without amazement. The ostensible and avowed object of Napoleon's march into Syria was now accomplished. Napoleon returned again to Acre, to prosecute, with new vigor, its siege; for, though the great army marshaled for his destruction was annihilated, he had other plans, infinitely more majestic, revolving in his capacious mind. One evening he was standing with his secretary upon the mount which still bears the name of Richard Cœur de Lion, contemplating the smouldering scene of blood and ruin around him, when, after a few moments of silent thought, he exclaimed,

"Yes, Bourrienne, that miserable fort has cost me dear; but matters have gone too far not to make a last effort. The fate of the East depends upon the capture of Acre. That is the key of Constantinople or of India. If we succeed in taking this paltry town, I shall obtain the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will then raise and arm the whole population of Syria, already so exasperated by the cruelty of Achmet, and for whose fall all classes daily supplicate Heaven. I shall advance on Damascus and Aleppo. I will recruit my army, as I advance, by enlisting all the discontented. I will announce to the people the breaking of their chains, and the abolition of the tyrannical governments of the Pachas. The Druses wait but for the fall of Acre to declare themselves. I am already offered the keys of Damascus. My armed masses will penetrate to Constantinople, and the Mussulman dominion will be overturned. I shall found in the East a new and mighty empire, which will fix my position with posterity."

With these visions animating his mind, and having fully persuaded himself that he was the child of destiny, he prosecuted, with all possible vigor, the siege of Acre. But English, and Russian, and Turkish fleets were in that harbor. English generals, and French engineers, and European and Turkish soldiers, stood, side by side, behind those formidable ramparts, to resist the utmost endeavors of their assailants with equal vigor, science, and fearlessness.

No pen can describe the desperate conflicts and the scenes of carnage which ensued. Day after day, night after night, and week after week, the horrible slaughter, without intermission, continued. The French succeeded in transporting, by means of their cruisers, from Alexandria, a few pieces of heavy artillery, and the walls of Acre were reduced to a pile of blackened ruins. The streets were plowed up, and the houses blown down by bombshells. Bleeding forms, blackened with smoke, and with clothing burned and tattered, rushed upon each other with dripping sabres and bayonets, and with hideous yells, which rose even above the incessant thunders of the cannonade. The noise, the uproar, the flash of guns, the enveloping cloud of sulphurous smoke, converting the day into hideous night, and the uninter-



SIEGE OF ACRE.

mitted flashes of musketry and artillery, transforming night into lurid and portentous day, the forms of the combatants, gliding like spectres, with demoniacal fury, through the darkness, the blast of trumpets, the shout of onset, the shriek of death, presented a scene which no tongue can tell nor imagination conceive.

There was no time to bury the dead, and the putrefaction of hundreds of corpses under that burning sun added appalling horrors. To the pure spir-

its of a happier world, in the sweet companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have appeared a spectacle worthy of a pandemonium. And yet the human heart is so wicked, that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and its heroism. We are indeed a fallen race.

There were occasional lulls in this awful storm, during which each party would be rousing its energies for more terrible collision. The besiegers burrowed mines deep under the foundation of walls and towers, and, with the explosion of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, opened volcanic craters, blowing men and rocks into hideous ruin. In the midst of the shower of destruction darkening the skies, the assailants rushed, with sabres and dripping bayonets, to the assault. The onset, on the part of the French, was as furious and desperate as mortal man is capable of making. The repulse was equally determined and fearless.

Sir Sydney Smith conducted the defense, with the combined English and Turkish troops. He displayed consummate skill and unconquerable firmness, and availed himself of every weapon of effective warfare. Conscious of the earnest desire of the French soldiers to return to France, and of the despair with which the army had been oppressed when the fleet was destroyed, and thus all hope of a return was cut off, he circulated a proclamation among them offering to convey safely to France every soldier who would desert from the standard of Napoleon. This proclamation, in large numbers, was thrown from the ramparts to the French troops. A more tempting offer could not have been presented; and yet, so strong was the attachment of the soldiers for their chief, that it is not known that a single individual availed himself of the privilege. Napoleon issued a counter-proclamation to his army, in which he asserted that the English commodore had actually gone mad. This so provoked Sir Sydney that he sent a challenge to Napoleon to meet him in single combat. The young general proudly replied, "If Sir Sydney will send Marlborough from his grave to meet me, I will think of it. In the mean time, if the gallant commodore wishes to display his personal prowess, I will neutralize a few yards of the beach, and send a tall grenadier, with whom he can run a tilt."

In the progress of the siege, General Caffarelli was struck by a ball, and mortally wounded. For eighteen days he lingered in extreme pain, and then died. Napoleon was strongly attached to him, and during all the period, twice every day, made a visit to his couch of suffering. So great was his influence over the patient, that, though the wounded general was frequently delirious, no sooner was the name of Napoleon announced, than he became perfectly collected, and conversed coherently.

The most affecting proofs were frequently given of the entire devotion of the troops to Napoleon. One day, while giving some directions in the trenches, a shell, with its fuse fiercely burning, fell at his feet. Two grenadiers, perceiving his danger, instantly rushed toward him, encircled him in their arms, and completely shielded every part of his body with their own.



THE BOMB-SHELL.

The shell exploded, blowing a hole in the earth sufficiently large to bury "a cart and two horses." All three were tumbled into the excavation, and covered with stones and sand. One of the men was rather severely wounded; Napoleon escaped with but a few slight bruises. He immediately elevated both of these heroes to the rank of officers.

"Never yet, I believe," said Napoleon, "has there been such devotion shown by soldiers to their general as mine have manifested for me. At Arcola, Colonel Muiron threw himself before me, covered my body with his own, and received the blow which was intended for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier been wanting in fidelity—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, '*Vive Napoleon!*'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SIEGE ABANDONED.

Terrible Butchery—Bitter Disappointment—Napoleon's Magnanimity to his Foes—Hostility against Dueling—Proclamation—The French retire from Acre—Humanity of Napoleon to the Sick—Baron Larrey—Indignation of Napoleon—He arrives at Cairo—The Arab Courier—Land Victory at Aboukir—Bonaparte determines on returning to France.

THE siege had now continued for sixty days; Napoleon had lost nearly three thousand men by the sword and the plague. The hospitals were full of the sick and the wounded. Still Napoleon remitted not his efforts. "Victory," said he, "belongs to the most persevering." Napoleon had now expended all his cannon-balls. By a singular expedient, he obtained a fresh supply. A party of soldiers were sent upon the beach, and set to work, apparently throwing up a rampart for the erection of a battery. Sir Sydney immediately approached with the English ships, and poured in upon them broadside after broadside from all his tiers. The soldiers, who perfectly comprehended the joke, convulsed with laughter, ran and collected the balls as they rolled over the sand. Napoleon ordered a dollar to be paid to the soldiers for each ball thus obtained. When this supply was exhausted, a few horsemen or wagons were sent out upon the beach, as if engaged in some important movement, when the English commodore would again approach and present them, from his plethoric magazines, with another liberal supply. Thus, for a long time, Napoleon replenished his exhausted stores.

One afternoon in May, a fleet of thirty sail of the line was descried in the distant horizon, approaching Acre. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction. The sight awakened intense anxiety in the hearts of both besiegers and besieged. The French hoped that they were French ships conveying to them succors from Alexandria or from France. The besieged flattered themselves that they were friendly sails, bringing to them such aid as would enable them effectually to repulse their terrible foes. The English cruisers immediately stood out of the bay to reconnoitre the unknown fleet. Great was the disappointment of the French when they saw the two squadrons unite, and the crescent of the Turk and the pennant of England, in friendly blending, approach the bay together. The Turkish fleet brought a re-enforcement of twelve thousand men, with an abundant supply of military stores.

Napoleon's only hope was to capture the place before the disembarkation of these re-enforcements. Calculating that the landing could not be effected in less than six hours, he resolved upon an immediate assault. In the deepening twilight, a black and massy column issued from the trenches, and advanced, with the firm and silent steps of utter desperation, to the breach. The besieged, knowing that, if they could hold out but a few hours longer, deliverance was certain, were animated to the most determined resistance. A

horrible scene of slaughter ensued. The troops from the ships, in the utmost haste, were embarked in the boats, and were pulling, as rapidly as possible, across the bay to aid their failing friends. Sir Sydney himself headed the crews of the ships, and led them, armed with pikes, to the breach. The assailants gained the summit of a heap of stones into which the wall had been battered, and even forced their way into the garden of the Pacha. But a swarm of janizaries suddenly poured in upon them, with the keen sabre in one hand and the dagger in the other, and in a few moments they were all reduced to headless trunks. The Turks gave no quarter. The remorseless Butcher sat in the court-yard of his palace, paying a liberal reward for the gory head of every infidel which was laid at his feet. He smiled upon the ghastly trophies heaped up in piles around him.

The chivalric Sir Sydney must at times have felt not a little abashed in contemplating the deeds of his allies. He was, however, fighting to arrest the progress of free institutions, and the cimeter of the Turk was a fitting instrument to be employed in such a service. In promotion of the same object, but a few years before, the "tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage" had been called into requisition to deluge the borders of our own land with blood. Napoleon was contending to wrest from the hand of Achmet the Butcher his bloody cimeter. Sir Sydney, with the united despots of Turkey and of Russia, was struggling to help him retain it.

Sir Sydney also issued a proclamation to the Druses, and other Christian tribes of Syria, urging them to trust to the faith of a "Christian knight," rather than to that of an "unprincipled renegado." But the "Christian knight," in the hour of victory, forgot the poor Druses, and they were left without even one word of sympathy, to bleed, during ages whose limits can not yet be seen, beneath the dripping yataghan of the Moslem. Column after column of the French advanced to the assault, but all were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Every hour the strength of the enemy was increasing; every hour the forces of Napoleon were melting away before the awful storm sweeping from the battlements. In these terrific conflicts, where immense masses were contending hand to hand, it was found that the cimeter of the Turk was a far more efficient weapon of destruction than the bayonet of the European.

Success was now hopeless. Sadly Napoleon made preparations to relinquish the enterprise. He knew that a formidable Turkish army, aided by the fleets of England and Russia, was soon to be conveyed from Rhodes to Egypt. Not an hour longer could he delay his return to meet it. Had not Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without any difficulty. The imagination is bewildered in contemplating the results which might have ensued. Even without the aid of the fleet, but for the indomitable activity, courage, and energy of Sir Sydney Smith, Acre would have fallen, and the bloody reign of the Butcher would have come to an end. This destruction of Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest must have been a bitter disappointment. It was the termination of the most sanguine hope of his life. And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty-nine to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia in the most degrading slavery, and

to create a boundless empire, such as earth had never before seen, which should develop all the physical, intellectual, and social energies of man.

History can record with unerring truth the *deeds* of man and his *avowed designs*. The attempt to delineate the conflicting *motives* which stimulate the heart of a frail mortal is hazardous. Even the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with his best actions. Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of Christ. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever known? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry the Eighth, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanxes, and which urged Tamerlane to the field of blood.

The ambitious conqueror who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and sword subjugates a timid and helpless people, that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the cimeter, and the bastinado—who consigns millions to mud hovels, penury, and misery, that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient. But we can not, with equal severity, condemn the ambition of him who marches, not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism, but to assail despotic usurpers; not to degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble, to elevate, and to enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivation cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. Surely it was lofty.

Twenty years after the discomfiture at Acre, Napoleon, when imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, alluded to those dreams of his early life. "Acre once taken," said he, "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus. In the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it. The whole population of the East would have been agitated."

Some one said, "You soon would have been re-enforced by one hundred thousand men."

"Say rather six hundred thousand!" Napoleon replied. "Who can calculate what would have happened! I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies—I would have changed the face of the world."

The manner in which Napoleon bore this disappointment most strikingly illustrates the truth of his own remarkable assertion. "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along." Even his most intimate friends could discern no indications of discontent. He seemed to feel that it was not his destiny to found an empire in the East, and, acquiescing without a murmur, he turned his attention to other enterprises. "That man," said he, with perfect good-nature, speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, "made me miss my destiny!"

Napoleon ever manifested the most singular magnanimity in recognizing the good qualities of his enemies. He indulged in no feelings of exasperation toward Sir Sydney, notwithstanding his agency in frustrating the most cherished plan of his life. Wurmser, with whom he engaged in such terrible conflicts in Italy, he declared to be a brave and magnanimous foe ; and, in the hour of triumph, treated him with a degree of delicacy and generosity which could not have been surpassed had his vanquished antagonist been his intimate friend.

Of Prince Charles, with whom he fought repeated and most desperate battles in his march upon Vienna, he remarked, "He is a *good man*, which includes every thing when said of a prince. He is incapable of a dishonorable action."

And even of his eccentric and versatile antagonist at Acre Napoleon says, with great impartiality and accuracy of judgment, "Sir Sydney Smith is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He also manifested great honor in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army. If he had kept it a secret for seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army would have been obliged to surrender to the English. He also displayed great humanity and honor in all his proceedings toward the French who fell into his hands. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable ; but I believe that he is half crazy. The chief cause of the failure at Acre was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I should have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely. He sent me, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or midshipman, with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him in some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that, when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man. He has certain good qualities, and, as an old enemy, I should like to see him."

A minute dissector of human nature may discern, in this singular candor, a destitution of earnestness of principle. The heart is incapable of this indifference, when it cherishes a profound conviction of right and wrong. It is undoubtedly true that Napoleon encountered his foes upon the field of battle with very much the same feeling with which he would meet an opponent in a game of chess. These wars were fierce conflicts between the kings and the people ; and Napoleon was not angry with the kings for defending strongly their own cause. There were, of course, moments of irritation, but his prevailing feeling was that his foes were to be conquered, not condemned. At one time he expressed much surprise in perceiving that Alexander of Russia had allowed feelings of personal hostility to enter into the conflict. A chess-player could not have manifested more unaffected wonder in finding his opponent in a rage at the check of his king. Napoleon does not appear often to have acted from a deep sense of moral obligation. His justice, generosity, and magnanimity were rather the instinctive impulses of a noble nature, than the result of a profound conviction of duty. We see but few in-

dications in the life of Napoleon of tenderness of conscience. That faculty needs a kind of culture which Napoleon never enjoyed.

He also cherished the conviction that his opponents were urged on by the same destiny by which he believed himself to be impelled. "I am well taught," said Dryfesdale, "and strong in the belief that man does naught of himself. He is but the foam upon the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by his own efforts, but by the mightier impulse of fate, which urges him." The doctrine called *destiny* by Napoleon, and *philosophical necessity* by Priestly, and *divine decrees* by Calvin, assuming in each mind characteristic modifications, indicated by the name which each assigned to it, is a doctrine which often nerves to the most heroic and virtuous endeavors, and which is also capable of the most awful perversion.

Napoleon was an inveterate enemy to duelling, and strongly prohibited it in the army. One evening in Egypt, at a convivial party, General Lanusse spoke sarcastically respecting the condition of the army. Junot, understanding his remarks to reflect upon Napoleon, whom he almost worshipped, was instantly in a flame, and stigmatized Lanusse as a traitor. Lanusse retorted by calling Junot a scoundrel. Instantly swords were drawn, and all were upon their feet, for such words demanded blood.

"Hearken," said Junot, sternly, "I called you a traitor; I do not think that you are one. You called me a scoundrel; you know that I am not such. But we must fight. One of us must die. I hate you, for you have abused the man whom I love and admire as much as I do God, if not more."

It was a dark night. The whole party, by the light of torches, proceeded to the bottom of the garden, which sloped to the Nile, when the two half-inebriated generals cut at each other with their swords, until the head of Lanusse was laid open, and the bowels of Junot almost protruded from a frightful wound. When Napoleon, the next morning, heard of the occurrence, he was exceedingly indignant.

"What!" exclaimed he, "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile to dispute it with the crocodiles? Have they not enough, then, with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as if his aid were present before him, "you richly deserve, as soon as you get well, to be put under arrest for a month."

In preparation for abandoning the siege of Acre, Napoleon issued the following proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers! You have traversed the desert which separates Asia from Africa with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army which was on its march to invade Egypt is destroyed. You have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage. You have captured all the fortified posts which secure the wells of the desert. You have dispersed, at Mount Tabor, those swarms of brigands, collected from all parts of Asia, hoping to share the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships which, twelve days ago, you saw enter the port of Acre, were destined for an attack upon Alexandria. But you compelled them to hasten to the relief of Acre. Several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt. After having maintained the war, with a handful of men, during three months, in the heart of Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty

stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where, by a threatened invasion, our presence is imperiously demanded. A few days longer might give you the hope of taking the Pacha in his palace; but at this season the castle of Acre is not worth the loss of three days, nor the loss of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are necessary for more essential services. Soldiers! we have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having, by this campaign, secured ourselves from attacks from the eastward, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

On the 20th of May, Napoleon, for the first time, relinquished an enterprise unaccomplished. An incessant fire was kept up in the trenches till the last moment, while the baggage, the sick, and the field artillery were silently defiling to the rear, so that the Turks had no suspicion that the besiegers were about to abandon their works. Napoleon left three thousand of his troops, slain or dead of the plague, buried in the sands of Acre. He had accomplished the ostensible and avowed object of his expedition. He had utterly destroyed the vast assemblages formed in Syria for the invasion of Egypt, and had rendered the enemy, in that quarter, incapable of acting against him. Acre had been overwhelmed by his fire, and was now reduced to a heap of ruins. Those vague and brilliant dreams of conquest in the East, which he secretly cherished, had not been revealed to the soldiers. They simply knew that they had triumphantly accomplished the object announced to them, in the destruction of the great Turkish army. Elated with the pride of conquerors, they prepared to return, with the utmost celerity, to encounter another army, assembled at Rhodes, which was soon to be landed, by the hostile fleet, upon some part of the shores of Egypt. Thus, while Napoleon was frustrated in the accomplishment of his undivulged but most majestic plans, he still appeared to the world an invincible conqueror.

There were in the hospitals twelve hundred sick and wounded. These were to be conveyed on horses and on litters. Napoleon relinquished his own horse for the wounded, and toiled along through the burning sands with the humblest soldiers on foot. The Druses, and other tribes hostile to the Porte, were in a state of great dismay when they learned that the French were retreating. They knew that they must encounter terrible vengeance at the hands of Achmet the Butcher. The victory of the allies riveted upon them anew their chains, and a wail, which would have caused the ear of Christendom to tingle, ascended from terrified villages, as fathers, and mothers, and children covered beneath the storm of vengeance which fell upon them from the hands of the merciless Turk. But England was too far away for the shrieks to be heard in her pious dwellings.

At Jaffa, among the multitude of the sick, there were seven found near to death. They were dying of the plague, and could not be removed. Napoleon himself fearlessly went into the plague hospital, passed through all its wards, and spoke words of sympathy and encouragement to the sufferers. The eyes of the dying were turned to him, and followed his steps, with indescribable affection, as he passed from cot to cot. The seven, who were in such a condition that their removal was impossible, Napoleon for some time

contemplated with most tender solicitude. He could not endure the thought of leaving them to be taken by the Turks, for the Turks tortured to death every prisoner who fell into their hands. He at last suggested to the physician the expediency of administering to them an opium pill, which would expedite, by a few hours, their death, and thus save them from the hands of their cruel foe. The physician gave the highly admired reply, "My profession is to cure, not to kill!"

Napoleon reflected a moment in silence, and said no more upon the subject, but left a rear-guard of five hundred men to protect them until the last should have expired. For this suggestion Napoleon has been severely censured. However much it may indicate mistaken views of Christian duty, it certainly does not indicate a cruel disposition. It was his tenderness of heart and his love for the soldiers which led to the proposal. An unfeeling monster would not have troubled himself about these few valueless and dying men, but, without a thought, would have left them to their fate. In reference to the severity with which this transaction has been condemned, Napoleon remarked at St. Helena,

"I do not think that it would have been a crime had opium been administered to them. On the contrary, I think it would have been a virtue. To leave a few unfortunate men, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred by the Turks with the most dreadful tortures, as was their custom, would, I think, have been cruelty. A general ought to act with his soldiers as he would wish should be done to himself. Now would not any man, under similar circumstances, who had his senses, have preferred dying easily, a few hours sooner, rather than expire under the torture of these barbarians? If my own son, and I believe I love my son as well as any father does his child, were in a similar situation with these men, I would advise it to be done. And if so situated myself, I would insist upon it, if I had sense enough and strength enough to demand it. However, affairs were not so pressing as to prevent me from leaving a party to take care of them, which was done. If I had thought such a measure as that of giving opium necessary, I would have called a council of war, have stated the necessity of it, and have published it in the order of the day. It should have been no secret. Do you think, if I had been capable of secretly poisoning my soldiers, as doing a necessary action secretly would give it the appearance of a crime, or of such barbarities as driving my carriage over the dead, and the still bleeding bodies of the wounded, that my troops would have fought for me with an enthusiasm and affection without a parallel? No, no! I never should have done so a second time. Some would have shot me in passing. Even some of the wounded, who had sufficient strength left to pull a trigger, would have dispatched me. I never committed a crime in all my political career. At my last hour I can assert that. Had I done so, I should not have been here now. I should have dispatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent, and they would have ceased to live. I have, however, often thought since on this point of morals, and I believe, if thoroughly considered, it is always better to suffer a man to terminate his destiny, be it what it may. I judged so afterward in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out

of his misery. I said to him, 'I pity you, my friend, but there is no remedy; it is necessary to suffer to the last.'"

Sir Robert Wilson recorded, that the merciless and bloodthirsty monster, Napoleon, poisoned at Jaffa five hundred and eighty of his sick and wounded soldiers, merely to relieve himself of the encumbrance of taking care of them. The statement was circulated, and believed throughout Europe and America; and thousands still judge of Napoleon through the influence of such assertions. Sir Robert was afterward convinced of his error, and became the friend of Napoleon. When some one was speaking, in terms of indignation, of the author of the atrocious libel, Napoleon replied,

"You know but little of men and of the passions by which they are actuated. What leads you to imagine that Sir Robert is not a man of enthusiasm and of violent passions, who wrote what he then believed to be true? He may have been misinformed and deceived, and may now be sorry for it. He may be as sincere now in wishing us well as he formerly was in seeking to injure us."

Again he said, "The fact is, that I not only never committed any crime, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always marched with the opinions of five or six millions of men. In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever respecting my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I am not uneasy as to the result."

Baron Larrey was the chief of the medical staff. "Larrey," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was the most honest man, and the best friend to the soldier whom I ever knew. Indefatigable in his exertions for the wounded, he was seen on the field of battle, immediately after an action, accompanied by a train of young surgeons, endeavoring to discover if any signs of life remained in the bodies. He scarcely allowed a moment of repose to his assistants, and kept them ever at their posts. He tormented the generals, and disturbed them out of their beds at night, whenever he wanted accommodations or assistance for the sick or wounded. They were all afraid of him, as they knew that if his wishes were not complied with, he would immediately come and make a complaint to me."

Larrey, on his return to Europe, published a medical work, which he dedicated to Napoleon, as a tribute due to him for the care which he always took of the sick and wounded soldiers. Assulini, another eminent physician, records, "Napoleon, great in every emergency, braved on several occasions the danger of contagion. I have seen him, in the hospitals at Jaffa, inspecting the wards, and talking familiarly with the soldiers attacked by the plague. This heroic example allayed the fears of the army, cheered the spirits of the sick, and encouraged the hospital attendants, whom the progress of the disease and the fear of contagion had considerably alarmed."

The march over the burning desert was long and painful, and many of the sick and wounded perished. The sufferings of the army were inconceivable. Twelve hundred persons, faint with disease, or agonized with broken bones or ghastly wounds, were borne along, over the rough and weary way, on horseback. Many were so exhausted with debility and pain that they were tied to the saddles, and were thus hurried onward, with limbs freshly ampu-

tated, and with bones shivered to splinters. The path of the army was marked by the bodies of the dead, which were dropped by the wayside. There were not horses enough for the sick and wounded, though Napoleon and all his generals marched on foot. The artillery pieces were left among the sand-hills, that the horses might be used for the relief of the sufferers. Many of the wounded were necessarily abandoned to perish. Many who could not obtain a horse, knowing the horrible death by torture which awaited them, should they fall into the hands of the Turks, hobbled along with bleeding wounds in intolerable agony. With most affecting earnestness, though unavailingly, they implored their comrades to help them. Misery destroys humanity. Each one thought only of himself. Seldom have the demoralizing influences and the horrors of war been more signally displayed than in this march of twenty-five days.

Napoleon was deeply moved by the spectacle of misery around him. One day, as he was toiling along through the sands, at the head of a column, with the blazing sun of Syria pouring down upon his unprotected head, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying all around him, he saw an officer, in perfect health, riding on horseback, refusing to surrender his saddle to the sick. The indignation of Napoleon was so aroused, that, by one blow from the hilt of his sword, he laid the officer prostrate upon the earth, and then helped a wounded soldier into his saddle. The deed was greeted with a shout of acclamation from the ranks. The "recording angel in heaven's chancery" will blot out the record of such violence with a tear.

The historian has no right to draw the vail over the revolting horrors of war. Though he may wish to preserve his pages from the repulsive recital, justice to humanity demands that the barbarism, the crime, and the cruelty of war should be faithfully portrayed. The soldiers often refused to render the slightest assistance to the sick or the wounded. They feared that every one who was not well was attacked by the plague. The soldiers burst into immoderate fits of laughter in looking upon the convulsive efforts which the dying made to rise from the sands upon which they had fallen. "He has made up his account!" said one. "He will not get on far!" said another. And when the exhausted wretch fell to rise no more, they exclaimed, with perfect indifference, "His lodging is secured!"

The troops were harassed upon their march by hordes of mounted Arabs, ever prowling around them. To protect themselves from assault, and to avenge attacks, they fired villages, and burned the fields of grain, and with bestial fury pursued shrieking maids and matrons. Such deeds almost invariably attend the progress of an army, for an army is ever the resort and the congenial home of the moral dregs of creation. Napoleon must at times have been horror-stricken in contemplating the infernal instrumentality which he was using for the accomplishment of his purposes. The only excuse which can be offered for him is, that it was then, as now, the prevalent conviction of the world that war, with all its inevitable abominations, is a necessary evil. The soldiers were glad to be fired upon from a house, for it furnished them with an excuse for rushing in, and perpetrating deeds of atrocious violence in its secret chambers.

Those infected by the plague accompanied the army at some distance from

the main body. Their encampment was always separated from the bivouacs of the troops, and was with terror avoided by those soldiers who, without the tremor of a nerve, could storm a battery. Napoleon, however, always pitched his tent by their side. Every night he visited them to see if their wants were attended to; and every morning he was present, with parental kindness, to see them file off at the moment of departure. Such tenderness, at the hands of one who was filling the world with his renown, won the hearts of the soldiers. He merited their love. Even to the present day, the scarred and mutilated victims of these wars, still lingering in the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris, will flame with enthusiastic admiration at the very mention of the name of Napoleon. There is no man, living or dead, who at the present moment is the object of such enthusiastic love as Napoleon Bonaparte; and they who knew him the best love him the most.

One day, on their return, an Arab tribe came to meet him, to show their respect and to offer their services as guides. The son of the chief of the tribe, a little boy about twelve years of age, was mounted on a dromedary, riding by the side of Napoleon, and chatting with great familiarity.

"Sultan Kebir," said the young Arab to Napoleon, "I could give you good advice, now that you are returning to Cairo."

"Well! speak, my friend," said Napoleon; "if your advice is good, I will follow it."

"I will tell you what I would do, were I in your place," the young chief rejoined. "As soon as I got to Cairo, I would send for the richest slave-merchant in the market, and I would choose twenty of the prettiest women for myself. I would then send for the richest jewelers, and would make them give me up a good share of their stock. I would then do the same with all the other merchants; for what is the use of reigning, or being powerful, if not to acquire riches?"

"But, my friend," replied Napoleon, "suppose it were more noble to preserve these things for others?"

The young barbarian was quite perplexed in endeavoring to comprehend ambition so lofty, intellectual, and refined. "He was, however," said Napoleon, "very promising for an Arab. He was lively and courageous, and led his troops with dignity and order. He is perhaps destined, one day or other, to carry his advice into execution in the market-place of Cairo."

At length Napoleon arrived at Cairo, after an absence of three months. With great pomp and triumph, he entered the city. He found, on his return to Egypt, that deep discontent pervaded the army. The soldiers had now been absent from France for a year. For six months they had heard no news whatever from home, as not a single French vessel had been able to cross the Mediterranean. Napoleon, finding his plans frustrated for establishing an empire which should overshadow all the East, began to turn his thoughts again to France. He knew, however, that there was another Turkish army collected at Rhodes, prepared, in co-operation with the fleets of Russia and England, to make a descent on Egypt. He could not think of leaving the army until that formidable foe was disposed of. He knew not when or where the landing would be attempted, and could only wait.

One evening, in July, he was walking with a friend in the environs of Cai-

ro, beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, when an Arab horseman was seen, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rapidly approaching him over the desert. He



ARRIVAL OF THE COURIER.

brought dispatches from Alexandria, informing Napoleon that a powerful fleet had appeared in the Bay of Aboukir; that eighteen thousand Turks had landed, fierce and fearless soldiers, each armed with musket, pistol, and sabre; that their artillery were numerous, and well served by British officers; that the combined English, Russian, and Turkish fleets supported the armament in the bay; that Mourad Bey, with a numerous body of Mameluke cavalry, was crossing the desert from Upper Egypt to join the invaders; that the village of Aboukir had been taken by the Turks, the garrison cut to pieces, and the citadel compelled to capitulate. Thus the storm burst upon Egypt.

Napoleon immediately retired to his tent, where he remained until three o'clock the next morning, dictating orders for the instant advance of the troops, and for the conduct of those who were to remain in Cairo, and at the other military stations. At four o'clock in the morning he was on horseback, and the army in full march. The French troops were necessarily so scattered—some in Upper Egypt, eight hundred miles above Cairo, some upon the borders of the desert to prevent incursions from Syria, some at Alexandria—that Napoleon could take with him but eight thousand men. By night and by day, through smothering dust and burning sands, and beneath the rays of an almost blistering sun, his troops, hungry and thirsty, with iron sinews, almost rushed along, accomplishing one of those extraordinary marches which filled the world with wonder. In seven days he reached the Bay of Aboukir.

It was the hour of midnight, on the 25th of July, 1799, when Napoleon, with six thousand men, arrived within sight of the strongly intrenched camp of the Turks. They had thrown up intrenchments among the sand-hills on

the shore of the bay. He ascended an eminence, and carefully examined the position of his sleeping foes. By the bright moonlight, he saw the vast fleet of the allies riding at anchor in the offing, and his practiced eye could count the mighty host of infantry, and artillery, and horsemen, slumbering before him. He knew that the Turks were awaiting the arrival of the formidable Mameluke cavalry from Egypt, and for still greater re-enforcements of men and munitions of war from Acre and other parts of Syria. Kleber, with a division of two thousand of the army, had not yet arrived. Napoleon resolved immediately to attack his foes, though they were eighteen thousand strong.

It was, indeed, an unequal conflict. These janizaries were the most fierce, merciless, and indomitable of men; and their energies were directed by English officers and by French engineers. Just one year before, Napoleon, with his army, had landed upon that beach. Where the allied fleet now rode so proudly, the French fleet had been utterly destroyed. The bosom of Napoleon burned with the desire to avenge this disaster. As he stood silently contemplating the scene, Murat by his side, he foresaw the long results depending upon the issue of the conflict. Utter defeat would be to him utter ruin. A partial victory would but prolong the conflict, and render it impossible for him, without dishonor, to abandon Egypt and return to France. The entire destruction of his foes would enable him, with the renown of an invincible conqueror, to leave the army in safety and embark for Paris, where he doubted not that, in the tumult of the unsettled times, avenues of glory would be opened before him. So strongly was he impressed with the great destinies for which he believed himself to be created, that, turning to Murat, he said, "This battle will decide the fate of the world." The distinguished cavalry commander, unable to appreciate the grandeur of Napoleon's thoughts, replied, "At least of this army; but every French soldier feels now that he must conquer or die. And be assured, if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by cavalry, the Turks shall be to-morrow so charged by mine."

The first gray of the morning was just appearing in the east, when the Turkish army was aroused by the tramp of the French columns, and by a shower of bomb-shells falling in the midst of their intrenchments. One of the most terrible battles recorded in history then ensued. The awful genius of Napoleon never shone forth more fearfully than on that bloody day. He stood upon a gentle eminence, calm, silent, unperturbed, pitiless, and guided, with resistless skill, the carnage. The onslaught of the French was like that of wolves. The Turks were driven like deer before them. Every man remembered that in that bay the proud fleet of France had perished. Every man felt that the kings of Europe had banded for the destruction of the French Republic. Every man exulted in the thought that there were but six thousand French Republicans to hurl themselves upon England, Russia, and Turkey combined, nearly twenty thousand strong. The Turks, perplexed and confounded by the skill and fury of the assault, were driven in upon each other in horrible confusion. The French, trained to load and fire with a rapidity which seemed miraculous, poured in upon them a perfect hurricane of bullets, balls, and shells. They were torn to pieces, mown down, bayoneted, and trampled under iron hoofs. In utter consternation, thousands of

them plunged into the sea, horsemen and footmen, and struggled in the waves, in the insane attempt to swim to the ships, three miles distant from the shore. With terrible calmness of energy, Napoleon opened upon the drowning host the tornado of his batteries, and the water was swept with grapeshot as by a hail-storm. The Turks were on the point of a peninsula. Escape by land was impossible. They would not ask for quarter. The silent and proud spirit of Napoleon was inflamed with a resolve to achieve a victory which should reclaim the name of Aboukir to the arms of France. Murat redeemed his pledge. Plunging with his cavalry into the densest throng of the enemy, he spurred his fiery steed, reckless of peril, to the very centre of the Turkish camp, where stood Mustapha Pacha, surrounded by his staff. The proud Turk had barely time to discharge a pistol at his audacious foe, which slightly wounded Murat, ere the dripping sabre of the French general severed half of his hand from the wrist. Thus wounded, the leader of the Turkish army was immediately captured, and sent in triumph to Napoleon.

As Napoleon received his illustrious prisoner, magnanimously desiring to soothe the bitterness of his utter discomfiture, he courteously said, "I will take care to inform the Sultan of the courage you have displayed in this battle, though it has been your misfortune to lose it."

"Thou mayest save thyself that trouble," the proud Turk haughtily replied. "My master knows me better than thou canst."

Before four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole Turkish army was destroyed. Hardly an individual escaped. About two thousand prisoners were taken in the fort. All the rest perished; either drowned in the sea, or slain upon the land. Sir Sydney Smith, who had chosen the position occupied by the Turkish army, with the utmost difficulty avoided capture. In the midst of the terrible scene of tumult and death, the Commodore succeeded in getting on board a boat, and was rowed to his ships. More than twelve thousand corpses of the turbaned Turks were floating in the Bay of Aboukir, beneath whose crimsoned waves, but a few months before, almost an equal number of the French had sunk in death. Such entire destruction of an army is perhaps unexampled in the annals of war. If God frowned upon France in the naval battle of Aboukir, He as signally frowned upon her foes in this terrific conflict on the land.

The cloudless sun descended peacefully, in the evening, beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Napoleon stood at the door of his tent, calmly contemplating the scene from whence all his foes had thus suddenly and utterly vanished. Just then Kleber arrived, with his division of two thousand men, for whom Napoleon had not waited. The distinguished soldier, who had long been an ardent admirer of Napoleon, was overwhelmed with amazement in contemplating the magnitude of the victory. In his enthusiasm, he threw his arms around the neck of his adored chieftain, exclaiming, "Let me embrace you, my General; you are great as the universe!"

Egypt was now quiet. Not a foe remained to be encountered. No immediate attack from any quarter was to be feared. Nothing remained to be done but to carry on the routine of the administration of the infant colony. These duties required no especial genius, and could be very creditably performed by any respectable governor.

It was, however, but a barren victory which Napoleon had obtained at such an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. It was in vain for the isolated army, cut off by the destruction of its fleet from all intercourse



NAPOLEON AND KLEBER.

with Europe, to think of the invasion of India. The French troops had exactly "caught the Tartar." Egypt was of no possible avail as a colony, with the Mediterranean crowded with hostile English, and Russian, and Turkish cruisers. For the same reason, it was impossible for the army to leave those shores and return to France. Thus the victorious French, in the midst of all their triumphs, found that they had built up for themselves prison walls from which, though they could repel their enemies, there was no escape. The sovereignty of Egypt alone was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon. Destiny, he thought, deciding against an empire in the East, was only guiding him back to an empire in the West.

For ten months Napoleon had now received no certain intelligence respecting Europe. Sir Sydney Smith, either in the exercise of the spirit of gentle-

manly courtesy, or enjoying a malicious pleasure in communicating to his victor tidings of disaster upon disaster falling upon France, sent to him a file of newspapers full of the most humiliating intelligence. The hostile fleet, leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men buried in the sands or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared.

Napoleon spent the whole night, with intense interest, examining those papers. He learned that France was in a state of indescribable confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was despised and disregarded; that plots and counterplots, conspiracies and assassinations, filled the land. He learned, to his astonishment, that France was again involved in war with monarchical Europe; that the Austrians had invaded Italy anew, and driven the French over the Alps; and that the banded armies of the European kings were crowding upon the frontiers of the distracted republic.

"Ah!" he exclaimed to Bourrienne, "my forebodings have not deceived me. The fools have lost Italy. All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately, and, if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

It was a signal peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon, that his decisions appeared to be instinctive rather than deliberative. With the rapidity of the lightning's flash, his mind contemplated all the considerations upon each side of a question, and instantaneously came to the result. These judgments, apparently so hasty, combined all the wisdom which others obtain by the slow and painful process of weeks of deliberation and uncertainty. Thus, in the midst of the innumerable combinations of the field of battle, he never suffered from a moment of perplexity; he never hesitated between this plan and that plan, but instantaneously, and without the slightest misgivings, decided upon that very course to which the most slow and mature deliberation would have guided him. This instinctive promptness of correct decision was one great secret of his mighty power. It pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant. The promptness of his decision was only equaled by the energy of his execution. He therefore accomplished in a few hours that which would have engrossed the energies of other minds for days.

Thus, in the present case, he decided, upon the moment, to return to France. The details of his return, as to the disposition to be made of the army, the manner in which he would attempt to evade the British cruisers, and the individuals he would take with him, were all immediately settled in his mind. He called Bourrienne, Berthier, and Gantheaume before him, and informed them of his decision, enjoining upon them the most perfect secrecy, lest intelligence of his preparations should be communicated to the allied fleet. He ordered Gantheaume immediately to get ready for sea two frigates from the harbor of Alexandria, and two small vessels, with provisions for four hundred men for two months.

Napoleon then returned with the army to Cairo. He arrived there on the 10th of August, and again, as a resistless conqueror, entered the city. He prevented any suspicion of his projected departure from arising among the soldiers by planning an expedition to explore Egypt.

One morning he announced his intention of going down the Nile, to spend a few days in examining the Delta. He took with him a small retinue, and, striking across the desert, proceeded with the utmost celerity to Alexandria, where they arrived on the 22d of August. Concealed by the shades of the evening of the same day, he left the town with eight selected companions, and escorted by a few of his faithful guards. Silently and rapidly they rode to a solitary part of the bay, the party wondering what this movement could mean. Here they discovered, dimly in the distance, two frigates riding at anchor, and some fishing-boats near the shore, apparently waiting to receive



THE RETURN.

them. Then Napoleon announced to his companions that their destination was France. The joy of the company was inconceivable. The horses were left upon the beach to find their way back to Alexandria. The victorious fugitives crowded into the boats, and were rowed out, in the dim and silent night, to the frigates. The sails were immediately spread, and before the light of morning dawned, the low and sandy outline of the Egyptian shore had disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT.

Political State of France—Napoleon's Estimate of Men—Peril of the Voyage—Napoleon's Devotion to Study—Answer to the Atheists—Testimony to the Religion of Jesus Christ—Arrival at Corsica—Landing at Frejus—Sensation at Paris on receiving the News—Enthusiasm of the Populace—Anguish of Josephine—Enthusiastic Reception of Napoleon by the Parisians—Interview between Napoleon and Josephine.

THE Expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. The return to France combines still more, if possible, of the elements of the moral sublime. But for the disastrous destruction of the French fleet, the plans of Napoleon in reference

to the East would probably have been triumphantly successful. At least, it can not be doubted that a vast change would have been effected throughout the Eastern World. Those plans were now hopeless. The army was isolated, and cut off from all re-enforcements and all supplies. The best thing which Napoleon could do for his troops in Egypt was to return to France, and exert his personal influence in sending them succor. His return involved the continuance of the most honorable devotion to those soldiers whom he necessarily left behind him. The secrecy of his departure was essential to his success. Had the bold attempt been suspected, it would certainly have been frustrated by the increased vigilance of the English cruisers. The intrepidity of the enterprise must elicit universal admiration.

Contemplate for a moment the moral aspects of this undertaking. A nation of thirty millions of people had been for ten years agitated by the most terrible convulsions. There is no atrocity which the tongue can name which had not desolated the doomed land. Every passion which can degrade the heart of fallen man had swept with simoom blast over the cities and the villages of France. Conflagrations had laid the palaces of the wealthy in ruins, and the green lawns, where their children had played, had been crimsoned with the blood of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters. A gigantic system of robbery had seized upon houses and lands, and every species of property, and had turned thousands of the opulent out into destitution, beggary, and death. Pollution had been legalized by the voice of God-defying lust, and France, *la belle France*, had been converted into a disgusting warehouse of infamy.

Law, with suicidal hand, had destroyed itself, and the decisions of the Legislature swayed to and fro, in accordance with the hideous clamors of the mob. The guillotine, with gutters ever clotted with human gore, was the only argument which anarchy condescended to use. Effectually it silenced every remonstrating tongue. Constitution after constitution had risen, like mushrooms, in a night, and, like mushrooms, had perished in a day. Civil war was raging with bloodhound fury in France; Monarchists and Jacobins grappling each other, infuriate with despair. The allied kings of Europe, who, by their alliance, had fanned the flames of rage and ruin, were gazing with terror upon the portentous prodigy, and were surrounding France with their navies and their armies.

The people had been enslaved for centuries by king and nobles. Their oppression had been execrable, and it had become absolutely unendurable. "We, the millions," they exclaimed, in their rage, "will no longer minister to your voluptuousness, and pride, and lust." "You shall!" exclaimed king and nobles; "we heed not your murmurs." "You shall!" reiterated the Pope, in the portentous thunderings of the Vatican. "You shall!" came echoed back from the palaces of Vienna, from the dome of the Kremlin, from the seraglio of the Turk, and, in tones deeper, stronger, more resolute, from constitutional, liberty-loving, happy England.

Then was France a volcano, and its lava-streams deluged Europe. The people were desperate. In the blind fury of their phrensied self-defense, they lost all consideration. The castles of the nobles were but the monuments of past taxation and servitude. With yells of hatred, the infuriated

populace razed them to the ground. The palaces of the kings, where, for uncounted centuries, dissolute monarchs had reveled in enervating and heaven-forbidden pleasures, were but national badges of the bondage of the people. The indignant throng swept through them like a Mississippi inundation, leaving upon marble floors, and cartooned walls and ceilings, the impress of their rage. At one bound France had passed from despotism to anarchy. The kingly tyrant, with golden crown and iron sceptre, surrounded by wealthy nobles and dissolute beauties, had disappeared, and a many-headed monster, rapacious and blood-thirsty, vulgar and revolting, had emerged from mines and work-shops, and the cellars of vice and penury, like one of the spectres of fairy tales, to fill his place. France had passed from monarchy, not to healthy republicanism, but to Jacobinism, to the reign of the mob. Napoleon utterly abhorred the tyranny of the king. He also utterly abhorred the despotism of vulgar, violent, sanguinary Jacobin misrule. The latter he regarded with even far deeper repugnance than the former. "I frankly confess," said Napoleon, again and again, "that if I must choose between Bourbon oppression and mob violence, I infinitely prefer the former."

Such had been the state of France, essentially, for nearly ten years. The great mass of the people were exhausted with suffering, and longed for repose. The land was filled with plots and counterplots. But there was no one man of sufficient prominence to carry with him the nation. The government was despised and disregarded. France was in a state of chaotic ruin. Many voices, here and there, began to inquire, "Where is Bonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt? He alone can save us." His world-wide renown turned the eyes of the nation to him as their only hope.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon, who, but three years before, had been unknown to fame or to fortune, resolved to return to France, to overthrow the miserable government by which the country was disgraced, to subdue anarchy at home and aggression from abroad, and to rescue thirty millions of people from ruin. The enterprise was undeniably magnificent in its grandeur and noble in its object. He had two foes to encounter, each formidable—the Royalists of combined Europe, and the mob of Paris. The quiet and undoubting self-confidence with which he entered upon this enterprise is one of the most remarkable events in the whole of his extraordinary career. He took with him no armies to hew down opposition. He engaged in no deep-laid and wide-spread conspiracy. Relying upon the energies of his own mind, and upon the sympathies of the great mass of the people, he went alone, with but one or two companions, to whom he revealed not his thoughts, to gather into his hands the scattered reins of power. Never did he encounter more fearful peril. The cruisers of England, Russia, Turkey, of allied Europe in arms against France, thronged the Mediterranean. How could he hope to escape them? The guillotine was red with blood. Every one who had dared to oppose the mob had perished upon it. How could Napoleon venture, single-handed, to beard this terrible lion in his den?*

* "France, at that time, was tottering between two abysses, the return of the Bourbons and the anarchy of revolution. Men like Fouché, Sièyes, &c., saw that a stable government was the most urgent want of the country. To establish liberal institutions, and to retain the conquests which were on the point of being lost, required a man at the head of the government who was both a

It was ten o'clock at night, the 22d of August, 1799, when Napoleon ascended the sides of the frigate *Muiron* to sail for France. A few of his faithful Guard, and eight companions, either officers in the army or members of the scientific corps, accompanied him. There were five hundred soldiers on board the ships. The stars shone brightly in the Syrian sky, and under their soft light the blue waves of the Mediterranean lay spread out most peacefully before them. The frigates unfurled their sails. Napoleon, silent and lost in thought, for a long time walked the quarter-deck of the ship, gazing upon the low outline of Egypt as, in the dim starlight, it faded away. His companions were intoxicated with delight in view of again returning to France. Napoleon was neither elated nor depressed. Serene and silent, he communed with himself, and whenever we can catch a glimpse of those secret communings, we find them always bearing the impress of grandeur.

Though Napoleon was in the habit of visiting the soldiers at their camp-fires, of sitting down and conversing with them with the greatest freedom and familiarity, the majesty of his character overawed his officers, and adoration and reserve blended with their love. Though there was no haughtiness in his demeanor, he habitually dwelt in a region of elevation above them all. Their talk was of cards, of wine, of pretty women. Napoleon's thoughts were of empire, of renown, of moulding the destinies of nations. They regarded him not as a companion, but as a master, whose wishes they loved to anticipate; for he would surely guide them to wealth, and fame, and fortune. He contemplated them, not as equals and confiding friends, but as efficient and valuable instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes.

Murat was to Napoleon a body of ten thousand horsemen, ever ready for a resistless charge. Lannes was a phalanx of infantry, bristling with bayonets, which neither artillery nor cavalry could batter down or break. Augereau was an armed column of invincible troops, black, dense, massy, impetuous, resistless, moving with gigantic tread wherever the finger of the conqueror pointed. These were but the members of Napoleon's body, the limbs obedient to the mighty soul which swayed them. They were not the companions of his thoughts, they were only the servants of his will. The number to be found with whom the soul of Napoleon could dwell in sympathetic friendship was few—very few.

Napoleon had formed a very low estimate of human nature, and consequently made great allowance for the infirmities incident to humanity. Bourrienne reports him as saying, "Friendship is but a name. I love no one; no, not even my brothers. Joseph perhaps a little. And if I do love him, it is from habit, and because he is my elder. Duroc! Ah, yes! I love him too. But why? His character pleases me. He is cold, reserved, and resolute, and I really believe that he never shed a tear. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. We must leave sensibility to

general and a statesman. Bonaparte appeared on the coast of Provence. Fouché, without hesitation, joined the young general."—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article *Duke of Otranto*.

"The conviction, moreover, that France could no longer exist without a man at the helm who was at once able to repel foreign enemies and establish domestic order, was universal."—*Idem*. "Napoleon."

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the women ; it is their business. Men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government. I am not amiable ; no, I am not amiable—I never have been ; but I am just.”

In another mood of mind, more tender, more subdued, he remarked, at St. Helena, in reply to Las Casas, who with great severity was condemning those who abandoned Napoleon in his hour of adversity : “ You are not acquainted with men. They are difficult to comprehend, if one wishes to be strictly just. Can they understand or explain even their own characters ? Almost all those who abandoned me would, had I continued to be prosperous, never, perhaps, have dreamed of their own defection. There are vices and virtues which depend upon circumstances. Our last trials were beyond all human strength ! Besides, I was forsaken rather than betrayed ; there was more of weakness than of perfidy around me. *It was the denial of St. Peter.* Tears and penitence are probably at hand. And where will you find in the page of history any one possessing a greater number of friends and partisans ? Who was ever more popular and more beloved ? Who was ever more ardently and deeply regretted ? Here, from this very rock, on viewing the present disorders in France, who would not be tempted to say that I still reign there ? No ; human nature might have appeared in a more odious light.”

Las Casas, who shared with Napoleon his weary years of imprisonment at St. Helena, says of him : “ He views the complicated circumstances of his fall from so high a point that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of virulence toward those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation—and I have had frequent occasions to notice it—is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are mentioned in his presence. But how often has he been heard to restrain the violent and less reserved expressions of those about him !”

“ And here I must observe,” says Las Casas, “ that since I have become acquainted with the Emperor’s character, I have never known him to evince, for a single moment, the least feeling of anger or animosity against those who had most deeply injured him. He speaks of them coolly and without resentment, attributing their conduct, in some measure, to the perplexing circumstances in which they were placed, and throwing the rest to the account of human weakness.”

Marmont, who surrendered Paris to the allies, was severely condemned by Las Casas. Napoleon replied : “ Vanity was his ruin. Posterity will justly cast a shade upon his character, yet his heart will be more valued than the memory of his career.”

“ Your attachment for Berthier,” said Las Casas, “ surprised us. He was full of pretensions and pride.”

“ Berthier was not without talent,” Napoleon replied, “ and I am far from wishing to disavow his merit or my partiality ; but he was so undecided !”

“ He was very harsh and overbearing,” Las Casas rejoined.

“ And what, my dear Las Casas,” Napoleon replied, “ is more overbearing than weakness which feels itself protected by strength ? Look at women, for example.”

This Berthier had, with the utmost meanness, abandoned his benefactor.

and took his place in front of the carriage of Louis XVIII. as he rode triumphantly into Paris. "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier," said Napoleon at the time, "would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis."

"The character of Napoleon," says Bourrienne, Napoleon's rejected secretary, "was not a cruel one. He was neither rancorous nor vindictive. None but those who are blinded by fury could have given him the name of Nero or Caligula. I think that I have stated his real faults with sufficient sincerity to be believed upon my word. I can assert that Bonaparte, apart from politics, was feeling, kind, and accessible to pity. He was very fond of children, and a bad man has seldom that disposition. In the habits of private life he had, and the expression is not too strong, much benevolence and great indulgence for human weakness. A contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to remove it. I shall, I fear, have opposers; but I address myself to those who are in search of truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Napoleon until the age of thirty-four years, and I advance nothing lightly." This is the admission of one who had been ejected from office by Napoleon, and who had become a courtier of the reinstated Bourbons. It is the candid admission of an enemy.

The ships weighed anchor in the darkness of the night, hoping, before the day should dawn, to escape the English cruisers which were hovering about Alexandria. Unfortunately, at midnight the wind died away, and it became almost perfectly calm. Fearful of being captured, some were anxious to seek again the shore. "Be quiet," said Napoleon; "we shall pass in safety."



THE RETURN VOYAGE.

Admiral Gantheaume wished to take the shortest route to France. Napoleon, however, directed the admiral to sail along as near as possible to the coast of Africa, and to continue that unfrequented route till the ships should pass the island of Sardinia. "In the mean while," said he, "should an English fleet present itself, we will run ashore upon the sands, and march, with the handful of brave men and the few pieces of artillery we have with us, to Oran or Tunis, and there find means to re-embark."

Thus Napoleon, in this hazardous enterprise, braved every peril. The

most imminent, and the most to be dreaded of all, was captivity in an English prison. For twenty days the wind was so invariably adverse, that the ships did not advance three hundred miles. Many were so discouraged, and so apprehensive of capture, that it was even proposed to return to Alexandria. Napoleon was much in the habit of peaceful submission to that which he could not remedy. During all these trying weeks, he appeared serene and contented. To the murmuring of his companions he replied, "We shall arrive in France in safety. I am determined to proceed at all hazards. Fortune will not abandon us."

"People frequently speak," says Bourrienne, who accompanied Napoleon upon this voyage, "of the good fortune which attaches to an individual, and even attends him through life. Without professing to believe in this sort of predestination, yet, when I call to mind the numerous dangers which Bonaparte escaped in so many enterprises, the hazards he encountered, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may have this faith. But having for a length of time studied the 'man of destiny,' I have remarked that what was called his fortune was, in reality, his genius; that his success was the consequence of his admirable foresight—of his calculations, rapid as lightning, and of the conviction that boldness is often the truest wisdom. If, for example, during our voyage from Egypt to France, he had not imperiously insisted upon pursuing a course different from that usually taken, and which usual course was recommended by the admiral, would he have escaped the perils which beset his path? Probably not. And was all this the effect of chance? Certainly not."

During these days of suspense, Napoleon, apparently as serene in spirit as the calm which often silvered the unrippled surface of the sea, held all the energies of his mind in perfect control. A choice library he invariably took with him wherever he went. He devoted the hours to writing, study; finding recreation in solving the most difficult problems in geometry, and in investigating chemistry and other scientific subjects of practical utility. He devoted much time to conversation with the distinguished scholars whom he had selected to accompany him. His whole soul seemed engrossed in the pursuit of literary and scientific attainments. He also carefully, and with most intense interest, studied the Bible and the Koran, scrutinizing, with the eye of a philosopher, the antagonistic systems of the Christian and the Moslem. The stupidity of the Koran wearied him. The sublimity of the Scriptures charmed him. He read again and again, with deep admiration, Christ's Sermon upon the Mount, and called his companions from their card-tables to read it to them, that they might also appreciate its moral beauty and its eloquence.

"You will, ere long, become devout yourself," said one of his infidel companions.

"I wish I might become so," Napoleon replied. "What a solace Christianity must be to one who has an undoubting conviction of its truth!"

But practical Christianity he had only seen in the mummeries of the Papal Church. Remembering the fasts, the vigils, the penances, the cloisters, the scourgings of a corrupt Christianity, and contrasting them with the voluptuous paradise and the sensual houris which inflamed the eager vision of

the Moslem, he once exclaimed, in phrase characteristic of his genius, "The religion of Jesus is a threat, that of Mohammed a promise." The religion of Jesus is not a threat. Though the wrath of God shall fall upon the children of disobedience, our Savior invites us, in gentle accents, to the green pastures and the still waters of the heavenly Canaan; to cities resplendent with pearls and gold; to mansions of which God is the architect; to the songs of seraphim, and the flight of cherubim, exploring, on tireless pinion, the wonders of infinity; to peace of conscience, and rapture dwelling in the pure heart, and to blessed companionship, loving and beloved; to majesty of person and loftiness of intellect; to appear as children and as nobles in the audience-chamber of God; to an immortality of bliss. No! the religion of Jesus is not a threat, though it has too often been thus represented by its mistaken or designing advocates.

One evening, a group of officers were conversing together upon the quarter-deck respecting the existence of God. Many of them believed not in his



NAPOLEON AND THE ATHEISTS.

being. It was a calm, cloudless, brilliant night. The heavens, the work of God's fingers, canopied them gloriously. The moon and the stars, which God had ordained, beamed down upon them with serene lustre. As they

were flippanantly giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Napoleon paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped before them, and said, in those tones of dignity which ever overawed, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine; but who made all those worlds, beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?" No one answered. Napoleon resumed his silent walk, and the officers selected another topic for conversation.

In these intense studies Napoleon first began to appreciate the beauty and the sublimity of Christianity. Previous to this, his own strong sense had taught him the principles of a noble toleration; and Jew, Christian, and Moslem stood equally regarded before him. Now he began to apprehend the surpassing excellence of Christianity; and though the cares of the busiest life through which a mortal has ever passed soon engrossed his energies, this appreciation and admiration of the Gospel of Christ visibly increased with each succeeding year. He unflinchingly braved the scoffs of infidel Europe in re-establishing the Christian religion in paganized France. He periled his popularity with the army, and disregarded the opposition of his most influential friends, from his deep conviction of the importance of religion to the welfare of the state.

With the inimitable force of his own glowing eloquence, he said to Montholon, at St. Helena, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and maxims unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited himself the perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher; for his proofs are his miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon *force*! Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this moment millions of men would die for him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extended over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God!"

At the time of the invasion of Egypt, Napoleon regarded all forms of religion with equal respect; and though he considered Christianity superior, in intellectuality and refinement, to all other modes of worship, he did not consider any religion as of divine origin.

At one time, speaking of the course which he pursued in Egypt, he said, "Such was the disposition of the army, that, in order to induce them to listen to the bare mention of religion, I was obliged to speak very lightly on the subject; to place Jews beside Christians, and rabbis beside bishops. But, after all, it would not have been so very extraordinary had circumstances in-

luced me to embrace Islamism. But I must have good reasons for my conversion. I must have been secure of advancing at least as far as the Euphrates. Change of religion for private interest is inexcusable; but it may be pardoned in consideration of immense political results. Henry IV.



said, '*Paris is well worth a mass.*' Will it, then, be said that the dominion of the East, and perhaps the subjugation of all Asia, were not worth a *turban* and a pair of *trowsers*? And, in truth, the whole matter was reduced to this. The sheiks had studied how to render it easy to us. They had smoothed down the great obstacles, allowed us the use of wine, and dis-

pensed with all corporeal formalities. We should have lost only our small-clothes and hats."

Of the infidel Rousseau, Napoleon ever spoke in terms of severe reprobation. "He was a bad man, a very bad man," said he; "he caused the Revolution."

"I was not aware," another replied, "that you considered the French Revolution such an unmixed evil."

"Ah!" Napoleon rejoined, "you wish to say that, without the Revolution, you would not have had me. Nevertheless, without the Revolution France would have been more happy." When invited to visit the hermitage of Rousseau, to see his cap, table, great chair, &c., he exclaimed, "Bah! I have no taste for such fooleries. Show them to my brother Louis. He is worthy of them."

Probably the following remarks of Napoleon, made at St. Helena, will give a very correct idea of his prevailing feelings upon the subject of religion. "The sentiment of religion is so consolatory, that it must be considered a gift from Heaven. What a resource would it not be for us here to possess it! What rewards have I not a right to expect, who have run a career so extraordinary, so tempestuous, as mine has been, without committing a single crime! And yet how many might I not have been guilty of! I can appear before the tribunal of God—I can await his judgment without fear. He will not find my conscience stained with the thoughts of murder and poisonings, with the infliction of violent and premeditated deaths, events so common in the history of those whose lives resemble mine. I have wished only for the power, the greatness, the glory of France. All my faculties, all my efforts, all my movements, were directed to the attainment of that object. These can not be crimes. To me they appeared acts of virtue. What, then, would be my happiness if the bright prospect of futurity presented itself to crown the last moments of my existence!"

After a moment's pause, in which he seemed lost in thought, he resumed, "But how is it possible that conviction can find its way to our hearts, when we hear the absurd language, and witness the iniquitous conduct of the greater part of those whose business it is to preach to us? I am surrounded by priests who repeat incessantly that their reign is not of this world; and yet they lay their hands upon every thing which they can get. The Pope is the head of that religion which is from Heaven. What did the present chief Pontiff, who is undoubtedly a good and a holy man, not offer, to be allowed to return to Rome! The surrender of the government of the Church, of the institution of bishops, was not too much for him to give to become once more a secular prince.

"Nevertheless," he continued, after another thoughtful pause, "it can not be doubted that, as Emperor, the species of incredulity which I felt was beneficial to the nations I had to govern. How could I have favored equally sects so opposed to one another, if I had joined any one of them? How could I have preserved the independence of my thoughts and of my actions under the control of a confessor, who would have governed me under the dread of hell?" Napoleon closed this conversation by ordering the New Testament to be brought. Commencing at the beginning, he read aloud as

far as the conclusion of our Savior's address to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself struck with the highest admiration in contemplating its purity, its sublimity, and the beautiful perfection of its moral code.

For forty days the ships were driven about by contrary winds, and on the 1st of October they made the island of Corsica, and took refuge in the harbor of Ajaccio. The tidings that Napoleon had landed in his native town swept over the island like a gale, and the whole population crowded to the port to catch a sight of their illustrious countryman.

"It seemed," said Napoleon, "that half of the inhabitants had discovered traces of kindred." But a few years had elapsed since the dwelling of Madame Letitia was pillaged by the mob, and the whole Bonaparte family, in penury and friendlessness, were hunted from their home, effecting their escape in an open boat by night. Now the name of Bonaparte filled the island with acclamations. But Napoleon was alike indifferent to such unjust censure and to such unthinking applause. As the curse did not depress, neither did the hosanna elate.

After the delay of a few days in obtaining supplies, the ships again weighed anchor, on the 7th of October, and continued their perilous voyage. The evening of the next day, as the sun was going down in unusual splendor, there appeared in the west, painted in strong relief against his golden rays, an English squadron. The admiral, who saw from the enemy's signals that he was observed, urged an immediate return to Corsica. Napoleon, convinced that capture would be the result of such a maneuver, exclaimed, "To do so would be to take the road to England. I am seeking that to France. Spread all sail. Let every one be at his post. Steer to the northwest. Onward!"

The night was dark, the wind fair. Rapidly the ships were approaching the coast of France, through the midst of the hostile squadron, and exposed to the most imminent danger of capture. Escape seemed impossible. It was a night of fearful apprehension and terror to all on board, excepting Napoleon. He determined, in case of extremity, to throw himself into a boat, and trust for safety to darkness and the oars. With the most perfect self-possession and composure of spirits, he ordered the long-boat to be prepared, selected those whom he desired to accompany him, and carefully collected such papers as he was anxious to preserve. Not an eye was closed during the night. It was, indeed, a fearful question to be decided. Are these weary wanderers in a few hours to be in the embrace of their wives and their children, or will the next moment show them the black hull of an English man-of-war, emerging from the gloom to consign them to lingering years of captivity in an English prison? In this terrible hour, no one could perceive that the composure of Napoleon was in the slightest degree ruffled.

The first dawn of the morning revealed to their straining vision the hills of France stretching along but a few leagues before them, and, far away in the northeast, the hostile squadron disappearing beneath the horizon of the sea. The French had escaped. The wildest bursts of joy rose from the ships. But Napoleon gazed calmly upon his beloved France, with pale cheek and marble brow, giving no indication of emotion. At eight o'clock in the morning, the four vessels dropped anchor in the little harbor of Frejus. It

was the morning of the 8th of October. Thus for fifty days Napoleon had been tossed upon the waves of the Mediterranean, surrounded by the hostile fleets of England, Russia, and Turkey, and yet had eluded their vigilance.

This wonderful passage of Napoleon gave rise to many caricatures, both in England and France. One of these caricatures, which was conspicuous in the London shop windows, possessed so much point and historic truth, that Napoleon is said to have laughed most heartily on seeing it. Lord Nelson, as is well known, with all his heroism, was not exempt from the frailties of humanity. The British admiral was represented as guarding Napoleon. Lady Hamilton makes her appearance, and his lordship becomes so engrossed in caressing the fair enchantress, that Napoleon escapes between his legs.* This was hardly a caricature. It was almost historic verity. While Napoleon was struggling against adverse storms off the coast of Africa, Lord Nelson, adorned with the laurels of his magnificent victory, in fond dalliance with his frail Delilah, was basking in the courts of voluptuous and profligate kings. "No one," said Napoleon, "can surrender himself to the dominion of love without the forfeiture of some palms of glory."

When the four vessels entered the harbor of Frejus, a signal at the mast-head of the Muiron informed the authorities on shore that Napoleon was on board. The whole town was instantly in commotion. Before the anchors were dropped, the harbor was filled with boats, and the ships were surrounded with an enthusiastic multitude, climbing their sides, thronging their decks, and rending the air with their acclamations. All the laws of quarantine were disregarded. The people, wearying of anarchy, and trembling in view of the approaching Austrian invasion, were almost delirious with delight in receiving thus, as it were from the clouds, a deliverer in whose potency they could implicitly trust.

When warned that the ships had recently sailed from Alexandria, and that there was imminent danger that the plague might be communicated, they replied, "We had rather have the plague than the Austrians!" Breaking over all the municipal regulations of health, the people took Napoleon almost by violence, hurried him over the side of the ship to the boats, and conveyed him in triumph to the shore. The tidings had spread from farm-house to farm-house with almost electric speed, and the whole country population, men, women, and children, were crowding into the city. Even the wounded soldiers in the hospital left their cots, and crawled to the beach, to get a sight of the hero. The throng became so great that it was with difficulty that Napoleon could land. The gathering multitude, however, opened to the right and left, and Napoleon passed through them, greeted with the enthusiastic cries of "Long live the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt, the liberator of France!"

The peaceful little harbor of Frejus was suddenly thrown into a state of the most unheard-of excitement. The bells rang their merriest peals. The guns in the fort rolled forth their heaviest thunders over the hills and over

* Lady Hamilton was a woman of obscure birth and of notoriously licentious character, but of extreme beauty and fascination. She was the wife of Sir William Hamilton, the English minister at Naples. Nelson cruelly abandoned his noble wife, and took this vicious woman for his paramour. She was a great favourite of the Queen of Naples, whose character was no better than that of Lady Hamilton.

the waves ; and the enthusiastic shouts of the ever-increasing multitudes, thronging Napoleon, filled the air. The ships brought the first tidings of the wonderful victories of Mount Tabor and of Aboukir. The French, hu-



THE LANDING AT FREJUS.

milited by defeat, were exceedingly elated by this restoration of the national honor. The intelligence of Napoleon's arrival was immediately communicated by telegraph to Paris, which was six hundred miles from Frejus.*

When the tidings of Napoleon's landing at Frejus arrived in Paris, on the evening of the 9th of October, Josephine was at a large party at the house of M. Gohier, President of the Directory. All the most distinguished men of the metropolis were there. The intelligence produced the most profound sensation. Some, rioting in the spoils of office, turned pale with apprehension ; knowing well the genius of Napoleon, and his boundless popularity, they feared another revolution, which should eject them from their seats of power. Others were elated with hope ; they felt that Providence had sent to France a deliverer at the very moment when a deliverer was needed. One of the deputies, who had been deeply grieved at the disasters which were overwhelming the Republic, actually died of joy when he heard of Napoleon's return.

* "Napoleon's morals were exemplary. At school, a dutiful, a good boy ; in early manhood, a studious, modest, unobtrusive youth, excellent son, brother, friend, stranger to excesses and irregularities, and little given to what are ardently pursued by most young men as the pleasures of the world. When he returned to France, thirty years of age, to be raised to the head of the government by nearly universal acclamation, contrary to common English tradition and American belief, he may be said to have scarcely ever been guilty of an immoral action. His promotion to chief magistracy was followed by acts of substantial and generous kindness to all who had the least right to his remembrance. I have heard Joseph very often say that Napoleon was kind, compassionate, and tender-hearted ; and Joseph used to tell him, ' You take more pains to seem severe and rough than most men do to appear amiable and kind.' "—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 157, second series.

Josephine, intensely excited by the sudden and unexpected announcement, immediately withdrew, hastened home, and at midnight, without allowing an hour for repose, she entered her carriage, with Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, who subsequently became the bride of Louis, and set out to meet her husband. Napoleon, almost at the same hour, with his suite, left Frejus. During every step of his progress he was greeted with the most extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection. Bonfires blazed from the hills; triumphal arches, hastily constructed, spanned his path. Long lines of maidens spread a carpet of flowers for his chariot wheels, and greeted him with smiles and choruses of welcome. He arrived at Lyons in the evening. The whole city was brilliant with illuminations. An immense concourse surrounded him with almost delirious shouts of joy. The constituted authorities received him as he descended from his carriage. The mayor had prepared a long and eulogistic harangue for the occasion. Napoleon had no time to listen it.

With a motion of his hand, imposing silence, he said, "Gentlemen, I learned that France was in peril; I therefore did not hesitate to leave my army in Egypt, that I might come to her rescue. I now go hence. In a few days, if you think fit to wait upon me, I shall be at leisure to hear you." Fresh horses were by this time attached to the carriages, and the cavalcade, which like a meteor had burst upon them, like a meteor disappeared. From Lyons, for some unexplained reason, Napoleon turned from the regular route to Paris and took a less frequented road.

When Josephine arrived at Lyons, to her utter consternation she found that Napoleon had left the city several hours before her arrival, and that they had passed each other by different roads. Her anguish was inexpressible. For many months she had not received a line from her idolized husband, all communications having been intercepted by the English cruisers. She knew that many, jealous of her power, had disseminated, far and wide, false reports respecting her conduct. She knew that these, her enemies, would surround Napoleon immediately upon his arrival, and take advantage of her absence to inflame his mind against her.

Lyons is 245 miles from Paris. Josephine had passed over those weary leagues of hill and dale, pressing on without intermission by day and by night, alighting not for refreshment or repose. Faint, exhausted, and her heart sinking within her with fearful apprehensions of the hopeless alienation of her husband, she received the dreadful tidings that she had missed him. There was no resource left her but to retrace her steps with the utmost possible celerity. Napoleon would, however, have been one or two days in Paris before Josephine could, by any possibility, re-enter the city. Probably in all France, there was not, at that time, a more unhappy woman than Josephine.

Secret wretchedness was also gnawing at the heart of Napoleon. Who has yet fathomed the mystery of human love? Intensest love and intensest hate can, at the same moment, intertwine their fibres in inextricable blending. In nothing is the will so impotent as in guiding or checking the impulses of this omnipotent passion. Napoleon loved Josephine with that almost superhuman energy which characterized all the movements of his im-

petuous spirit. The stream did not fret and ripple over a shallow bed, but it was serene in its unfathomable depths. The world contained but two objects for Napoleon, glory and Josephine; glory first, and then, closely following, the more substantial idol.

Many of the Parisian ladies, proud of a more exalted lineage than Josephine could boast, were exceedingly envious of the supremacy she had attained. Her influence over Napoleon was well known. Philosophers, statesmen, ambitious generals, all crowded her saloons, paying her homage. A favorable word from Josephine they knew would pave the way for them to fame and fortune. Thus Josephine, from the saloons of Paris, with milder radiance reflected back the splendor of her husband. She, solicitous of securing as many friends as possible to aid him in future emergencies, was as diligent in "winning hearts" at home as Napoleon was in conquering provinces abroad. The gracefulness of Josephine, her consummate delicacy of moral appreciation, her exalted intellectual gifts, the melodious tones of her winning voice, charmed courtiers, philosophers, and statesmen alike. Her saloons were ever crowded. Her entertainments were ever embellished by the presence of all who were illustrious in rank and power in the metropolis. And in whatever circles she appeared, the eyes of the gentlemen first sought for her. Two resistless attractions drew them. She was peculiarly fascinating in person and in character, and, through her renowned husband, she could dispense the most precious gifts.

It is not difficult to imagine the envy which must thus have been excited. Many a haughty duchess was provoked almost beyond endurance that Josephine, the untitled daughter of a West Indian planter, should thus engross the homage of Paris, while she, with her proud rank, her wit, and her beauty, was comparatively a cipher. Moreau's wife, in particular, resented the supremacy of Josephine as a personal affront. She thought General Moreau entitled to as much consideration as General Bonaparte. By the jealousy rankling in her own bosom, she finally succeeded in rousing her husband to conspire against Napoleon, and thus the hero of Hohenlinden was ruined.

Some of the brothers and sisters of Napoleon were also jealous of the paramount influence of Josephine, and would gladly wrest a portion of it from her hands. Under these circumstances, in various ways, slanders had been warily insinuated into the ears of Napoleon respecting the conduct of his wife. Conspiring enemies became more and more bold. Josephine was represented as having forgotten her husband; as reveling, exultant with female vanity, in general flirtation; and, finally, as guilty of gross infidelity. Nearly all the letters written by Napoleon and Josephine to each other were intercepted by the English cruisers. Though Napoleon did not credit these charges in full, he cherished not a little of the pride which led the Roman monarch to exclaim, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected."

Napoleon was in this troubled state of mind during the latter months of his residence in Egypt. One day he was sitting alone in his tent, which was pitched in the great Arabian desert. Several months had passed since he had heard a word from Josephine. Years might elapse ere they would meet again. Junot entered, having just received, through some channel of jealousy and malignity, communications from Paris. Cautiously, but fully, he

unfolded the whole budget of Parisian gossip. Josephine had found, as he represented, in the love of others, an ample recompense for the absence of her husband. She was surrounded by admirers with whom she was engaged in an incessant round of intrigues and flirtations. Regardless of honor, she had surrendered herself to the dominion of passion.

Napoleon was, for a few moments, in a state of terrible agitation. With hasty strides, like a chafed lion, he paced his tent, exclaiming, "Why do I love that woman so? Why can I not tear her image from my heart? I will do so. I will have an immediate and an open divorce—open and public divorce." He immediately wrote to Josephine in terms of the utmost severity, accusing her of "playing the coquette with half the world." The letter escaped the British cruisers, and she received it. It almost broke her faithful heart. Such were the circumstances under which Napoleon and Josephine were to meet after an absence of eighteen months. Josephine was exceedingly anxious to see Napoleon before he should have an interview with her enemies. Hence the depth of anguish with which she heard that her husband had passed her. Two or three days must elapse ere she could possibly retrace the weary miles over which she had already traveled.

In the mean time, the carriage of Napoleon was rapidly approaching the metropolis. By night his path was brilliant with bonfires and illuminations. The ringing of bells, the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the multitude accompanied him every step of his way. But no smile of triumph played upon his pale and pensive cheeks. He felt that he was returning to a desolated home. Gloom reigned in his heart. He entered Paris, and drove rapidly to his own dwelling. Behold, Josephine was not there. Conscious guilt, he thought, had made her afraid to meet him. It is in vain to attempt to penetrate the hidden anguish of Napoleon's soul. That his proud spirit must have suffered intensity of woe, no one can doubt. The bitter enemies of Josephine immediately surrounded him, eagerly taking advantage of her absence to inflame, to a still higher degree, by adroit insinuations, his jealousy and anger. Eugene had accompanied him in his return from Egypt, and his affectionate heart ever glowed with love and admiration for his mother.

With anxiety, amounting to anguish, he watched at the window for her arrival. "Josephine," said one to Napoleon, maliciously endeavoring to prevent the possibility of reconciliation, "will appear before you with all her fascinations. She will explain matters. You will forgive all, and tranquillity will be restored."

"Never!" exclaimed Napoleon, with pallid cheek and trembling lip, striding nervously to and fro through the room, "never! I forgive! never!" Then stopping suddenly, and gazing the interlocutor wildly in the face, he exclaimed, with passionate gesticulation, "You know me. Were I not sure of my resolution, I would tear out this heart and cast it into the fire."

How strange is the life of the heart of man! From this interview, Napoleon, two hours after his arrival in Paris, with his whole soul agitated by the tumult of domestic woe, went to the palace of the Luxembourg to visit the Directory, to form his plans for the overthrow of the government of France. Pale, pensive, joyless, his inflexible purposes of ambition wavered not—his iron energies yielded not. Josephine was an idol. He execrated her and

he adored her. He loved her most passionately. He hated her most virulently. He could clasp her one moment to his bosom with burning kisses ; the next moment he would spurn her from him as the most loathsome wretch.

But glory was a still more cherished idol, at whose shrine he bowed with unwavering adoration. He strove to forget his domestic wretchedness by prosecuting, with new vigor, his schemes of grandeur. As he ascended the stairs of the Luxembourg, some of the guard, who had been with him in Italy, recognized his person, and he was instantly greeted, with enthusiastic shouts, "Long live Bonaparte !" The clamor rolled like a voice of thunder through the spacious halls of the palace, and fell, like a death knell, upon the ears of the Directors. The populace, upon the pavement, caught the sound, and re-echoed it from street to street. The plays at the theatres, and the songs at the Opera, were stopped, that it might be announced from the stage that Bonaparte had arrived in Paris. Men, women, and children simultaneously rose to their feet, and a wild burst of enthusiastic joy swelled upon the night air.

All Paris was in commotion. The name of Bonaparte was on every lip. The enthusiasm was contagious. Illuminations began to blaze here and there, without concert, from the universal rejoicing, till the whole city was resplendent with light. One bell rang forth its merry peal of greeting, and then another, and another, till every steeple was vocal with its clamorous welcome. One gun was heard, rolling its heavy thunders over the city. It was the signal for an instantaneous, tumultuous roar, from artillery and musketry, from all the battalions in the metropolis. The tidings of the great victories of Aboukir and Mount Tabor reached Paris with Napoleon. Those Oriental names were shouted through the streets, and blazed upon the eyes of the delighted people in letters of light. Thus, in an hour, the whole of Paris was thrown into a delirium of joy, and, without any previous arrangements, there was displayed the most triumphant and gorgeous festival.

The government of France was at this time organized somewhat upon the model of that of the United States. Instead of one President, they had five, called Directors. Their Senate was called the House of Ancients ; their House of Representatives, the Council of Five Hundred. The five Directors, as might have been expected, were ever quarreling among themselves, each wishing for the lion's share of power. The Monarchist, the Jacobin, and the moderate Republican could not harmoniously co-operate in government. They only circumvented each other, while the administration sank into disgrace and ruin. The Abbé Sièyes was decidedly the most able man of the Executive. He was a proud patrician, and his character may be estimated from the following anecdote, which Napoleon has related respecting him :

"The abbé, before the Revolution, was chaplain to one of the princesses. One day, when he was performing mass before herself, her attendants, and a large congregation, something occurred which rendered it necessary for the princess to leave the room. The ladies in waiting and the nobility, who attended church more out of complaisance to her than from any sense of religion, followed her example. Sièyes was very busy reading his prayers, and, for a few moments, he did not perceive their departure. At last, raising his eyes from his book, behold, the princess, the nobles, and all the ton had

disappeared. With an air of displeasure and contempt he shut the book, and descended from the pulpit, exclaiming, 'I do not read prayers for the rabble.' He immediately went out of the chapel, leaving the service half finished."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the evening of the 17th of October, 1799. Two days and two nights elapsed ere Josephine was able to retrace the weary leagues over which she had passed. It was the hour of midnight on the 19th when the rattle of her carriage-wheels was heard entering the courtyard of their dwelling in the Rue Chantierine Eugene, anxiously awaiting her arrival, was instantly at his mother's side, folding her in his embrace. Napoleon also heard the arrival, but he remained sternly in his chamber. He had ever been accustomed to greet Josephine at the door of her carriage, even when she returned from an ordinary morning ride. No matter what employments engrossed his mind, no matter what guests were present, he would immediately leave every thing, and hasten to the door to assist Josephine to alight, and to accompany her into the house. But now, after an absence of eighteen months, the faithful Josephine, half dead with exhaustion, was at the door, and Napoleon, with pallid cheek and compressed lip, and jealousy rankling in his bosom, remained sternly in his room, preparing to overwhelm her with his indignation.

Josephine was in a state of terrible agitation. Her limbs tottered, and her heart throbbed most violently. Assisted by Eugene, and accompanied by Hortense, she tremblingly ascended the stairs to the little parlor where she had so often received the caresses of her most affectionate spouse. She opened the door. There stood Napoleon, as immovable as a statue, leaning against the mantel, with his arms folded across his breast. Sternly and silently, he cast a withering look upon Josephine, and then exclaimed, in tones which, like a dagger, pierced her heart, "Madame! it is my wish that you retire immediately to Malmaison."

Josephine staggered and would have fallen, as if struck by a mortal blow, had she not been caught in the arms of her son. Sobbing bitterly with anguish, she was conveyed by Eugene to her own apartment. Napoleon also was dreadfully agitated. The sight of Josephine had revived all his passionate love. But he fully believed that Josephine had unpardonably trifled with his affections, that she had courted the admiration of a multitude of flatterers, and that she had degraded herself and her husband by playing the coquette. The proud spirit of Napoleon could not brook such a requital for his fervid love. With hasty strides he traversed the room, striving to nourish his indignation. The sobs of Josephine had deeply moved him. He yearned to fold her again in fond love to his heart. But he proudly resolved that he would not relent. Josephine, with that prompt obedience which ever characterized her, prepared immediately to comply with his orders.

It was midnight. For a week she had lived in her carriage almost without food or sleep. Malmaison was twelve miles from Paris. Napoleon did not suppose that she would leave the house until morning. Much to his surprise, in a few moments he heard Josephine, Eugene, and Hortense descending the stairs to take the carriage. Napoleon, even in his anger, could not be thus inhuman. "My heart," he said, "was never formed to witness tears without

emotion." He immediately descended to the court-yard, though his pride would not yet allow him to speak to Josephine. He, however, addressing Eugene, urged the party to return and obtain refreshment and repose. Josephine, all submission, unhesitatingly yielded to his wishes, and, reascending the stairs, in the extremity of exhaustion and grief, threw herself upon a couch in her apartment. Napoleon, equally wretched, returned to his cabinet. Two days of utter misery passed away, during which no intercourse took place between the estranged parties, each of whom loved the other with almost superhuman intensity.

Love in the heart will usually triumph over all obstructions. The struggle was long, but gradually pride and passion yielded, and love regained the ascendancy. Napoleon so far surrendered on the third day as to enter the apartment of Josephine. She was seated at a toilet-table, her face buried in her hands, and absorbed in the profoundest woe. The letters which she had received from Napoleon, and which she had evidently been reading, were spread upon the table. Hortense, the picture of grief and despair, was standing in the alcove of a window. Napoleon had opened the door softly, and his entrance had not been heard. With an irresolute step he advanced toward his wife, and then said, kindly and sadly, "Josephine!" She started



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at the sound of that well-known voice, and raising her swollen eyes, swimming in tears, mournfully exclaimed, "Mon ami!" This was the term of endearment with which she had invariably addressed her husband. It recalled a thousand delightful reminiscences. Napoleon was vanquished. He extended his hand. Josephine threw herself into his arms, pillowed her aching head upon his bosom, and in the intensity of blended joy and anguish, wept convulsively. A long explanation ensued. Napoleon became satisfied that Josephine had been deeply wronged. The reconciliation was cordial and entire, and was never again interrupted.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE DIRECTORY.

Political Intrigues—Efforts for the Overthrow of the Directory—Affectionate Remembrance of Josephine—Success of Napoleon's Plans—Bonaparte in the Hall of Ancients—His Calmness in the Council of Five Hundred—His Humanity—Delicate Attention to Josephine—Alison's Tribute to Napoleon.

NAPOLEON now, with a stronger heart, turned to the accomplishment of his designs to rescue France from anarchy. He was fully conscious of his own ability to govern the nation. He knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power; he was confident of their cordial co-operation in any plans he might adopt; still, it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five Directors from their thrones, and to get the control of the Council of Ancients and of the Five Hundred. Never was a difficult achievement more adroitly and proudly accomplished.

For many days Napoleon almost entirely secluded himself from observation, affecting a studious avoidance of the public gaze. He laid aside his military dress, and assumed the peaceful costume of the National Institute. Occasionally he wore a beautiful Turkish sabre suspended by a ribbon. This simple dress transported the imagination of the beholder to Aboukir, Mount Tabor, and the Pyramids. He studiously sought the society of literary men, and devoted to them his attention. He invited distinguished men of the Institute to dine with him, and, avoiding political discussion, conversed only upon literary and scientific subjects.

Moreau and Bernadotte were the two rival generals from whom Napoleon had the most to fear. Two days after his arrival in Paris, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I believe that I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. He prefers military to political power. We shall gain him by the promise of a command. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He does not like me, and I am certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture any thing. Besides, this fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have just arrived. We shall see."

Napoleon formed no conspiracy. He confided to no one his designs. And yet, in his own solitary mind, relying entirely upon his own capacious resources, he studied the state of affairs and matured his plans. Sièyes was the only one whose talents and influence Napoleon feared. The abbé also looked with apprehension upon his formidable rival. They stood aloof and eyed each other. Meeting at a dinner party, each was too proud to make advances. Yet each thought only of the other. Mutually exasperated, they separated without having spoken.

"Did you see that insolent little fellow?" said Sièyes; "he would not even condescend to notice a member of the government, who, if they had done right, would have caused him to be shot."

"What," said Napoleon, "could have induced them to put that priest in the Directory? He is sold to Prussia. Unless you take care, he will deliver you up to that power."

Napoleon dined with Moreau, who afterward, in hostility to Napoleon, pointed the guns of Russia against the columns of his countrymen. The dinner party was at Gohier's, one of the Directors. The following interesting conversation took place between the rival generals. When first introduced, they looked at each other a moment without speaking. Napoleon, conscious of his own superiority, and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, made the first advances, and, with great courtesy, expressed the earnest desire he felt to make his acquaintance.

"You have returned victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy, after a great defeat. It was the month which General Joubert passed in Paris, after his marriage, which caused our disasters. This gave the Allies time to reduce Mantua, and to bring up the force which besieged it to take part in the action. It is always the greater number which defeats the less."

"True," replied Napoleon, "it is always the greater number which beats the less."

"And yet," said Gohier, "with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones."

"Even then," rejoined Napoleon, "it was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell, like lightning, on one of the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory which was the result was still an example of the truth of the principle that the greater force defeats the lesser."

Napoleon, by those fascinations of mind and manner which enabled him to win to him whom he would, soon gained an ascendancy over Moreau. And when, two days after, in token of his regard, he sent him a beautiful poniard set with diamonds, worth two thousand dollars, the work was accomplished. Napoleon gave a small and very select dinner party. Gohier was invited. The conversation turned on the turquoise used by the Orientals to clasp their turbans. Napoleon, rising from the table, took from a private drawer two very beautiful brooches, richly set with these jewels. One he gave to Gohier, the other to his tried friend Desaix. "It is a little toy," said he, "which we Republicans may give and receive without impropriety." The Director, flattered by the delicacy of the compliment, and yet not repelled by any thing assuming the grossness of a bribe, yielded his heart's homage to Napoleon.

Republican France was surrounded by monarchies in arms against her. Their hostility was so inveterate, and, from the very nature of the case, so

inevitable, that Napoleon thought that France should ever be prepared for an attack, and that the military spirit should be carefully fostered. Republican America, most happily, has no foe to fear, and all her energies may be devoted to filling the land with peace and plenty. But a republic in monarchical Europe must sleep by the side of its guns. "Do you really," said Napoleon to Gohier, in this interview, "advocate a general peace? You are wrong. The Republic should never make but partial accommodations. It should always contrive to have some war on hand to keep alive the military spirit." We can, perhaps, find a little extenuation for this remark in its apparent necessity, and in the influences of the martial ardor in which Napoleon, from his very infancy, had been enveloped. Even now, it is to be feared that the time is far distant ere the nations of the earth can learn war no more.

Lefebvre was commandant of the guard of the two legislative bodies. His co-operation was important. Napoleon sent a special invitation for an interview.

"Lefebvre," said he, "will you, one of the pillars of the Republic, suffer it to perish in the hands of these *lawyers*? Join me and assist to save it." Taking from his own side the beautiful Turkish cimeter which he wore, he passed the ribbon over Lefebvre's neck, saying, "Accept this sword, which I wore at the battle of the Pyramids. I give it to you as a token of my esteem and confidence."

"Yes," replied Lefebvre, most highly gratified at this signal mark of confidence and generosity, "let us throw the lawyers into the river."

Napoleon soon had an interview with Bernadotte. "He confessed," said Napoleon to Bourrienne, "that he thought us all lost. He spoke of external enemies, of *internal* enemies, and at that word he looked steadily in my face. I also gave him a glance. But patience; the pear will soon be ripe."

In this view Napoleon inveighed against the violence and lawlessness of the Jacobin club. "Your own brothers," Bernadotte replied, "were the founders of that club, and yet you reproach me with favoring its principles. It is to the instructions of some one, *I know not who*, that we are to ascribe the agitation which now prevails."

"True, general," Napoleon replied, most vehemently, "and I would rather live in the woods than in a society which presents no security against violence." This conversation only strengthened the alienation already existing between them.

Bernadotte, though a brave and efficient officer, was a jealous braggadocio. At the first interview between these two distinguished men, when Napoleon was in command of the army of Italy, they contemplated each other with mutual dislike.

"I have seen a man," said Bernadotte, "of twenty-six or seven years of age, who assumes the air of one of fifty; and he presages any thing but good to the Republic."

Napoleon summarily dismissed Bernadotte by saying, "He has a French head and a Roman heart."

There were three political parties now dividing France: the old Royalist party, in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons; the radical Democrats, or

Jacobins, with Barras at their head, supported by the mob of Paris ; and the moderate Republicans, led by Sièyes. All these parties struggling together, and fearing each other, in the midst of the general anarchy which prevailed, immediately paid court to Napoleon, hoping to secure the support of his all-powerful arm. Napoleon determined to co-operate with the moderate Republicans. The restoration of the Bourbons was not only out of the question, but Napoleon had no more power to secure that result than had Washington to bring the United States into peaceful submission to George III.

“ Had I joined the Jacobins,” said Napoleon, “ I should have risked nothing. But after conquering *with* them, it would have been necessary almost immediately to conquer *against* them. A club can not endure a permanent chief. It wants one for every successive passion. Now, to make use of a party one day, in order to attack it the next, under whatever pretext it is done, is still an act of treachery. It was inconsistent with my principles.”

Sièyes, the head of the moderate Republicans, and Napoleon soon understood each other, and each admitted the necessity of co-operation. The government was in a state of chaos. “ Our salvation now demands,” said the wily diplomatist, “ both a head and a sword.” Napoleon had both. In one fortnight from the time when he landed at Frejus, “ the pear was ripe.” The plan was all matured for the great conflict. Napoleon, in solitary grandeur, kept his own counsel. He had secured the cordial co-operation, the unquestionable obedience of all his subordinates. Like the general upon the field of battle, he was simply to give his orders, and columns marched, and squadrons charged, and generals swept the field in unquestioning obedience. Though he had determined to ride over, and to destroy the existing government, he wished to avail himself, so far as possible, of the mysterious power of law, as a conqueror turns a captured battery upon the foe from whom it had been wrested. Such a plot, so simple, yet so bold and efficient, was never formed before ; and no one but another Napoleon will be able to execute such another again.

All Paris was in a state of intense excitement. Something great was to be done. Napoleon was to do it. But nobody knew when, or what, or how. All impatiently awaited orders. The majority of the Senate, or Council of Ancients, conservative in its tendencies, and having once seen, during the Reign of Terror, the horrors of Jacobin domination, were ready, most obsequiously, to rally beneath the banner of so resolute a leader as Napoleon. They were prepared, without question, to pass any vote which he should propose. The House of Representatives, or Council of Five Hundred, more democratic in its constitution, contained a large number of vulgar, ignorant, and passionate demagogues, struggling to grasp the reins of power. Carnot, whose co-operation Napoleon had entirely secured, was President of the Senate. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, was Speaker of the House. The two bodies met in the palace of the Tuileries. The Constitution conferred upon the Council of Ancients the right to decide upon the place of meeting for both legislative assemblies.

All the officers of the garrison in Paris, and all the distinguished military men in the metropolis, had solicited the honor of a presentation to Napoleon. *Without* any public announcement, each one was privately informed that

Napoleon would see him on the morning of the 9th of November. All the regiments in the city had also solicited the honor of a review by the distinguished conqueror. They were also informed that Napoleon would review them early on the morning of the 9th of November. The Council of Ancients was called to convene at six o'clock on the morning of the same day. The Council of Five Hundred were also to convene at eleven o'clock of the same morning. This, the famous 18th of Brumaire, was the destined day for the commencement of the great struggle. These appointments were given in such a way as to attract no public attention. The general-in-chief was thus silently arranging his forces for the important conflict. To none did he reveal those combinations by which he anticipated a bloodless victory.

The morning of the 9th of November arrived. The sun rose with unwonted splendor over the domes of the thronged city. A more brilliant day never dawned. Through all the streets of the mammoth metropolis there was heard, in the earliest twilight of the day, the music of martial bands, the tramp of battalions, the clatter of iron hoofs, and the rumbling of heavy artillery wheels over the pavements, as regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, in the proudest array, marched to the Boulevards to receive the honor of a review from the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt. The whole city was in commotion, guided by the unseen energies of Napoleon in the retirement of his closet. At eight o'clock, Napoleon's house in the Rue Chantereine was so thronged with illustrious military men, in most brilliant uniforms, that every room was filled, and even the street was crowded with the resplendent guests. At that moment the Council of Ancients passed the decree, which Napoleon had prepared, that the two legislative bodies should transfer their meetings to St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris; and that Napoleon Bonaparte should be put in command of all the military forces in the city, to secure the public peace. The removal to St. Cloud was a merciful precaution against bloodshed. It secured the legislatures from the ferocious interference of a Parisian mob. The President of the Council was himself commissioned to bear the decree to Napoleon. He elbowed his way through the brilliant throng crowding the door and the apartment of Napoleon's dwelling, and presented to him the ordinance. Napoleon was ready to receive it. He stepped upon the balcony, gathered his vast retinue of powerful guests before him, and in a loud and firm voice, read to them the decree. "Gentlemen," said he, "will you help me save the Republic?" One simultaneous burst of enthusiasm rose from every lip, as, drawing their swords from their scabbards, they waved them in the air, and shouted, "We swear it, we swear it!"

The victory was virtually won. Napoleon was now at the head of the French nation. Nothing remained but to finish the conquest. There was no retreat left open for his foes. There was hardly the possibility of a rally. And now Napoleon summoned all his energies to make his triumph most illustrious. Messengers were immediately sent to read the decree to the troops, already assembled, in the utmost display of martial pomp, to greet the idol of the army, and who were in a state of mind to welcome him most exultingly as their chief. A burst of enthusiastic acclamation ascended from their ranks which almost rent the skies.

Napoleon immediately mounted his horse, and, surrounded by the magnificent staff whom he had thus ingeniously assembled at his house, and



THE MORNING LEVEE.

accompanied by a body of fifteen hundred cavalry whom he had taken the precaution to rendezvous near his dwelling, proceeded to the palace of the Tuileries. The gorgeous spectacle burst like a vision upon astonished Paris. It was Napoleon's first public appearance. Dressed as a plain citizen, he rode upon his magnificent charger, the centre of all eyes. The gleaming banners, waving in the breeze, and the gorgeous trappings of silver and gold with which his retinue was embellished, set off in stronger relief the majestic simplicity of his own appearance.

With the pomp and the authority of an enthroned king, Napoleon entered

the Council of the Ancients. The Ancients themselves were dazzled by his sudden apparition, in such imposing and unexpected splendor and power. Ascending the bar, he addressed the assembly and took his oath of office.

"You," said Napoleon, "are the wisdom of the nation. To you it belongs to concert measures for the salvation of the Republic. I come, surrounded by our generals, to offer you support. Faithfully will I fulfill the task you have intrusted to me. Let us not look into the past for precedents. Nothing in history resembles the eighteenth century. Nothing in the eighteenth century resembles the present moment."

An aid was immediately sent to the palace of the Luxembourg, to inform the five Directors, there in session, of the decree. Two of the Directors, Sièyes and Ducos, were pledged to Napoleon, and immediately resigned their offices and hastened to the Tuileries. Barras, bewildered and indignant, sent his secretary with a remonstrance. Napoleon, already assuming the authority of an emperor, and speaking as if France were his patrimony, replied to him with a torrent of invective.

"Where," he indignantly exclaimed, "is that beautiful France, which I left you so brilliant? I left you peace. I find war. I left you victorious. I find but defeats. I left you the millions of Italy. I find taxation and beggary. Where are the hundred thousand men, my companions in glory? They are dead. This state of things can not continue. It will lead to despotism."

Barras was terrified. He feared to have Napoleon's eagle eye investigate his peculations. He resigned. Two Directors only now were left, Gohier and Moulins. It took a majority of the five to constitute a quorum. The two were powerless. In despair of successful resistance, and fearing vengeance, they hastened to the Tuileries to find Napoleon. They were introduced to him, surrounded by Sièyes, Ducos, and a brilliant staff. Napoleon received them cordially.

"I am glad to see you," said he; "I doubt not that you will both resign. Your patriotism will not allow you to oppose a revolution which is both inevitable and necessary."

"I do not yet despair," said Gohier, vehemently, "aided by my colleague, Moulins, of saving the Republic."

"With what will you save it?" exclaimed Napoleon. "With the Constitution which is crumbling to pieces?"

Just at that moment a messenger came in and informed the Directors that Santerre, the brewer, who, during the Reign of Terror, had obtained a bloody celebrity as leader of the Jacobins, was rousing the mob in the faubourgs to resistance.

"General Moulins," said Napoleon, firmly, "you are the friend of Santerre. Tell him that at the very first movement he makes, I will cause him to be shot."

Moulins, exasperated yet appalled, made an apologetic reply.

"The Republic is in danger," said Napoleon. "We must save it. *It is my will.* Sièyes, Ducos, and Barras have resigned. You are two individuals insulated and powerless. I advise you not to resist." They still refused. Napoleon had no time to spend in parleying. He immediately sent

them both back into the Luxembourg, separated them, and placed them under arrest. Fouché,* occupying the important post of Minister of Police, though not in Napoleon's confidence, yet anxious to display his homage to the rising luminary, called upon Napoleon, and informed him that he had closed the barriers, and had thus prevented all ingress or egress.

"What means this folly?" said Napoleon. "Let those orders be instantly countermanded. Do we not march with the opinion of the nation, and by its strength alone? Let no citizen be interrupted. Let every publicity be given to what is done."

The Council of Five Hundred, in great confusion and bewilderment, assembled at eleven o'clock. Lucien immediately communicated the decree transferring their session to St. Cloud. This cut off all debate. The decree was perfectly legal. There could, therefore, be no legal pretext for opposition. Napoleon, the idol of the army, had the whole military power obedient to his nod. Therefore resistance of any kind was worse than folly.



THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

The deed was adroitly done. At eleven o'clock the day's work was finished. There was no longer a Directory. Napoleon was the appointed chief of the troops, and they were filling the streets with enthusiastic shouts of "Live Napoleon." The Council of Ancients were entirely at his disposal; and a large party in the Council of Five Hundred were also wholly subservient to his will. Napoleon, proud, silent, reserved, fully conscious of his own intellectual supremacy, and re-

garding the generals, the statesmen, and the multitude around him as a man contemplates children, ascended the grand staircase of the Tuileries as if it were his hereditary home.

Nearly all parties united to sustain his triumph. Napoleon was a soldier. The guns of Paris joyfully thundered forth the victory of one who seemed the peculiar favorite of the God of war. Napoleon was a scholar, stimulating intellect to its mightiest achievements. The scholars of Paris gratefully united to weave a chaplet for the brow of their honored associate and patron. Napoleon was, for those days of profligacy and unbridled lust, a model of purity of morals and of irreproachable integrity. The proffered bribe of millions could not tempt him. The dancing daughters of Herodias, with all

* "Fouché," said Napoleon, "is a miscreant of all colors, a priest, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you, with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich; but his riches have been badly acquired. He never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground. But I never had any esteem for him. I employed him merely as an instrument."

their blandishments, could not lure him from his life of herculean toil and from his majestic patriotism. The wine which glitters in the cup never vanquished him. At the shrine of no vice was he found a worshiper. The purest and the best in France, disgusted with that gilded corruption which had converted the palaces of the Bourbons into harems of voluptuous sin, and still more deeply loathing that vulgar and revolting vice which had transformed Paris into a house of infamy, enlisted all their sympathies in behalf of the exemplary husband and the incorruptible patriot. Napoleon was one of the most firm and unflinching friends of law and order. France was weary of anarchy, and was trembling under the apprehension that the gutters of the guillotine were again to be clotted with blood. And mothers and maidens prayed for God's blessing upon Napoleon, who appeared to them as a messenger from Heaven for their protection.

During the afternoon and the night, his room at the Tuileries was thronged with the most illustrious statesmen, generals, and scholars of Paris, hastening to pledge to him their support. Napoleon, perfectly unembarrassed, and never at a loss in any emergency, gave his orders for the ensuing day. Lannes was intrusted with a body of troops to guard the Tuileries. Murat, who, said Napoleon, "was superb at Aboukir," with a numerous cavalry and a corps of grenadiers was stationed at St. Cloud, a thunderbolt in Napoleon's right hand. Woe betide the mob into whose ranks that thunderbolt may be hurled. Moreau, with five hundred men, was stationed to guard the Luxembourg, where the two refractory Directors were held under arrest. Serurier was posted in a commanding position with a strong reserve, prompt for any unexpected exigence. Even a body of troops were sent to accompany Barras to his country seat, ostensibly as an escort of honor, but, in reality, to guard against any change in that venal and versatile mind.

The most energetic measures were immediately adopted to prevent any rallying point for the disaffected. Bills were every where posted, exhorting the citizens to be quiet, and assuring them that powerful efforts were making to save the Republic. These minute precautions were characteristic of Napoleon. He believed in destiny. Yet he left nothing for destiny to accomplish. He ever sought to make provision for all conceivable contingencies. These measures were completely successful. Though Paris was in a delirium of excitement, there were no outbreaks of lawless violence. Neither Monarchist, Republican, nor Jacobin knew what Napoleon intended to do. All were conscious that he would do something. It was known that the Jacobin party in the Council of Five Hundred, on the ensuing day, would make a desperate effort at resistance. Sièyes, perfectly acquainted with revolutionary movements, urged Napoleon to arrest some forty of the Jacobins most prominent in the Council. This would have secured an easy victory on the morrow. Napoleon, however, rejected the advice, saying,

"I pledged my word this morning to protect the national representation. I will not this evening violate my oath."

Had the Assembly been convened in Paris, all the mob of the faubourgs would have risen, like an inundation, in their behalf, and torrents of blood must have been shed. The sagacious transference of the meeting to St. Cloud, several miles from Paris, saved those lives. The powerful military

display, checked any attempt at a march upon St. Cloud. What could the mob do, with Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, guided by the energies of Napoleon, ready to hurl their solid columns upon them?

The delicacy of attention with which Napoleon treated Josephine was one of the most remarkable traits in his character. It is not strange that he should have won from her a love almost more than human. During the exciting scenes of this day, when no one could tell whether events were guiding him to a crown or to the guillotine, Napoleon did not forget his wife, who was awaiting the result with deep solicitude, in her chamber in the Rue Chantierine. Nearly every hour he dispatched a messenger to Josephine, with a hastily written line communicating to her the progress of events. Late at night he returned to his home, apparently as fresh and unexhausted as in the morning. He informed Josephine minutely of the scenes of the day, and then threw himself upon a sofa for an hour's repose. Early the next morning he was on horseback, accompanied by a regal retinue, directing his steps to St. Cloud.



NAPOLEON ON THE WAY TO ST. CLOUD.

Three halls had been prepared in the palace; one for the Ancients, one for the Five Hundred, and one for Napoleon. He thus assumed the position which he knew it to be the almost unanimous will of the nation that he should fill. During the night the Jacobins had arranged a very formidable resistance. Napoleon was considered to be in imminent peril. He would be denounced as a traitor. Sièyes and Ducos had each a post-chaise and six horses waiting at the gate of St. Cloud, prepared, in case of reverse, to escape for life. There were many ambitious generals ready to mount the crest of any refluxing wave to sweep Napoleon to destruction. Bernadotte was the most to be feared. Orders were given to cut down the first person who should attempt to harangue the troops. Napoleon, riding at the head of this imposing military display, manifested no agitation. He knew, how-

ever, perfectly well, the capriciousness of the popular voice, and that the multitude in the same hour could cry "Hosanna!" and "Crucify!" The two Councils met. The tumult in the Five Hundred was fearful. Cries of "Down with the dictator!" "Death to the tyrant!" "Live the Constitution!" filled the hall and drowned the voice of deliberation. The friends of Napoleon were swept before the flood of passion.

It was proposed that every member should immediately take anew the oath to support the Constitution. No one dared to peril his life by the refusal. Even Lucien, the speaker, was compelled to descend from his chair and take the oath. The Ancients, overawed by the unexpected violence of this opposition in the lower and more popular house, began to be alarmed and to recede. The opposition took a bold and aggressive stand, and proposed a decree of outlawry against Napoleon. The friends of Napoleon, remembering past scenes of carnage, were timid and yielding. Defeat seemed inevitable. Victory was apparently turned into discomfiture and death. In this emergency Napoleon displayed the same coolness, energy, and tact with which so often, on the field of battle, in the most disastrous hour, he had rolled back the tide of defeat in the resplendent waves of victory. His own mind was the *corps de reserve* which he now marched into the conflict to arrest the rout of his friends.

Taking with him a few aids and a band of grenadiers, he advanced to the door of the hall. On his way he met Bernadotte.

"You are marching to the guillotine," said his rival, sternly.

"We shall see," Napoleon coolly replied. Leaving the soldiers, with their glittering steel and nodding plumes, at the entrance of the room, he ascended the tribune. The hush of perfect silence pervaded the agitated hall. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are on a volcano. You deemed the Republic in danger. You called me to your aid. I obeyed. And now I am assailed by a thousand calumnies. They talk of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of military despotism, as if any thing in antiquity resembled the present moment. Danger presses. Disaster thickens. We have no longer a government. The Directors have resigned. The Five Hundred are in a tumult. Emissaries are instigating Paris to revolt. Agitators would gladly bring back the revolutionary tribunals. But fear not. Aided by my companions in arms, I will protect you. I desire nothing for myself but to save the Republic; and I solemnly swear to protect that *liberty and equality* for which we have made such sacrifices." "And the *Constitution!*" some one cried out. Napoleon had purposely omitted the *Constitution* in his oath, for he despised it, and was at that moment laboring for its overthrow. He paused for a moment, and then, with increasing energy, exclaimed,

"The Constitution! You have none. You violated it when the executive infringed the rights of the Legislature. You violated it when the Legislature struck at the independence of the executive. You violated it when, with sacrilegious hand, both the Legislature and the executive struck at the sovereignty of the people by annulling their elections. The Constitution! it is a mockery; invoked by all, regarded by none."

Rallied by the presence of Napoleon and by these daring words, his friends recovered their courage, and two thirds of the Assembly rose in expression

of their confidence and support. At this moment intelligence arrived that the Five Hundred were compelling Lucien to put to the vote Napoleon's outlawry. Not an instant was to be lost. There is a mysterious power in law. The passage of that vote would probably have been fatal. Life and death were trembling in the balance. "I would then have given two hundred millions," said Napoleon, "to have had Ney by my side." Turning to the Ancients, he exclaimed, "If any orator, paid by foreigners, shall talk of outlawing me, I will appeal for protection to my brave companions in arms whose plumes are nodding at the door. Remember that I march accompanied by the God of fortune and by the God of war."

He immediately left the Ancients, and, attended by his military band, hastened to the Council of Five Hundred. On his way he met Augereau, who was pale and trembling, deeming Napoleon lost.

"You have got yourself into serious trouble," said he, with deep agitation.

"Matters were worse at Arcola," Napoleon coolly replied. "Keep quiet. All will be changed in half an hour."

Followed by his grenadiers, he immediately entered the Hall of the Five Hundred. The soldiers remained near the door. Napoleon traversed alone half of the room to reach the bar. It was an hour in which nothing could save him but the resources of his own mind. Furious shouts rose from all parts of the house. "What means this! down with the tyrant! begone! begone!"

"The winds," says Napoleon, "suddenly escaping from the caverns of Æolus, can give but a faint idea of that tempest." In the midst of the horrible confusion, he in vain endeavored to speak. The members, in the wildest fray, crowded around him. The grenadiers, witnessing the peril of their chief, rushed to his rescue. A dagger was struck at his bosom. A soldier, with his arm, parried the blow. With their bayonets they drove back the members, and encircling Napoleon, bore him from the Hall. Napoleon had hardly descended the outer steps ere some one informed him that his brother Lucien was surrounded by the infuriated deputies, and that his life was in imminent jeopardy.

"Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers and hasten to my brother's deliverance."

The soldiers rushed into the room, drove back the crowd, who, with violent menaces, were surrounding Lucien, and saying, "It is by your brother's commands," escorted him in safety out of the hall into the court-yard.

Napoleon, now mounting his horse, with Lucien by his side, rode along in front of his troops. "The Council of Five Hundred," exclaimed Lucien, "is dissolved. It is I that tell you so. Assassins have taken possession of the hall of meeting. I summon you to march and clear it of them."

"Soldiers!" said Napoleon, "can I rely upon you?"

"Long live Bonaparte!" was the simultaneous response.

Murat took a battalion of grenadiers and marched to the entrance of the hall. When Murat headed a column, it was well known that there would be no child's play. "Charge bayonets! forward!" he exclaimed, with imperturbable coolness. The drums beat the charge. Steadily the bristling line of steel advanced. The terrified representatives leaped over the benches,



NAPOLEON IN THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED.

rushed through the passage ways, and sprang out of the windows, throwing upon the floor, in their precipitate flight, gowns, scarfs, and hats. In two minutes the hall was cleared. As the representatives were flying in dismay across the garden, an officer proposed that the soldiers should be ordered to fire upon them. Napoleon decisively refused, saying, "It is my wish that not a single drop of blood be spilled."

As Napoleon wished to avail himself, as far as possible, of the forms of law, he assembled the two legislative bodies in the evening. Those only attended who were friendly to his cause. Unanimously they decreed that Napoleon had deserved well of his country; they abolished the Directory. The executive power they vested in Napoleon, Sièyes, and Ducos, with the title of Consuls. Two committees of twenty-five members each, taken from the

two Councils, were appointed to co-operate with the Consuls in forming a new Constitution. During the evening a rumor reached Paris that Napoleon had failed in his enterprise.

The consternation was great. The mass of the people, of all ranks, dreading the renewal of revolutionary horrors, and worn out with past convulsions, passionately longed for repose. Their only hope was in Napoleon. At nine o'clock at night intelligence of the change of government was officially announced, by a proclamation which the victor had dictated with the rapidity and the glowing eloquence which had characterized all of his mental acts. It was read by torchlight to assembled and deeply-agitated groups all over the city. The welcome tidings were greeted with the liveliest demonstrations of applause. At three o'clock in the morning Napoleon threw himself into his carriage to return to Paris. Bourrienne accompanied him. Napoleon appeared so absorbed in thought that he uttered not one single word during the ride.

At four o'clock he alighted from his carriage at the door of his dwelling in the Rue Chantierine. Josephine, in the greatest anxiety, was watching at the window for his approach. Napoleon had not been able to send her one single line during the turmoil and the peril of that eventful day. She sprang to meet him. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, briefly recapitulated the scenes of the day, and assured her that since he had taken the oath of office, he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual, for he wished that the beloved voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the empire of France. The heart of Josephine could appreciate a delicacy of love so refined and so touching. Well might she say, "Napoleon is the most fascinating of men." It was then after four o'clock in the morning. The dawn of the day was to conduct Napoleon to a new scene of herculean toil in organizing the Republic. Throwing himself upon a couch for a few moments of repose, he exclaimed, gayly, "Good-night, my Josephine! To-morrow we sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg."

Napoleon was then not thirty years of age. And yet, under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty, with unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, he assumed the enormous care of creating and administering a new government for thirty millions of people. Never did he achieve a victory which displayed more consummate genius. On no occasion of his life did his majestic intellectual power beam forth with more brilliance. It is not to be expected that, for ages to come, the world will be united in opinion respecting this transaction. Some represent it as an outrage against law and liberty. Others consider it a necessary act, which put an end to corruption and anarchy. That the course which Napoleon pursued was in accordance with the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the French people, no one can doubt. It is questionable whether, even now, France is prepared for self-government. There can be no question that then the republic had totally failed.

"For my part," said Napoleon, "all my share of the plot was confined to assembling the crowd of my visitors at the same hour in the morning, and marching at their head to seize upon power. It was from the threshold of

my door, and without my friends having any previous knowledge of my intentions, that I led them to this conquest. It was amid the brilliant escort which they formed, their lively joy and unanimous ardor, that I presented myself at the bar of the Ancients to thank them for the dictatorship with which they invested me. Metaphysicians have disputed, and will long dispute, whether we did not violate the laws, and whether we were not criminal. But these are mere abstractions, which should disappear before imperious necessity. One might as well blame a sailor for waste and destruction when he cuts away a mast to save his ship. The fact is, had it not been for us, the country must have been lost. We saved it. The authors of that memorable state transaction ought to answer their accusers proudly, like the Roman, 'We protest that we have saved our country. Come with us and render thanks to the Gods.'"

With the exception of the Jacobins, all parties were strongly in favor of this revolution. For ten years the people had been so accustomed to the violation of the laws, that they had ceased to condemn such acts, and judged of them only by their consequences. All over France the feeling was nearly universal in favor of the new government. "Napoleon rivaled Cæsar," says Alison, "in the clemency with which he used his victory. No proscriptions or massacres, few arrests or imprisonments, followed the triumph of order over revolution. On the contrary, numerous acts of mercy, as wise as they were magnanimous, illustrated the rise of the consular throne. The elevation of Napoleon was not only unstained by blood, but not even a single captive long lamented the car of the victor. A signal triumph of the principles of humanity over those of cruelty, glorious alike to the actors and the age in which it occurred; and a memorable proof how much more durable are the victories obtained by moderation and wisdom, than those achieved by violence and stained by blood."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSULAR THRONE.

Causes of the Failure of Republicanism in France—Meeting of the three Consuls—The Consuls and the Gold—Napoleon visits the Temple—Recalls the banished Priests—The shipwrecked Emigrants—Liberty of Conscience—Constitution presented by Napoleon—Removal to the Tuileries—Selection of state Officers—Sympathy with the People—Emptiness of Bonaparte's private Purse—Thoughts on Washington and the United States—Vast Plans of Improvement—War in La Vendée.

FRANCE had tried Republicanism, and the experiment had failed. There was neither intelligence nor virtue among the people sufficient to enable them to govern themselves. During long ages of oppression they had sunk into an abyss, from whence they could not rise, in a day, to the dignity of freemen. Not one in thirty of the population of France could either read or write. Religion and all its restraints were scouted as fanaticism. Few had any idea of the sacredness of a vote, of the duty of the minority good-naturedly yielding to the majority.

It is this sentiment which is the political salvation of the United States

Not unfrequently, when hundreds of thousands of ballots have been cast, has a governor of a state been chosen by the majority of a very few votes. And the minority, in such circumstances, have yielded just as cordially as they would have done to a majority of tens of thousands. After our most exciting presidential elections, the announcement of the result is the harbinger of immediate peace and good-natured acquiescence all over the land. The defeated voter politely congratulates his opponent upon his success. The French seemed to have attained no conception of the sanctity of the decisions of the ballot-box. Government was but a series of revolutions. Physical power alone was recognized. The strongest grasped the helm, and, with the guillotine, confiscation, and exile, endeavored hopelessly to cripple their adversaries.

Ten years of such anarchy had wearied the nation. It was in vain to protract the experiment. France longed for repose. Napoleon was the only one capable of giving her repose.* The nation called upon him, in the loudest tones which could be uttered, to assume the reins of government, and to restore the dominion of security and order. We can hardly call that man a usurper who does but assume the post which the nation with unanimity entreats him to take. We may say that he was ambitious, that he loved power, that glory was his idol. But if his ambition led him to exalt his country; if the power he loved was the power of elevating the multitude to intelligence, to self-respect, and to comfort; if the glory he sought was the glory of being the most illustrious benefactor earth has ever known, let us not catalogue his name with the sensualists and the despots who have reared thrones of self-aggrandizement and self-indulgence upon the degradation of the people. We must compare Napoleon with the leaders of armies, the founders of dynasties, and with those who, in the midst of popular commotions, have ascended thrones. When we institute such a comparison, Napoleon stands without a rival, always excepting, in moral worth, our own Washington.

The next morning after the overthrow of the Directory, the three consuls, Napoleon, Sièyes, and Ducos, met in the palace of the Luxembourg. Sièyes was a veteran diplomatist, whose gray hairs entitled him, as he supposed, to

* "The power of the aristocratic principle was too vigorous, and too much identified with that of the monarchical principle, to be successfully resisted by a virtuous democratic effort, much less could it be overthrown by a democracy rioting in innocent blood, and menacing destruction to political and religious establishments, the growth of centuries, somewhat decayed, indeed, yet scarcely showing their gray hairs. The first military event of the Revolution, the disaffection of Toulon and Lyons, the civil war of La Vendée, the feeble, although successful, resistance made to the Duke of Brunswick's invasion, and the frequent and violent change of rulers, whose fall none regretted, were all proofs that the French Revolution, intrinsically too feeble to sustain the moral force pressing it down, was fast sinking, when the wonderful genius of Napoleon, baffling all reasonable calculation, raised and fixed it on the basis of victory—the only one capable of supporting the crude production. Nevertheless, that great man knew the cause he upheld was not sufficiently in unison with the feelings of the age, and his first care was to disarm or neutralize monarchical and sacerdotal enmity by restoring a church establishment, and by becoming a monarch himself. Once a sovereign, his vigorous character, his pursuits, his talents, and the critical nature of the times, inevitably rendered him a despotic one; yet, while he sacrificed political liberty, which, to the great bulk of mankind, has never been more than a pleasing sound, he cherished, with the utmost care, equality, a sensible good, which produces equal satisfaction as it descends in the scale of society."—*Napier's Peninsular War, Introduction.*

the moral supremacy over his colleagues. He thought that Napoleon would be satisfied with the command of the armies, while he would be left to manage the affairs of state. There was one arm-chair in the room. Napoleon very coolly assumed it. Sièyes, much annoyed, rather petulantly exclaimed,

“Gentlemen, who shall take the chair?”

“Bonaparte surely,” said Ducos; “he already has it. He is the only man who can save us.”

“Very well, gentlemen,” said Napoleon, promptly; “let us proceed to business.”

Sièyes was staggered. But resistance to a will so imperious, and an arm so strong, was useless.

Sièyes loved gold. Napoleon loved only glory. “Do you see,” inquired Sièyes, pointing to a sort of cabinet in the room, “that pretty piece of furniture?” Napoleon, whose poetic sensibilities were easily aroused, looked at it with interest, fancying it to be some relic of the disenthroned monarchs of France. Sièyes continued: “I will reveal to you a little secret. We Directors, reflecting that we might go out of office in poverty, which would be a very unbecoming thing, laid aside, from the treasury, a sum to meet that exigence. There are nearly two hundred thousand dollars in that chest. As there are no more Directors, the money belongs to us.” Napoleon now began to understand matters. It was not difficult for one who had proudly rejected millions to look with contempt upon thousands.

“Gentlemen,” said he, very coolly, “should this transaction come to my knowledge, I shall insist that the whole sum be refunded to the public treasury. But should I not hear of it, and I know nothing of it as yet, you, being two old Directors, can divide the money between you. But you must make haste. To-morrow it may be too late.” They took the hint and divided the spoil, Sièyes taking the lion’s share. Ducos complained to Napoleon of the extortion of his colleague.

“Settle the business between yourselves,” said Napoleon, “and be quiet. Should the matter come to my ears, you will inevitably lose the whole.”

This transaction, of course, gave Napoleon a supremacy which neither of his colleagues could ever again question. The law which decreed the provisional consulship conferred upon them the power, in connection with the two legislative bodies of twenty-five members each, of preparing a new Constitution to be submitted to the people. The genius of Napoleon, his energy, his boundless information, and his instinctive insight into the complexities of all subjects, were so conspicuous in this first interview, that his colleagues were overwhelmed. That evening Sièyes went to sup with some stern Republicans, his intimate friends.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “the republic is no more. It died to-day. I have this day conversed with a man who is not only a great general, but who is himself capable of every thing, and who knows every thing. He wants no counselors, no assistance. Politics, laws, the art of governing, are as familiar to him as the manner of commanding an army. He is young and determined. The republic is finished.”

“But,” one replied, “if he becomes a tyrant, we must call to our aid the dagger of Brutus.”

"Alas! my friends," Sièyes rejoined, "we should then fall into the hands of the Bourbons, which would be still worse."



THE CONSULS AND THE GOLD.

Napoleon now devoted himself, with tireless energies, to the reorganization of the government, and to the general administration of the affairs of the empire. He worked day and night. He appeared insensible to exhaustion or weariness. Every subject was apparently alike familiar to his mind; banking, police regulations, diplomacy, the army, the navy, every thing which could pertain to the welfare of France, was grasped by his all-comprehensive intellect.

The Directory had tyrannically seized, as hostages, any relatives of the emigrants upon whom they could lay their hands. Wives, mothers, sisters,

brothers, fathers, children, were imprisoned, and held responsible, with their lives, for the conduct of their emigrant relatives. Napoleon immediately abolished this iniquitous edict, and released the prisoners. Couriers, without delay, were dispatched all over France, to throw open the prison doors to these unfortunate captives.

Napoleon even went himself to the Temple, where many of these innocent victims were imprisoned, that he might, with his own hand, break their fetters. On Napoleon's return from this visit to the prison, he exclaimed, "What fools these Directors were! To what a state have they brought our public institutions! The prisoners are in a shocking condition. I questioned them as well as the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. When in the prison, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable to deal with mankind. And Sir Sydney Smith—I made them show me his apartments. If he had not escaped I should have taken Acre. There are too many painful associations connected with that prison. I shall have it pulled down one day or other. I ordered the jailer's books to be brought, and, finding the list of the hostages, immediately liberated them. I told them that an unjust law had placed them under restraint, and that it was my first duty to restore them to liberty."



NAPOLEON IN THE TEMPLE.

The priests had been mercilessly persecuted. They could only escape imprisonment by taking an oath, which many considered hostile to their religious vows. Large numbers of them were immured in dungeons. Others in dismay and poverty, had fled, and were wandering fugitives in other lands. Napoleon redressed their wrongs, and spread over them the shield of his pow

erful protection. The captives were liberated, and the exiles invited to return. The principle was immediately established, that the rights of conscience were to be respected. By this one act, twenty thousand grief-stricken exiles were restored to France, proclaiming through city and village the clemency of the First Consul. In the rural districts of France, where the sentiment of veneration for Christianity still lingered, the priests were received with the warmest welcome; and in the hut of the peasant, the name of Napoleon was breathed with prayers and tears of gratitude.

Some French emigrants, furnished with arms by England, were returning to France, to join the Royalists in La Vendée in extending the ravages of civil war. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Calais, and they were all made prisoners. As they were taken with arms in their hands, to fight against their country, rigorous laws doomed them, as traitors, to the guillotine. Napoleon interposed to save them. Magnanimously he asserted, "No matter what their intentions were. They were driven on our soil by the tempest. They are shipwrecked men. As such, they are entitled to the laws of hospitality. Their persons must be held inviolable." Unharméd, they were all permitted to re-embark and leave France. Among these emigrants were many men of illustrious name. These acts of generosity on the part of Napoleon did much to disarm their hostility, and many of them became subsequently firm supporters of his power.

The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches and prohibited the observance of the Sabbath. To efface, if possible, all traces of that sacred day, they had appointed every tenth day for cessation from labor and for festivity. A heavy fine was inflicted upon any one who should close his shop on the Sabbath, or manifest any reverence for the discarded institution. Napoleon, who had already resolved to reinstate Christianity in paganized France, but who found it necessary to move with the utmost caution, ordered that no man should be molested for his religious principles or practices. This step excited hostility. Paris was filled with unbelief. Generals, statesmen, philosophers, scouted the idea of religion. They remonstrated. Napoleon was firm. The mass of the common people were with him, and he triumphed over aristocratic infidelity.

With singular tact, he selected the most skillful and efficient men to fill all the infinitely varied departments of state. "I want more head," said he, "and less tongue." Every one was kept busy. Every one was under the constant vigilance of his eagle eye. He appeared to have an instinctive acquaintance with every branch of legislation, and with the whole science of government. Three times a week the minister of finance appeared before him, and past corruption was dragged to light and abolished.

The treasury was bankrupt. Napoleon immediately replenished it. The army was starving, and almost in a state of mutiny. Napoleon addressed to them a few of his glowing words of encouragement and sympathy, and the emaciated soldiers, in their rags, enthusiastically rallied again around their colors, and in a few days, from all parts of France, baggage wagons were trundling toward them, laden with clothing and provisions. The navy was dilapidated and blockaded. At the voice of Napoleon, in every port of France, the sound of the ship hammer was heard, and a large armament was

prepared to convey succor to his comrades in Egypt. Such vigor mortal man never exhibited before. All France felt an immediate impulse. At the same time in which Napoleon was accomplishing all these duties, and innumerable others, any one of which would have engrossed the whole energies of any common man, he was almost daily meeting his colleagues and the two committees to discuss the new Constitution.*

Sièyes was greatly alarmed at the generosity of some of Napoleon's acts. "The emigrants," said he, "will return in crowds. The Royalists will again raise their heads, and the Republicans will be massacred." His imagination was so excited with apprehensions of conspiracies and assassinations, that he once awoke Napoleon at three o'clock in the morning, to inform him of a fearful conspiracy which had just been discovered by the police. Napoleon quietly listened to the story, and then, raising his head from his pillow, inquired, "Have they corrupted our guard?" "No!" Sièyes replied. "Then go to bed," said Napoleon, "and let them alone. It will be time enough to be alarmed when our six hundred men are attacked." Napoleon was so powerful that he could afford to be generous. His magnanimity was his most effectual safeguard.

In less than six weeks, the new Constitution was ready to be presented to the nation for their acceptance. In the original draft, drawn up by Sièyes, the supreme power was to be vested in a Grand Elector, to be chosen for life, to possess a revenue of one million of dollars, and to reside, in the utmost possible magnificence, in the palaces of Versailles. He was to be a mock king, with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty, but without its power. This was the office which Sièyes hoped would satisfy the ambition of Napoleon. Napoleon exploded it as with a bomb-shell.

"Can you conceive," he exclaimed, "that a man of the least talent or honor would humble himself to accept an office, the duties of which are merely to fatten like a pig on so many millions a year?"

The Grand Elector was annihilated. The following was the Constitution adopted. The sovereign power was to be invested in Napoleon as First Consul. Two subordinate consuls, Cambacères and Lebrun, were to be his counselors, with deliberative voices only. The Consuls proposed laws to a body called the Tribunate, who thoroughly discussed them, and either rejected, or, if they approved, recommended the law to a third body, called the Legislature. The Legislature heard the report in silence, having no deliberative

* "France was at that time torn by parties, oppressed by the unprincipled rapacity of some, excited by priests, surrounded by irreconcilable enemies to the new state of things, and impoverished by the long interruption of commerce and industry. The Consul found almost all social ties dissolved; the administration corrupt; religion abolished; justice insecure; the laws disregarded; violence and weakness every where coupled together; factions intriguing against each other; Jacobins, Royalists, Constitutionals, adherents to the Directory (the Directory itself having been divided), opposed to each other—in one word, a state of anarchy which disgusted the people at large, and which led to the most daring attempts upon the person of the chief magistrate. Such was the state of France when Bonaparte took the reins into his hand. He directed his attention to every branch of government. The law, the finances, prisons, education, arts, industry, even the fashions of the ladies, which had become highly indecorous—every subject of general interest attracted his attention. Thus situated, gifted with such a variety of talents, and surrounded by foreign enemies, it is not surprising, although it is to be lamented, that he gradually concentrated all the powers of government in himself."—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article Napoleon.

voice. Three were appointed from the Tribunal to present the arguments in favor of the law, and three those against it. Without further debate, the Legislature, as judges, voted. The Senate also was a silent body. It received the law from the Legislature, and approved or condemned. Here were the forms of an ample supply of checks and balances. Every act proposed by Napoleon must be sanctioned by the Tribunal, the Legislature, and the Senate before it could become a law.

“The Constitution,” said Sièyes, “is a pyramid, of which the people is the base.” Every male in France, 21 years of age, paying a tax, was a voter. They amounted to about 5,000,000. In their primary assemblies they chose 500,000 delegates. These delegates, from their own number, chose 50,000. These latter, from themselves, chose 5000. These 5000 were the Notables, or the eligible to office. From them, thus elected by the people, all the offices were to be filled. The Constitution declared Napoleon to be First Consul for ten years, with an annual salary of \$100,000. Cambacères and Lebrun were his associate Consuls, with a salary of \$60,000. These three, with Sièyes and Ducos, were to choose, from the Notables, the Senate, to consist of eighty members. They were elected for life, and received a salary of \$5000. The Senate chose three hundred members, from the Notables, to compose the Legislature, with a salary of \$2000, and one hundred members, to compose the Tribunal, with an annual salary of \$3000 each.

Such, in brief, was the Constitution under which Napoleon commenced his reign. Under a man of ordinary vigor this would have been a popular and a free government. With Napoleon it was, in effect, an unlimited monarchy. The energy of his mind was so tremendous, that he acquired immediately the control of all these bodies. The plans he proposed were either so plainly conducive to the public welfare, or he had such an extraordinary faculty of convincing tribunes, legislators, and senators that they were so, that these bodies almost invariably voted in perfect accordance with his will.

It was Napoleon's unquestioned aim to aggrandize France. For the accomplishment of that purpose, he was ready to make any conceivable personal sacrifice. In that accomplishment was to consist all his glory. No money could bribe him. No enticements of sensual indulgence could divert his energies from that single aim. His capacious intellect seemed to grasp intuitively every thing which could affect the welfare of France. He gathered around him, as agents for the execution of his plans, the most brilliant intellects of Europe, and yet they all took the attitude of children in his presence. With a body which seemed incapable of fatigue, and a mind whose energies never were exhausted, he consecrated himself to the majestic enterprise by day and by night, and with an untiring energy which amazed and bewildered his contemporaries, and which still excites the wonder of the world. No one thought of resisting his will. His subordinates sought only to anticipate his wishes. Hence no machinery of government, which human ingenuity could devise, could seriously embarrass the free scope of his energies. His associates often expressed themselves as entirely overawed by the majesty of his intellect. They came from his presence giving utterance to the most profound admiration of the justice and the rapidity of his percep-

tions. "We are pressed," said they, "into a very whirlwind of urgency; but it is all for the good of France."

The Constitution was now presented to the whole people for their acceptance or rejection. A more free and unbiased expression of public opinion could not possibly have been obtained. The result is unparalleled in the annals of the ballot-box. There were 3,011,007 votes cast in favor of the Constitution, and but 1562 in the negative. By such unanimity, unprecedented in the history of the world, was Napoleon elected First Consul of France. Those who reject the dogma of the divine right of kings, who believe in the sacred authority of the voice of the people, will, in this act, surely recognize the legitimacy of Napoleon's elevation. A better title to the supreme power no ruler upon earth could ever show.

With Americans it can not be a serious question who had the best title to the throne, Louis Capet, from the accident of birth, or Napoleon Bonaparte, from the unanimous vote of the people. Napoleon may have abused the power which was thus placed in his hands. Whether he did so or not, the impartial history of his career will record. But it is singularly disingenuous to call this a usurpation. It was a nation's voice.

"I did not usurp the crown," said Napoleon, proudly and justly. "It was lying in the mire. I picked it up. The people placed it on my head." It is not strange that the French people should have decided as they did. Where is the man now, in either hemisphere, who would not have preferred the government of Napoleon to any other dominion which was then possible in France?

From the comparatively modest palace of the Luxembourg, Napoleon and Josephine now removed, to take up their residence in the more magnificent apartments of the Tuileries. Those saloons of royalty, which had been sacked and defiled by the mob of Paris, were thoroughly repaired. The red cap of Jacobinism had been daubed upon the walls of the apartments of state, and a tri-colored cockade had been painted upon the military hat of Louis XIV.

"Wash those out," said Napoleon. "I will have no such abominations."

The palace was furnished with more than its former splendor. Statues of illustrious men of all lands embellished the vacant niches. These gorgeous saloons, where kings and queens for so many ages had reveled, were now adorned, with outvying splendor, for the residence of the people's chosen ruler.

Louis was the king of the nobles, placed by the nobles upon the throne. He consulted for their interests. All the avenues of wealth and honor were open for them alone. The people were merely slaves, living in ignorance, poverty, obscurity, that the king and the nobles might dwell in voluptuousness. Napoleon was the ruler of the *people*. He was one of their own number. He was elevated to power by their choice. He spread out an unobstructed arena for the play of their energies. He opened before them the highways to fame and fortune. The only aristocracy which he favored was the aristocracy of intellect and industry. No privileged classes were tolerated. Every man was equal in the eye of the law. All appealed to the same tribunals, and received impartial justice. The taxes were proportioned

to property. The feudal claims of the landed proprietors were abolished; and there was no situation in the state to which the humblest citizen might not aspire. They called Napoleon First Consul. They cared not much what he was called, so long as he was the supreme ruler of their own choice. They were proud of having their ruler more exalted, more magnificent, more powerful, than the kings of the nobles. Hence the secret of their readiness to acquiesce in any plans which might minister to the grandeur of their own Napoleon. His glory was their glory. And never were they better pleased than when they saw him eclipse in splendor the proudest sovereigns upon the surrounding thrones.

One evening Napoleon, with his gray surtout buttoned up closely around him, went out with Bourrienne, incognito, and sauntered along the Rue St. Honoré, making small purchases in the shops, and conversing freely with the people about the First Consul and his acts.

"Well, citizen," said Napoleon, in one of the shops, "what do they say of Bonaparte?"

The shop-keeper spoke of him in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration.

"Nevertheless," said Napoleon, "we must watch him. I hope that it will not be found that we have merely changed one tyrant for another—the Directory for Bonaparte."

The shop-keeper was so indignant at this irreverent intimation, that he showered upon Napoleon such a volley of abuse as to compel him to escape precipitately into the street, greatly amused and delighted with the adventure.

It was on the morning of the 19th of February, 1800, when all Paris was in commotion, to witness the gratifying spectacle of the people's sovereign taking possession of the palace of the ancient kings. The brilliance of Napoleon's character and renown had already thrown his colleagues into the shade. They were powerless. No one thought of them. Sièyes foresaw this inevitable result, and, with very commendable self-respect, refused to accept the office of Second Consul. A few interviews with Napoleon had taught him that no one could share power with a will so lofty and commanding.

"Sièyes," says Napoleon, "had fallen into a mistake respecting the nature of these consuls. He was fearful of mortification, and of having the First Consul to contend with at every step. This would have been the case had all the consuls been equal. We should then have all been enemies. But the Constitution having made them subordinate, there was no room for the struggles of obstinacy."

Indeed, there was no room for such a conflict. Utter powerlessness can not contend with omnipotence. The subordinate consuls could only *give advice when Napoleon asked it*. He was not likely to trouble them.

The royal apartments in the Tuileries were prepared for the First Consul. The more modest saloons in the Pavilion of Flora were assigned to the two other consuls. Cambacères, however, was so fully conscious of the real position which he occupied, that he declined entering the palace of the kings. He said to his colleague Lebrun, "It is an error that we should be lodged

in the Tuileries. It suits neither you nor me. For my part, I will not go. General Bonaparte will soon want to lodge there by himself. Then we shall be suffered to retire. It is better not to go at all."

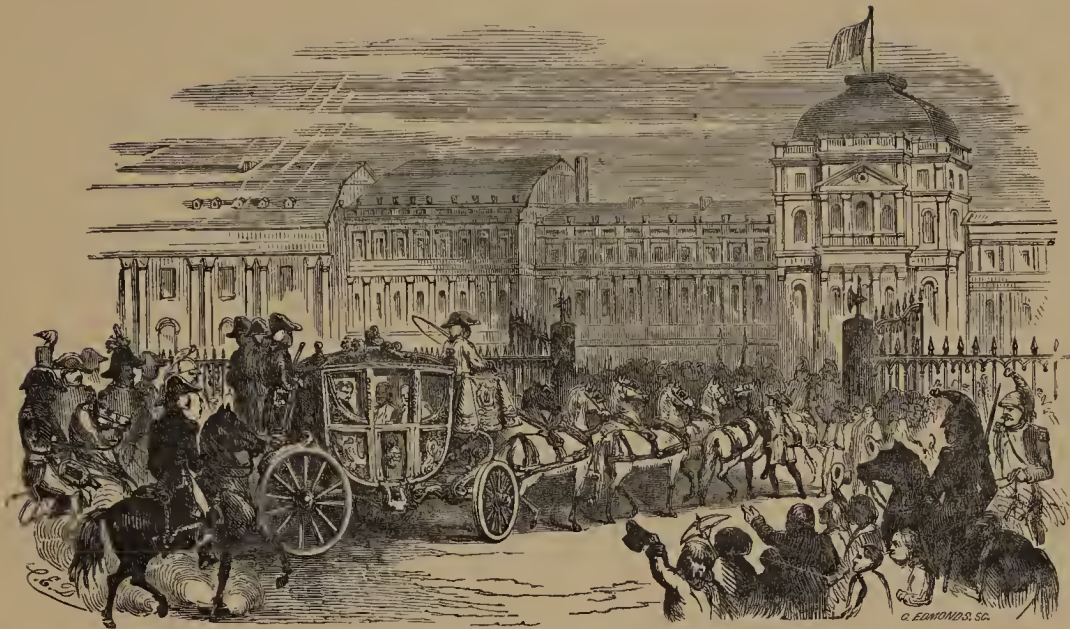
Napoleon was never disposed to forget the friends of his early years, or the trials which he had then encountered. He had, when a young man, passed months in Paris without a home, with an empty purse, and almost without a friend. He was then in the habit of frequenting a small reading-room in the Palais Royal, where, for a few sous, he could, in the chilly days of winter, read the daily journals and enjoy the warmth of a fire. The wife of the master of the shop became interested in the thoughtful and studious young man, and occasionally invited him to take a bowl of soup with her. As a recompense for this kindness and hospitality, Napoleon, as soon as he became First Consul, gratefully sought out his humble friends, and conferred upon them a lucrative government office. He was afterward urged, as a matter of state policy, to shut up these reading-rooms. To this he replied,

"No! I will never do that. I know too well the comfort of having such a place to go to, ever to deprive others of the same resource."

The morning of Napoleon's removal to the Tuileries he slept later than usual. When Bourrienne entered his chamber at seven o'clock, Napoleon was soundly asleep. On awaking, he said, "Well, Bourrienne, we shall at length sleep at the Tuileries. You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to make a show of yourself. You may go in your own way. But as for me, I must go in a procession. This I dislike. But we must have a display. It gratifies the people. The Directory was too simple; it therefore enjoyed no consideration. With the army, simplicity is in its place. But in a great city, in a palace, it is necessary that the chief of a state should draw attention upon himself by all possible means. But we must move with caution. Josephine will see the review from the apartments of Consul Lebrun."

Napoleon entered a magnificent carriage, seated between his two colleagues, who appeared but as his attendants or body-guard. The carriage was drawn by six beautiful white horses, a present to Napoleon from the Emperor of Austria immediately after the treaty of Campo Formio. A gorgeous train of officers, accompanied by six thousand picked troops, in the richest splendor of military display, composed the cortège. Twenty thousand soldiers, with all the concomitants of martial pomp, in double files, lined the streets through which the procession was to pass. A throng which could not be numbered, from the city and from the country, filled the garden, the streets, the avenues, the balconies, the house-tops, and ebbcd and flowed in surging billows far back into the Elysian Fields. They had collected to exult in introducing the idol of the army and of the nation—the people's king—into the palace from which they had expelled the ancient monarchs of France.

The moment the state carriage appeared, the heavens seemed rent with the unanimous shout, "Long live the First Consul!" As soon as Napoleon arrived at the foot of the great stairs ascending to the palace, he left the other consuls, and, mounting his horse, passed in review the magnificent array of troops drawn up before him. Murat was on his right, Lannes on his left. He was surrounded by a brilliant staff of war-worn veterans, whose scarred



NAPOLÉON'S ENTRANCE INTO THE TUILERIES.

and sun-burned visages told of many a toilsome and bloody campaign. There were three brigades, which appeared with the banners which had passed through the terrific conflicts of Lodi, Rivoli, and Arcola. They were black with powder, and torn into shreds by shot. Napoleon instantly uncovered his head, and, with profound reverence, saluted these monuments of military valor. A universal burst of enthusiasm greeted the well-timed and graceful act. Napoleon then returned to the Tuileries, ascended to the audience-chamber, and took his station in the centre of the room. All eyes were fixed upon him. The two associate consuls were entirely forgotten, or, rather, they were reduced to the rank of pages following in his train and gracing his triumph.

The suite of rooms appropriated to Josephine consisted of two magnificent saloons, with private apartments adjoining. In the evening a vast assemblage of brilliant guests were gathered in those regal halls. When Josephine entered the gorgeously-illuminated apartments, leaning upon the arm of Talleyrand, and dressed with that admirable taste which she ever displayed, a murmur of admiration rose from the whole assembly. The festivities of the evening were protracted until nearly the dawn of the ensuing morning. When the guests had all retired, Napoleon, with his hands folded behind him, paced to and fro through the spacious halls, apparently absorbed in profound and melancholy thought; and then, as if half soliloquizing, said to his secretary Bourrienne,

“Here we are in the Tuileries. We must take good care to remain here. Who has not inhabited this palace? It has been the abode of robbers—of members of the Convention. There is your brother's house, from which, eight years ago, we saw the good Louis XVI. besieged in the Tuileries and carried off into captivity. But you need not fear a repetition of that scene. Let them attempt it with me if they dare.”

The next morning Napoleon said to Bourrienne, “See what it is to have the mind set upon a thing. It is not two years since we resolved to take

possession of the Tuileries. Do you think that we have managed affairs badly since that time? In fact, I am well satisfied. Yesterday's affair went off well. Do you imagine that all those people who came to pay their court to me were sincere? Most certainly they were not. But the joy of the *people* was real. The people know what is right. Besides, consult the great thermometer of public opinion—the public funds. On the 17th Brumaire they were at 11—the 20th, 16—to-day, 21. In this state of things, I can allow the Jacobins to chatter. But they must not talk too loud.”

With consummate tact, Napoleon selected the ablest men of the empire to occupy the most important departments in the state. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, having received his appointment, said to Napoleon, “You have confided to me the administration of foreign affairs. I will justify your confidence. But I deem it my duty at once to declare that I will consult with you alone. That France may be well governed, there must be unity of action. The First Consul must retain the direction of every thing—the home, foreign, and police departments, and those of war and the marine. The Second Consul is an able lawyer. I would advise that he have the direction of legal affairs. Let the Third Consul govern the finances. This will occupy and amuse them. Thus you, having at your disposal the vital powers of government, will be enabled to attain the noble object of your aims, the regeneration of France.”

Napoleon listened in silence. Having taken leave of his minister, he said to his secretary, “Talleyrand has detected my views. He is a man of excellent sense. He advises just what I intend to do. They walk with speed who walk alone.”

Some one had objected to the appointment of Talleyrand, saying, “He is a weathercock.”

“Be it so,” said Napoleon; “he is the ablest Minister for Foreign Affairs in our choice. It shall be my care that he exerts his abilities.”

“Carnot,” objected another, “is a Republican.”

“Republican or not,” Napoleon replied, “he is the last Frenchman who will wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivalled talents in the War Department while he is willing to place them at our command.”

“Fouché,” objected one, “is a compound of falsehood and duplicity.”

“Fouché alone,” Napoleon rejoined, “is able to conduct the Ministry of the Police. He alone has a knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery through France. We can not create men. We must take such as we find. It is easier to modify, by circumstances, the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place.”

M. Abriel, a peer of France, was recommended as Minister of Justice.

“I do not know you, Citizen Abriel,” said Napoleon, as he presented him his diploma of office, “but I am informed that you are the most upright man in the magistracy. It is on that account that I have named you Minister of Justice.”

One of Napoleon's first acts was to abolish the annual festival celebrating the bloody death of Louis XVI. He declared it to be a barbarous ceremony, and unworthy of a humane people.

“Louis was a tyrant,” said Sièyes.

“Nay, nay,” Napoleon promptly replied, “Louis was no tyrant. Had he been a tyrant, I should this day have been a captain of engineers, and you, Monsieur l’Abbé, would have been saying mass.”

The Directory had resorted to the iniquitous procedure of forced loans to replenish the bankrupt treasury. Napoleon immediately rejected the tyrannical system. He assembled seventy of the most wealthy capitalists of Paris in his closet at the Tuileries. Frankly he laid before them the principles of the new government, and the claims it had on the confidence of the public. The appeal was irresistible. The merchants and bankers, overjoyed at the prospect of just and stable laws, by acclamation voted an immediate loan of two millions of dollars. Though this made provision but for a few days, it was very timely aid. He then established an equitable tax upon property, sufficient to meet the exigencies of the state. The people paid the tax without a murmur.

Napoleon entertained profound aversion for the men who had been engaged in the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution, particularly for the regicides. He always spoke with horror of those men of blood, whom he called the assassins of Louis. He deplored the necessity of employing any of them. Cambacères was a member of the Convention which had condemned the king to the guillotine. Though he voted against the sentence of death, he had advocated his arrest.

“Remember,” said Napoleon one day to Cambacères, at the same time playfully pinching his ear, “that I had nothing to do with that atrocious business. But your case, my dear Cambacères, is clear. If the Bourbons ever return, you must be hanged.” Cambacères did not enjoy such pleasantries. His smile was ghastly. Upon the reorganization of the Supreme Court of France, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, “I do not take any decided steps against the regicides. But I will show what I think of them. Target, the president of this court, refused to defend Louis XVI. I will replace him by Tronchet, who so nobly discharged that perilous duty. They may say what they choose. My mind is made up.”

The enthusiasm of the army was immediately revived by the attention which the First Consul devoted to its interests. He presented beautiful sabres to those soldiers who had highly distinguished themselves. One hundred were thus conferred. A sergeant of grenadiers had obtained permission to write to the First Consul, expressing his thanks. Napoleon, with his own hand, replied, “I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You had no occasion to remind me of your gallant behavior. You are the most courageous grenadier in the army since the death of the brave Benezeti. You have received one of the hundred sabres which I have distributed, and all agree that none deserve it better. I wish much to see you again. The Minister of War sends you an order to come to Paris.” This letter was widely circulated in the army, and roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers to the highest pitch. The First Consul, the most illustrious general of France, the great Napoleon, calls a sergeant of grenadiers “my brave comrade.” This sympathy for the people was ever a prominent trait in Napoleon’s character.

The following anecdote will illustrate his views upon this subject, or,

rather, a part of his views. All men have varying moods of mind, which seem to be antagonistic to each other. Napoleon was conversing with O'Meara respecting the English naval service.

"During the winter," said O'Meara, "the seamen are better off at sea than the officers."

"Why so?" inquired Napoleon.

"Because," was the reply, "they have the advantage of the galley-fire, where they can warm and dry themselves."

"And why can not the officers do the same?"

"It would not be exactly decorous," O'Meara replied, "for the officers to mix in that familiar way with the men."

"Ah, this aristocratic pride!" exclaimed Napoleon. "Why, in my campaigns, I used to go to the lines in the bivouacs, sit down with the humblest soldier, and converse freely with him. You are the most aristocratic nation in the world. I always prided myself on being the man of the people. I sprung from the populace myself. Whenever a man had merit, I elevated him, without asking how many degrees of nobility he had. To the aristocracy you pay every kind of attention. Nothing can be too good for them. The people you treat precisely as if they were slaves. Can any thing be more horrible than your pressing of seamen? You send your boats on shore to seize upon every male that can be found, who, if they have the misfortune to belong to the populace, if they can not prove themselves *gentlemen*, are hurried on board your ships. And yet you have the impudence to cry out against the conscription in France. It wounds your pride, because it fell *upon all ranks*. You are shocked that a gentleman's son should be obliged to defend his country, just as if he were one of the common people—that he should be compelled to expose his body like a vile plebeian. Yet God made all men alike. One day the people will avenge themselves. That conscription, which so offended your aristocratic pride, was conducted scrupulously according to the principles of equal rights. Every native of a country is bound to defend it. The conscription did not, like your press-gang, crush a particular class because they were poor. It was the most just, because the most equal, mode of raising troops. It rendered the French army the best composed in the world."

When a prisoner on board the *Northumberland*, in his passage to St. Helena, all the common sailors, though English, became most enthusiastically attached to Napoleon. Some one alluded to this fact.

"Yes," said Napoleon, "I believe they were my friends. I used to go among them; speak to them kindly, and ask familiar questions. My freedom in this respect quite astonished them, as it was so different from that which they had been accustomed to receive from their own officers. You English are great aristocrats. You keep a wide distance between yourselves and the people."

It was observed in reply, "On board a man-of-war it is necessary to keep the seamen at a great distance, in order to maintain a proper respect for the officers."

"I do not think," Napoleon rejoined, "that it is necessary to keep up so much reserve as you practice. When the officers do not eat or drink, or

take too many freedoms with the seamen, I see no necessity for any greater distinctions. Nature formed all men equal. It was always my custom to go freely among the soldiers and the common people, to converse with them, ask them little histories, and speak kindly to them. This I found to be of the greatest benefit to me. On the contrary, the generals and officers I kept at a great distance."

Notwithstanding these protestations of freedom from aristocratic pride, which were unquestionably sincere, and in their intended application strictly true, it is also evident that Napoleon was by no means insensible to the mysterious fascination of illustrious rank. It is a sentiment implanted in the human heart, which never has been, and never can be eradicated. Just at this time Murat sought Napoleon's sister Caroline for his bride.

"Murat! Murat!" said Napoleon, thoughtfully and hesitatingly. "*He is the son of an inn-keeper. In the elevated rank to which I have attained, I can not mix my blood with his.*" For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then continued, "Besides, there is no hurry. I shall see by-and-by."

A friend of the young cavalry officer urged the strong attachment of the two for each other. He also plead Murat's devotion to Napoleon, his brilliant courage, and the signal service he had rendered at the battle of Aboukir.

"Yes," Napoleon replied, with animation, "Murat was superb at Aboukir. Well, for my part, all things considered, I am satisfied. Murat suits my sister. And, then, they can not say that I am aristocratic—that I seek grand alliances. Had I given my sister to a noble, all you Jacobins would have cried out for a counter-revolution. Since that matter is settled, we must hasten the business. We have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I wish to take Murat with me. We must strike a decisive blow there. Come to-morrow."

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast power, and the millions which had been at his disposal, his private purse was still so empty that he could present his sister Caroline with but six thousand dollars as her marriage portion. Feeling the necessity of making some present in accordance with his exalted rank, he took a magnificent bridal necklace belonging to Josephine as the bridal gift. Josephine most gracefully submitted to this spoliation of her jewelry.

In the midst of these events, the news arrived in France of the death of Washington. Napoleon immediately issued the following order of the day to the army: "Washington is dead! That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the freemen of both hemispheres, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the American troops, have fought for liberty and equality. As a mark of respect, the First Consul orders that, for ten days, black crape be suspended from all the standards and banners of the Republic."

In reference to the course he pursued at this time, Napoleon subsequently remarked, "Only those who wish to deceive the people, and rule them for their own personal advantage, would desire to keep them in ignorance. The more they are enlightened, the more will they feel convinced of the utility of laws, and the necessity of defending them; and the more steady, happy, and prosperous will society become. If knowledge should ever be danger-

ous to the multitude, it can only be when the government, in opposition to the interests of the people, drives them into an unnatural situation, or dooms the lower classes to perish for want. In such a case, knowledge will inspire them with the spirit to defend themselves. My code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it. My schools and my system of mutual instruction are to elevate generations yet unborn. Thus, during my reign, crimes were constantly diminishing. On the contrary, with our neighbors in England they have been increasing to a frightful degree. This alone is sufficient to enable any one to form a decisive judgment of the respective governments.

"Look at the United States," he continued, "where, without any apparent force or effort, every thing goes on prosperously. Every one is happy and contented. And this is because the public wishes and interests are in fact the ruling power. Place the same government at variance with the will and interest of its inhabitants, and you would soon see what disturbance, trouble, and confusion—above all, what increase of crime, would ensue. When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington. I should have had little merit in so being. I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within and invasion from without, he could by no possibility have been what he was in America. Indeed, it would have been folly to have attempted it. It would only have prolonged the existence of evil. For my part, I could only have been a *crowned Washington*. It was only in a congress of kings, and in the midst of kings, yielding or subdued, that I could take my place. Then, and then only, could I successfully display Washington's moderation, disinterestedness, and wisdom."

"I think," said La Fayette, at the time of the revolution which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne of France, "that the Constitution of the United States is the best which has ever existed. But France is not prepared for such a government. We need a throne surrounded by republican institutions."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to reorganize in the Tuileries the splendors of a court. The French people were like children who needed to be amused, and Napoleon took good care to provide amusement for them. His ante-chambers were filled with chamberlains, pages, and equires. Servants, in brilliant liveries, loitered in the halls and on the staircases. Magnificent entertainments were provided, at which Josephine presided with surpassing grace and elegance. Balls, operas, and theatres began to be crowded with splendor and fashion, and the gay Parisians were delighted. Napoleon, personally, took no interest whatever in these things. All his energies were engrossed in the accomplishment of magnificent enterprises for the elevation of France.

"While they are discussing these changes," said he, "they will cease to talk nonsense about my politics, and that is what I want. Let them amuse themselves. Let them dance. But let them not thrust their heads into the

councils of government. Commerce will revive under the increasing expenditure of the capital. I am not afraid of the Jacobins. I never was so much applauded as at the last parade. It is ridiculous to say that nothing is right but what is new. We have had enough of such novelties. I would rather have the balls of the opera than the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason.”*

While Napoleon was thus engaged in reconstructing society in France, organizing the army, strengthening the navy, and conducting the diplomacy of Europe, he was maturing and executing the most magnificent plans of internal improvements. In early life he had conceived a passion for architectural grandeur, which had been strengthened and chastened by his residence among the time-honored monuments of Italy and Egypt. With inconceivable activity of mind, he planned those vast works of utility and of beauty in Paris, and all over the empire, which will remain forever the memorials of his well-directed energies, and which will throw a lustre over his reign which never can be sullied. He erected the beautiful quay on the banks of the Seine, in front of the Tuileries. He swept away the buildings which deformed the Place Carrousel, and united the Louvre and the Tuileries, forming a magnificent square between those splendid edifices. He commenced the construction of a fourth side for the great square opposite the picture gallery. It was a vast and a noble undertaking; but it was interrupted by those fierce wars which the allied kings of Europe waged against him. The Bridge of Arts was commenced. The convents of the Feuillans and Capucines, which had been filled with victims during the Revolution, were torn down, and the magnificent Rue di Rivoli, now one of the chief ornaments of Paris, was thrown open. Canals, bridges, turnpike roads all over the empire, were springing into existence. One single mind inspired the nation.

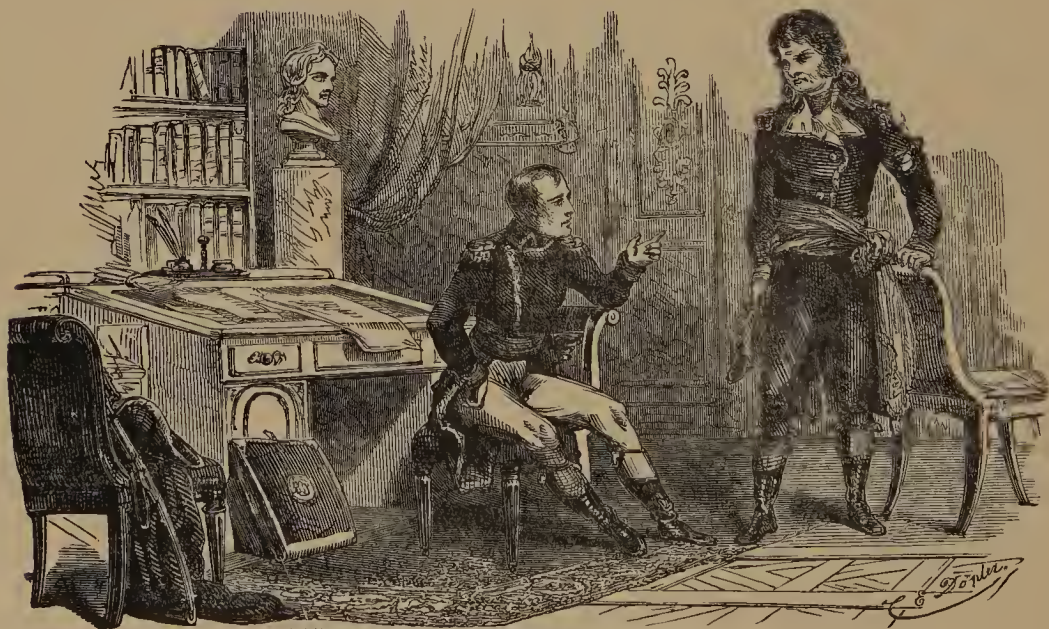
The most inveterate opponents of Napoleon are constrained to the admission that it is impossible to refuse the praise of consummate prudence and skill to these, and indeed to all the arrangements he adopted in this great crisis of his history. “We are creating a new era,” said he. “Of the past, we must forget the bad, and remember only the good.” “Prove,” said he to General Augereau, “that you are above those miserable party differences which, during the past ten years, have torn France all asunder.”

“I am well aware,” said Napoleon subsequently, “of the influence which chance exerts over our political determinations. It is a knowledge of that circumstance which has always kept me free from prejudice, and rendered me very indulgent with regard to the party adopted by individuals in our political convulsions. To be a good Frenchman, or to wish to become so, was all that I looked for in any one. Seasons of revolution are like battles in the night. In the confusion, each man attacks his neighbor, and friends are

* During the Revolution, a beautiful opera-girl, of licentious habits, was conveyed, in most imposing ceremonial, to the church of Notre Dame. There she was elevated upon an altar, and presented to the thronged assemblage as the Goddess of Reason. “Mortals!” said Chaumette, “cease to tremble before the powerless thunders of a God whom your fears have created. There is no God. Henceforth worship none but Reason. Here I offer you its noblest and purest image. Worship only such divinities as this.” The whole assemblage bowed in adoration, and then retired to indulge in scenes which the pen refuses to record.

often confounded with foes. But when daylight returns, and order is restored, every one forgives the injury which he has sustained through mistake. Even for myself, how could I undertake to say that there might not have existed circumstances sufficiently powerful, notwithstanding my natural sentiments, to induce me to emigrate—the vicinity of a frontier, for instance, a friendly attachment, or the influence of a chief. Chance has the most powerful influence over the destinies of men. Serrurier and Hedonville were traveling on foot to enter into Spain. They were met by a military parole. Hedonville, being the younger and more active of the two, cleared the frontier, thought himself very lucky, and went to spend a life of mere vegetation in Spain. Serrurier, on the contrary, was taken, and, bewailing his unhappy fate, was compelled to return—to become a marshal of France. Such is the uncertainty of human foresight and calculations.”

In one of the largest and most populous provinces of France—that of La Vendée—many thousand Royalists had collected, and were carrying on a most desperate civil war. England, with her ships, was continually sending to them money, ammunition, and arms, and landing among them regiments of emigrant troops formed in London. They had raised an army of sixty thousand men. All the efforts of the Directory to quell the insurrection had been unavailing. The most awful atrocities had disgraced this civil conflict. As soon as Napoleon was firmly seated in his consular chair, he sent an invitation for the chiefs of these Royalist forces in La Vendée to visit him in Paris, assuring them of a safe return. They all accepted the invitation. Napoleon met them in his audience-chamber with the utmost kindness and frankness. He assured them that it was his only object to rescue France from the ruin into which it had fallen; to bring peace and happiness to his distracted country. With that laconic logic which he had ever at command, he said,



NAPOLEON AND THE VENDEEAN CHIEF.

“Are you fighting in self-defense? You have no longer cause to fight

I will not molest you. I will protect you in all your rights. Have you taken arms to revive the reign of the ancient kings? You see the all but unanimous decision of the nation. Is it honorable for so decided a minority to attempt, by force of arms, to dictate laws to the majority?"

Napoleon's arguments were as influential as his battalions. They yielded at once, not merely their swords, but their heart's homage. One alone, George Cadoudal, a sullen, gigantic savage, who preferred banditti marauding above the blessings of peace, refused to yield. Napoleon had a private interview with him. The guard at the door were extremely alarmed lest the semi-barbarian should assassinate the First Consul. Napoleon appealed to his patriotism, his humanity, but all in vain. Cadoudal demanded his passports and left Paris. "Why did I not," he afterward often said, as he looked at his brawny, hairy, Samson-like arms, "strangle that man when I had him in my power?" He went to London, where he engaged in many conspiracies for the assassination of Napoleon, and was finally taken in France and shot.

CHAPTER XVII.

PACIFIC OVERTURES OF NAPOLEON.

Letter of Napoleon to the King of England—Lord Grenville's Reply—Dignified Answer through Talleyrand—Irritating Response of Lord Grenville—Desires of the French respecting their Government—Remarks of Mr. Fox in the British Parliament—Reply of William Pitt—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—Renewed Endeavors of the Allies to conquer Napoleon.

CIVIL war was now at an end. With singular unanimity, all France was rejoicing in the reign of the First Consul. Napoleon loved not war. He wished to build up, not to tear down. He desired the glory of being the benefactor, not the scourge of his fellow-men. Every conflict in which he had thus far been engaged was strictly a war of self-defense. The expedition to Egypt can not be considered an exception, for that enterprise was undertaken as the only means of repelling the assaults of the most determined and powerful enemy France has ever known. Napoleon was now strong. All France was united in him. With unobstructed power, he could wield all her resources and guide all her armies. Under these circumstances, signally did he show his love of peace by adopting the very characteristic measure of writing directly to the King of England and to the Emperor of Austria, proposing reconciliation. It was noble in the highest degree for him to do so. Pride would have said, "They commenced the conflict; they shall be the first to ask for peace."* To the King of England he wrote,

* "The work of reform proceeded rapidly and surely. Order was every where established, and vigor infused into all the departments of the state. The situation of France, however, occasioned him some disquietude; and, notwithstanding the chances of success in his favor, he resolved to sue for peace, which he could then do in good faith, because the misfortunes of the preceding campaigns were not his work. But Pitt turned a deaf ear to the application. Never did statesman commit a greater fault. By this refusal, the English minister obliged Napoleon to enter upon that course of victory and conquest which ultimately extended his empire over the greater part of the Continent."—*Encyclopædia Britannica, Article Napoleon.*

“Called, sire, by the wishes of the French nation, to occupy the first magistracy of the Republic, I judge it well, on entering on my office, to address myself directly to your majesty. Must the war, which for the four last years has devastated the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger already and more powerful than their safety or their independence requires, sacrifice to ideas of vainglory the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, and the repose of families? How is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of necessities as the first of glories? These sentiments can not be strangers to the heart of your majesty, who governs a free people with the sole aim of rendering it happy.

“Your majesty will perceive only in this overture the sincerity of my desire to contribute efficaciously, for a second time, to the general pacification by this prompt advance, perfectly confidential, and disembarassed of those forms which, perhaps necessary to disguise the dependence of weak states, reveal, when adopted by strong states, only the wish of mutual deception. France and England, by the misuse of their powers, may yet, for a long period, retard, to the misery of all nations, their exhaustion. But I venture to say that the fate of the civilized world is connected with the termination of a war which has set the whole world in flames.”

To this magnanimous application for peace, the King of England did not judge it proper to return any personal answer. Lord Grenville replied in a letter full of most bitter recriminations; and all France was exasperated by the insulting declaration, that if France really desired peace, *“the best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence would be the restoration of that line of princes which, for so many centuries, maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would at once remove, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace.”*

This was, indeed, an irritating response to Napoleon’s pacific appeal. He, however, with great dignity and moderation, replied through his minister, M. Talleyrand, in the following terms:

“So far from having provoked the war, France, from the commencement of the Revolution, solemnly proclaimed her love of peace, her disinclination for conquests, and her respect for the independence of all governments; and it is not to be doubted that, occupied at that time entirely with her own internal affairs, she would have avoided taking any part in those of Europe, and would have remained faithful to her declarations.

“But from an opposite disposition, as soon as the French Revolution had broken out, almost all Europe entered into a league for its destruction. The aggression was real long before it was public. Internal resistance was excited; the enemies of the Revolution were favorably received, their extravagant declamations were supported, the French nation was insulted in the person of its agents, and England particularly set this example by the dismissal of the minister of the Republic. Finally, France was attacked in her independence, her honor, and her safety, long before war was declared.

“It is to these projects of dismemberment, subjection, and dissolution that France has a right to impute the evils which she has suffered, and those

which have afflicted Europe. Assailed on all sides, the Republic could not but equally extend the efforts of her defense; and it is only for the maintenance of her own independence that she has called into requisition her own strength and the courage of her citizens. If, in the midst of the critical circumstances which the Revolution and the war have brought on, France has not always shown as much moderation as the nation has shown courage, it must be imputed to the fatal and persevering animosity with which the resources of England have been lavished to accomplish the ruin of France.

“But if the wishes of his Britannic majesty are in unison with those of the French Republic for the re-establishment of peace, why, instead of attempting apologies for the war, should not attention be directed to the means of terminating it? It can not be doubted that his Britannic majesty must recognize the right of nations to choose their form of government, since it is from this right that he holds his crown. But the First Consul can not comprehend how, after admitting this fundamental principle, upon which rests the existence of political societies, his majesty could annex insinuations which tend to an interference with the internal affairs of the Republic. Such interference is no less injurious to the French nation and its government, than it would be to England and his majesty if an invitation were held out, in form of a return to that republican form of government which England adopted about the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne that family whom their birth had placed there, and whom a revolution had compelled to descend from it.”

There was no possibility of parrying these home thrusts. Lord Grenville consequently entirely lost his temper. Replying in a note even more angry and bitter than the first, he declared that England was fighting for the security of all governments against French Jacobinism, and that hostilities would be immediately urged on anew without any relaxation. Napoleon was not at all disappointed or disheartened at the result of this correspondence. He earnestly desired peace, but he was not afraid of war. Conscious of the principle, “thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,” he was happy in the conviction that the sympathies of impartial men in all nations would be with him. He knew that the arrogant tone assumed by the English government would unite France as one man in determined and undying resistance. “The answer,” said he, “filled me with satisfaction. It could not have been more favorable. England wants war. She shall have it. Yes! yes! war to the death.”*

The throne of the King of England, the opulence of her bishops, and the enormous estates of her nobles, were perhaps dependent upon the issue of this conflict. The demolition of all exclusive privileges, and the establishment of perfect equality of rights among all classes of men in France, must

* “In fact, Bonaparte was not strictly a free agent. He could hardly do otherwise than he did. ambition apart, and merely to preserve himself and the country he ruled. France was in a state of siege—a citadel in which freedom had hoisted the flag of revolt against the threat of hereditary servitude, and that in the midst of the ban and anathema passed upon it by the rest of Europe for having engaged in this noble struggle, and required a military dictator to repress internal treachery and headstrong factions, and repel external force. Who, then, shall blame Bonaparte for having taken the reins of government, and held them with a tight hand?”—*Hazlitt's Napoleon*, vol. ii. p. 232.

have shaken the throne, the aristocracy, and the hierarchy of England with earthquake power. The government of England was mainly in the hands of the king, the bishops, and the lords. Their all was at stake. In a temptation so sore, frail human nature must not be too severely censured. For nearly ten years the princes of France had been wandering, houseless fugitives over Europe. The nobles of France, ejected from their castles, with their estates confiscated, were beggars in all lands. Bishops who had been wrapped in ermine, and who had rolled in chariots of splendor, were glad to warm their shivering limbs by the fire of the peasant, and to satiate their hunger with his black bread. To king, and bishop, and noble in England this was a fearful warning. It seemed to be necessary for their salvation to prevent all friendly intercourse between England and France, to hold up the principles of the French Revolution to execration, and, above all, to excite, if possible, the detestation of the people of England against Napoleon, the child and the champion of popular rights. Napoleon was the great foe to be feared, for with his resplendent genius he was enthroning himself in the hearts of the *people* of all lands.

But no impartial man in either hemisphere can question that the *right* was with Napoleon. It was not the duty of the thirty millions of France to ask permission of the fifteen millions of England to modify their government. The kings of Europe, led by England, had combined to force with the bayonet upon France a rejected and an execrated dynasty. The inexperienced Republic, distracted and impoverished by these terrific blows, was fast falling to ruin. The people invested Napoleon with almost dictatorial powers for their rescue. It was their only hope. Napoleon, though conscious of strength, in the name of bleeding humanity plead for peace. His advances were met with contumely and scorn, and the trumpet notes of defiant hosts rang from the Thames to the Danube. The ports of France were blockaded by England's invincible fleet, demolishing the feeble navy of the Republic, and bombarding her cities. An army of three hundred thousand men pressed upon the frontiers of France, threatening a triumphant march to her capital, there to compel, by bayonet and bombshell, the French people to receive a Bourbon for their king. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to defend his country. Most nobly he did it.*

The correspondence with the British government, which redounds so much to the honor of Napoleon, vastly multiplied his friends among the masses of the people in England, and roused in Parliament a very formidable opposition to the measures of government. This opposition was headed by Fox, Sheri-

* "It was believed in England that the time was favorable for continuing the war. Italy had been lost to France, and Austrian armies, numbering a hundred and forty thousand men, were menacing Savoy and mustering on the Rhine. The English were elated with their successes on the Nile and before Acre. The victories of Suwarrow were recent, and considered to be decisive. The poverty of France, and the anxiety of the people for repose, were well known; and it was hoped, from the manner in which Napoleon had acquired his present power, that the Royalist and Republican factions might be brought to unite in opposition to his government, and either strip him of his influence, or so much embarrass his operations as to render him an easy prey to his foreign enemies. The answer transmitted by Lord Grenville to Talleyrand was couched, therefore, in terms which were sure to prove offensive, and to put an end, for a time, to all further overtures of conciliation."—*History of Napoleon*, by Geo. M. Bussey, vol. i., p. 265.

dan, Lord Erskine, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Holland. They did not adopt the atrocious maxim, "Our country—right or wrong," but rather the ennobling principle, "Our country—when in the wrong, we will try to put her right." Never, in the history of the world, has there been a more spirited or a more eloquent opposition than this question elicited. Fox, the rival of Pitt, and the profound admirer of Napoleon, was the most prominent leader of this opposition. Napoleon, with his laconic and graphic eloquence, thus describes the antagonistic English statesmen. "In Fox, the heart warmed the genius. In Pitt, the genius withered the heart."

"You ask," the opposition exclaimed, "who was the aggressor? What matters that? You say it was France. France says it was England. The party you accuse of being the aggressor is the first to offer to lay down arms. Shall interminable war continue merely to settle a question of history? You say it is useless to treat with France. Yet you treated with the Directory. Prussia and Spain have treated with the Republic, and have found no cause for complaint. You speak of the crimes of France. And yet your ally, Naples, commits crimes more atrocious, without the excuse of popular excitement. You speak of ambition. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria have divided Poland. Austria grasps the provinces of Italy. You yourself take possession of India, of part of the Spanish, and of all the Dutch colonies. Who shall say that one is more guilty than another in this strife of avarice? If you ever intend to treat with the French Republic, there can be no more favorable moment than the present."

By way of commentary upon the suggestion that France must re-enthroned the Bourbons, a letter was published, either real or pretended, from the heir of the exiled house of Stuart, demanding from George the Third the throne of his ancestors. There was no possible way of parrying this home thrust. George the Third, by his own admission, was a usurper, seated upon the throne of the exiled Stuarts. The opposition enjoyed exceedingly the confusion produced in the enemies' ranks by this well-directed shot.

The English ministers replied, "Peace with Republican France endangers all the monarchies of Europe. The First Consul is but carrying out, with tremendous energy, the principles of the Revolution—the supremacy of the people. Peace with France is but a cessation of resistance to wrong. France still retains the sentiments which characterized the dawn of her Revolution. She was democratic. She is democratic. She declares war against kings. She continues to seek their destruction."

There was much force in these declarations. It is true that Napoleon was not, in the strict sense of the word, a Democrat. He was not in favor of placing the government in the hands of the great mass of the people. He made no disguise of his conviction that in France the people had neither the intelligence nor the virtue essential to the support of a wise and stable republic. Distinctly he avowed that, in his judgment, the experiment of a republic had utterly failed—that France must return to monarchy. The great mass of the people were also satisfied of this necessity. The French generally do not ask for *liberty*, they only ask for *equality*.

"At the commencement of the Revolution," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I was a very ardent and sincere Republican. My Republican partialities,

however, cooled under the political absurdities and monstrous excesses of our Legislatures. Finally, my faith in Republicanism vanished entirely on the violation of the choice of the people, by the Directory, at the time of the battle of Aboukir."

France no longer wished for an aristocratic king, who would confer wealth, splendor, and power exclusively upon its nobles. The old feudal throne was still hated with implacable hatred. France demanded a popular throne; a king for the people—one who would consult the interest of the masses; who would throw open, to all alike, the avenues to influence, and honor, and opulence. Such a monarch was Napoleon. The people adored him.

"He is *our* emperor," they shouted, with enthusiasm. "We will make him greater than all the kings of all the nobles. His palaces shall be more sumptuous; his retinue more magnificent; his glory more dazzling; for *our* daughters may enter his court as maids of honor, and our sons may go in and out at the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, the marshals of France." Lord Grenville was correct in saying that Napoleon was but carrying out the principles of the Revolution—equality of privileges, the supremacy of popular rights. But the despots of Europe were as hostile to such a king as to a Republic.

On the 3d of February, 1800, an address was proposed in Parliament by Mr. Dundas, approving of the course pursued by the ministers in rejecting Napoleon's overtures for peace. He was followed by Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Canning, and Mr., afterward Lord, Erskine, who severely censured the ministers for the rude and insulting terms in which the frank and humane proposition of the First Consul had been repulsed. Mr. Fox followed in the same strain. He observed:

"I must lament, sir, with every genuine friend of peace, the harsh and unconciliating language which ministers have held to the French, and which they have even made use of to a respectful offer of a negotiation. Such language has ever been considered as extremely unwise, and has ever been reprobated by diplomatic men. Being a sincere friend to peace, I must say, with Lord Malmesbury, that it is not by reproaches and invectives that we must hope for a reconciliation; and I am convinced in my own mind that I speak the sense of this house, and, if not of this house, certainly of a majority of the people of this country, when I lament that any unprovoked and unnecessary recriminations should be flung out, by which obstacles are put in the way of pacification.

"I continue to think, and, until I see better grounds for changing my opinion than any that the right honorable gentleman has this night produced, I shall continue to think, and to say, plainly and explicitly, that this country was the aggressor in the war. But with regard to Austria and Prussia, is there a man who, for one moment, can dispute that they were the aggressors? It will be vain for the right honorable gentleman to enter into long and plausible reasoning against the evidence of documents so clear, so decisive, so frequently and so thoroughly investigated.

"I really, sir, can not think it necessary to follow the right honorable gentleman into all the minute details which he has thought proper to give us respecting the first aggression; but that Austria and Prussia were the ag-

gressors, not a man, in any country, who has ever given himself the trouble to think at all on the subject, can doubt. Nothing could be more hostile than their whole proceedings. Did they not declare to France that it was her *internal concerns*, not her *external proceedings*, which provoked them to confederate against her? Look back to the proclamations with which they set out. Read the declarations which they made themselves to justify their appeal to arms. They did not pretend to fear her ambition, her conquests, her troubling her neighbors; *but they accused her of new modeling her own government*. They said nothing of her aggressions abroad. They spoke only of her clubs and societies at Paris.

“Sir, as to the restoration of the house of Bourbon, if it shall be the wish of the people of France, I, for one, will be perfectly content to acquiesce. I think the people of France, as well as every other people, ought to have the government which they like best, and the form of government, or the persons who hold it in their hands, should never be an obstacle with me to treat with the nation for peace, or to live with them in amity. But as an Englishman, sir, and actuated by English feelings, I surely can not wish for the restoration of the house of Bourbon to the throne of France. I hope that I am not a man to bear heavily upon any unfortunate family. I feel for their situation. I respect their distresses. But, as a friend of England, I can not wish for their restoration to the power which they abused. I can not forget that the whole history of the last century is little more than an account of the wars and the calamities arising from the restless ambition, the intrigues, and the perfidy of the house of Bourbon.

“But you say you have not refused to treat. You have stated a case in which you will be ready immediately to enter into a negotiation, viz., the restoration of the house of Bourbon. But you deny that this is a *sine qua non*; and, in your nonsensical language, which I do not understand, you talk of ‘limited possibilities,’ which may induce you to treat without the restoration of the house of Bourbon. But do you state what they are? Now, sir, I say, that if you put one case upon which you declare you are willing to treat immediately, and say that there are other *possible cases* which may induce you to treat hereafter, without mentioning what these possible cases are, you do state a *sine qua non* of immediate treaty.

“Sir, what is the question to-night? We are called upon to support ministers in refusing a frank, candid, and respectful offer of negotiation, and to countenance them in continuing the war.

“Sir, I have done. I have told you my opinion. I think you ought to have given a civil, clear, and explicit answer to the overture, which was fairly and handsomely made you. If you were desirous that the negotiation should have included all your allies, as the means of bringing about a general peace, you should have told Bonaparte so. But I believe you were afraid of his agreeing to the proposal.”

In a very forcible and eloquent speech in reply to these arguments, William Pitt endeavored to show that the popular institutions established in France, which he designated as Jacobinical and despotic, endangered every monarchy in Europe. He urged the peremptory rejection of Napoleon’s pacific overtures, and the prosecution of the war to the last extremity. In con-

clusion, he said, "From perseverance in our efforts, under such circumstances, we have the fairest reason to expect the full attainment of our object. But, at all events, even if we are disappointed in our more sanguine hopes, we are more likely to gain than to lose by the continuation of the contest. *Every month to which it is continued, even if it should not, in its effects, lead to the final destruction of the Jacobin system, must tend so far to weaken and exhaust it, as to give us, at least, a greater comparative security in any termination of the war.* On all these grounds, this is not the moment at which it is consistent with our interest or our duty to listen to any proposals of negotiation with the present ruler of France."

The war spirit of the British ministers was sustained by a vote of 265 to 64. Thus contemptuously were the pacific appeals of Napoleon rejected. And then, with a want of magnanimity almost unparalleled in the history of the world, these very ministers filled the ears of all nations with the assertion that Napoleon Bonaparte, through his love of war and his insatiable ambition, was deluging the Continent in blood; and there are thousands even now in Europe and America whose minds can never be disabused of this atrocious libel. But there is a new generation of enlightened freemen coming upon the stage, and they will do justice to this heroic champion of popular equality.

On the same day on which Napoleon's pacific letter was sent to the King of England, he dispatched another of the same character to the Emperor of Austria. It was expressed in the following terms:

"Having returned to Europe after an absence of eighteen months, I find a war kindled between the French Republic and your majesty. A stranger to every feeling of vainglory, the first of my wishes is to stop the effusion of blood which is about to flow. Every thing leads me to see that in the next campaign, numerous armies, ably conducted, will treble the number of the victims who have already fallen since the resumption of hostilities. The well-known character of your majesty leaves me no doubt as to the secret wishes of your heart. If those wishes only are listened to, I perceive the possibility of reconciling the two nations.

"In the relations which I have formerly entertained with your majesty, you have shown me some personal regard. I beg you, therefore, to see in this overture which I have made to you the desire to respond to that regard, and to convince your majesty more and more of the very distinguished consideration which I feel for you."

Austria replied, in courteous terms, that she could take no steps in favor of peace without consulting her ally England. Thus all Napoleon's efforts to avert the desolations of war failed. The result had been anticipated. He was well aware of the unrelenting hostility with which the banded kings of Europe contemplated the overthrow of a feudal throne, and of the mortal antipathy with which they regarded the thought of receiving a democratic king into their aristocratic brotherhood.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but to prepare to meet his foes. The Allies, conscious of the genius of that great captain who had filled the world with the renown of his victories, exerted themselves to the utmost to raise such forces, and to assail Napoleon with arms so overwhelming, and in quar-

ters so varied, as to insure his bewilderment and ruin. The Archduke Charles, who was practically acquainted with the energy of Napoleon, urged peace. But England and Austria were both confident that France, exhausted in men and money, could not hold out for another campaign.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COURT OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

Letter of Louis XVIII. to Napoleon—His Reply—The Duchess of Guiche—Conversation of Napoleon and Bourrienne—Memorable Words of the First Consul—M. Defeu—The wealthy Nobleman—Magnanimous Conduct of the First Consul—A Day at the Tuileries—Napoleon's prompt Measures for the Purity of his Court.

THE Bourbons now made an attempt to bribe Napoleon to replace them upon their lost throne. The Count of Provence, subsequently Louis XVIII., wrote to him from London, "For a long time, general, you must have known the esteem in which I hold you. If you doubt my gratitude, mark your own place. Point out the situation which you wish for your friends. The victor of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola can never prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing the most precious moments. We could secure the happiness of France. I say we, for I require Bonaparte for such an attempt, and he could not achieve it without me. Europe observes you. Glory awaits you. I am impatient to restore peace to my people."

Napoleon did not imitate the example of the King of England, and pass this letter over to his minister. Courteously and kindly, with his own hand, he replied: "I have received your letter. I thank you for the obliging expressions it contains respecting myself. You should renounce all hopes of returning to France. You could not return but over the corpses of one hundred thousand Frenchmen. Sacrifice your interest to the happiness and repose of your country. History will duly appreciate your conduct in so doing. I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family, and shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with every thing which can restore the tranquillity of your retreat."

Benedict Arnold attempted to bring the American Revolution to a close by surrendering the United States to their rejected king. It was not in Napoleon's line of ambition to imitate his example. The Bourbons, finding the direct proffer of reward unavailing, then tried the effect of female blandishments. The fascinating Duchess of Guiche, a lady of great beauty and talent, was dispatched, a secret emissary, to the court of the First Consul, to employ all the arts of eloquence, address, and the most voluptuous loveliness in gaining an influence over Napoleon. Josephine, who had suffered so much during the Revolution, and whose associations had been with the aristocracy of France, was a Royalist. She trembled for the safety of her husband, and was very anxious that he should do whatever in honor might be done to restore the Bourbons. In every possible way she befriended the Royalists, and had secured, all over Europe, their cordial esteem.

The Duchess of Guiche easily obtained access to Josephine. Artfully she said, one morning at the breakfast-table, "A few days ago I was with the

Count of Provence in London. Some one asked him what he intended to do for Napoleon in the event of his restoring the Bourbons.

"He replied, 'I would immediately make him Constable of France, and every thing else which he might choose. And we would raise on the Carousel a magnificent column, surmounted with a statue of Bonaparte crowning the Bourbons.'"

Soon after breakfast Napoleon entered. Josephine most eagerly repeated the words to him. "And did you not reply," said Napoleon, "that the corpse of the First Consul would be made the pedestal of the column?"

The fascinating duchess was still present. She immediately assailed Napoleon with all her artillery of beauty, smiles, and flattery. The voluptuous freedom of her manners, and the charms of the bewitching emissary, alarmed



NAPOLEON AND THE DUCHESS OF GUICHE.

the jealousy of Josephine. Napoleon, however, was impervious to the assault. That night the duchess received orders to quit Paris; and in the morning, in the charge of the police, she was on her way toward the frontier.

It has often been said that Napoleon made overtures to the Bourbons for the cession of their rights to the throne. In reference to this assertion, Napoleon says, "How was such a thing possible? I, who could only reign by the very principle which excluded them, that of the sovereignty of the people—how could I have sought to possess, through them, rights which were proscribed in their persons? That would have been to proscribe myself. The absurdity would have been too palpable, too ridiculous. It would have ruined me forever in public opinion. The fact is, that neither directly nor indirectly, at home or abroad, did I ever do any thing of the kind."

The report probably originated in the following facts. Friendly relations were at one time existing between Prussia and France. The Prussian government inquired if Napoleon would take umbrage if the Bourbon princes were allowed to remain in the Prussian territory. Napoleon replied that he had no objections to that arrangement. Emboldened by the prompt consent, it was then asked if the French government would be willing to furnish them with an annual allowance for their support. Napoleon replied that it should be done most cheerfully, provided Prussia would be responsible for the princes remaining quiet, and abstaining from all intrigues to disturb the peace of France.

Soon after this last attempt of Louis XVII. to regain the throne, Napoleon was one evening walking with Bourrienne in the gardens of his favorite retreat at Malmaison. He was in fine spirits, for all things were moving on very prosperously.

"Has my wife," said he to Bourrienne, "been speaking to you of the Bourbons?"

"No, general," Bourrienne replied.

"But, when you converse with her," Napoleon added, "you lean a little to her opinions. Tell me now, why do you desire the return of the Bourbons? You have no interest in their return—nothing to expect from them. You can never be any thing with them. You have no chance but to remain all your life in an inferior situation. Have you ever seen a man rise under kings by merit alone?"

"General," replied Bourrienne, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I have never received any favor under the Bourbons; neither have I the vanity to suppose I should rise, under them, to any conspicuous station. But I look at the interests of France. I believe that you will hold your power as long as you live. But you have no children, and it is pretty certain that you never will have any by Josephine. What are we to do when you are gone? What is to become of France? You have often said that your brothers were not—"

Here Napoleon interrupted him, exclaiming,

"Ah! as to that you are right. If I do not live thirty years to finish my work, you will, when I am dead, have long civil wars. My brothers do not suit France. You will then have a violent contest among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think that he has a right to take my place."

"Well, general," said Bourrienne, "why do you not endeavor to remedy those evils which you foresee?"

"Do you suppose," Napoleon replied, "that I have never thought of that? But weigh well the difficulties which are in my way. In case of a restoration, what is to become of the men who were conspicuous in the Revolution? What is to become of the confiscated estates and the national domain, which have been sold and sold again? What is to become of all the changes which have been effected in the last twelve years?"

"But, general," said Bourrienne, "need I recall to your attention that Louis XVIII., in his letter to you, guarantees the contrary of all which you apprehend? Are you not in a situation to impose any conditions you may think fit?"

"Depend upon it," Napoleon replied, "the Bourbons will think that they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will disappear before force. No sensible man will trust them. My mind is made up. Let us say no more upon the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to mind my affairs."

Pithily Bourrienne adds, "The women knitted. I wrote at my desk. Napoleon made himself Emperor. The empire has fallen to pieces. Napoleon is dead at St. Helena. The Bourbons have been restored."



NAPOLEON AND BOURRIENNE.

It may now be added (1854) that the Bourbons are again in exile; the remains of Napoleon repose, embalmed by a nation's gratitude, beneath the dome of the Invalides. The empire is restored to France, the eagles to the army, and the Napoleon dynasty is re-enthroned.

The boundless popularity acquired by Napoleon was that resulting from great achievements, not that which is ingloriously sought for by pampering to the vices and yielding to the prejudices of the populace. Napoleon was never a demagogue. His administration was in accordance with his avowed principles.

"A sovereign," said he, "must serve his people with dignity, and not make it his chief study to

please them. The best mode of winning their love is to secure their welfare. Nothing is more dangerous than for a sovereign to flatter his subjects. If they do not afterward obtain every thing which they want, they become irritated, and fancy that promises have been broken. If they are then resisted, their hatred increases in proportion as they consider themselves deceived. A sovereign's first duty is, unquestionably, to conform with the wishes of his people. But what the people sav is scarcely ever what they

wish. Their desires and their wants can not be learned from their own mouths so well as they are to be read in the heart of their prince."

Again he said in memorable words, which must not be forgotten in forming a just estimate of his character, "The system of government must be adapted to the spirit of the nation. France required a strong government. France was in the same state as Rome when a dictator was declared necessary for the salvation of the republic. Successions of coalitions against the existence of the Republic had been formed by English gold among all the most powerful nations of Europe. To resist successfully, it was essential that all the energies of the country should be at the disposal of the chief.

"I never conquered unless in my own defense. Europe never ceased to make war against France and her principles. It was necessary for us to conquer, that we might not be conquered. Between the parties which agitated France, I was like a rider seated on an unruly horse, who always wants to swerve either to the right or the left. To lead him to keep a straight course, he is obliged to make him feel the bridle. The government of a country just emerging from revolution, menaced by foreign enemies and agitated by the intrigues of domestic traitors, must necessarily be energetic. In quieter times my dictatorship would have terminated, and I should have commenced my constitutional reign. Even as it was, with a coalition always existing against me, either secret or public, there was more equality in France than in any other country in Europe.

"One of my grand objects was to render education accessible to every body. I caused every institution to be formed upon a plan which offered instruction to the public either gratis, or at a rate so moderate as not to be beyond the means of the peasant. The museums were thrown open to the whole people. The French populace would have become the best educated in the world. All my efforts were directed to illuminate the mass of the nation, instead of brutifying them by ignorance and superstition. The English people, who are lovers of liberty, will one day lament, with tears, having gained the battle of Waterloo. It was as fatal to the liberties of Europe as that of Philippi was to those of Rome. It has precipitated Europe into the hands of despots, banded together for the oppression of mankind."

Though Napoleon felt deeply the sanctity of law, and the necessity of securing the inflexible enforcement of its penalties, he was never more highly gratified than when he was enabled, by the exercise of the pardoning power, to rescue the condemned. Bourrienne, whose testimony will not be questioned, says: "When the imperious necessities of his political situation, to which, in fact, he sacrificed every thing, did not interpose, the saving of life afforded him the highest satisfaction. He would even have thanked those to whom he rendered such a service for the gratification they had thus afforded him."

A French emigrant, M. Defeu, had been taken, with arms in his hands, fighting against France. The crime was treason; the penalty death. He was connected with some of the most honourable families in France. A very earnest petition was presented to Napoleon for his pardon.

"There is no room for mercy here," Napoleon sternly replied. "A man who fights against his country is a child who would kill his mother."

The affecting condition of his family was urged, and the beneficial effects upon the community of such an act of clemency.

Napoleon paused for a moment, and then said, "Write, 'The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'"

The laconic reprieve was instantly written, signed by Napoleon, and dispatched to Sens, where the unfortunate man was imprisoned. The next morning, the moment Bourrienne entered the First Consul's apartment, Napoleon said to him,

"I do not like to do my work by halves. Write to Sens, 'The First Consul desires that M. Defeu be immediately liberated.' He may repay the deed with ingratitude. But we can not help that—so much the worse for him. In all such cases, Bourrienne, never hesitate to speak to me. When I refuse it will only be because I can not do otherwise."

In Napoleon's disposition firmness and gentleness were singularly and beautifully blended. The following anecdote illustrates the inflexibility of his sense of justice. A wealthy nobleman, thirty years of age, had married a young girl of sixteen. It was a mercenary marriage. The friends of the young lady, without any regard to her feelings, dragged her to the altar. She cherished no affection for her husband. He became jealous of her, and, without the slightest proof of her criminality, murdered her. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Connected by birth with the first families in France, rallying around him the interest of the most influential of friends, great exertions were made to obtain from the First Consul a pardon. To the petitioners pleading in his behalf, Napoleon replied:

"Why should I pardon this man? He availed himself of his fortune for the vile purpose of bribing the affections of a girl. He did not succeed in winning them, and he became jealous. His jealousy was not the result of love, but of vanity. He has committed the crime of murder. What urged him to it? Not his honor, for his wife had not injured it. No! he was instigated by brutality, vanity, and self-love. He has no claim to mercy. The rich are too prone to consider themselves elevated above the reach of the law. They imagine that wealth is a sacred shield to them. This man has committed a crime for which there are no extenuating circumstances. He must suffer the punishment to which he is justly doomed. If I were to pardon him, that act of misplaced indulgence would put in jeopardy the life of every married woman. As the law positively protects the outraged husband, so it must protect the wife against the consequences of dislike, interest, caprice, or a new passion, which may impel a husband to obtain a divorce by a more prompt and less expensive course than a legal process."

Josephine, whose tender feelings at times controlled her judgment, was urgent in her intercession. Many of the relatives of the wretched man were among her most intimate friends. "This," said she, "is the first favor I have asked since your attainment of the supreme power. Surely you will not deny me?"

"I can not," said Napoleon, "grant your request. And when it is known, Josephine, that even your persuasions could not induce me to commit an act of injustice, no one else will henceforth dare to petition me for such a purpose."

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